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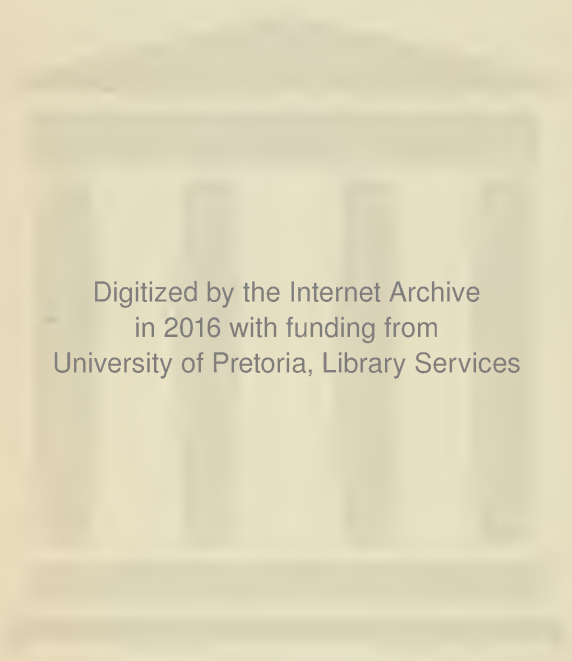
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CAPE

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THE CAPE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1862.

CAPE TOWN:
DARNELL AND MURRAY, ADDERLEY-STREET;
AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1862.

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A. GREEN, Pho.

THE CAPE POST CART WAITING AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, CAPE TOWN.

THE
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

E L S D A L E .

CHAPTER XXIII.

By the end of a week, Johnstone was so far recovered as to occupy one end of the verandah, which was converted into a sort of out-door room for his accommodation. Here he had his easy-chair, table, and books; though he read but little, still feeling the prostrating effects of the brain fever. But he would lie in a state of tranquil enjoyment, breathing in the balmy air from the sea, and chatting at intervals with Warren, who always found something for his great brown hands to do near his friend's corner. The little garden was now the very picture of neatness, and the straggling rose-trees already began to give token of their gratitude for careful attention, by a promise of plentiful flowers in a few weeks time.

It was partly to keep off gloomy thought, that Warren had occupied himself so busily about these trifles. His mind was filled with an anxious longing to know his fate; and all his natural evenness of temper, and buoyancy of disposition was not enough, at times, to cast off altogether some painful and melancholy foreboding. There brooded over him a gloomy presentiment that, in some way, a crisis was at hand. And he chafed under the forced inaction of his life; while he strove to keep up a cheerful appearance, and to conceal his uneasiness from his friend. Anything, he felt, would be better than this suspense, this utter ignorance and uncertainty about the object nearest to his heart. In his feverish state of mind, every trifle seemed impressed with an undue importance. And while his fingers were busy in laying a new edging of dwarf juniper to the flower-beds, or twining the long tendrils of the passion-flower in the garden-fence, his mind was occupied with endless conjectures as to little occurrences or omissions, which seemed to him fraught with grave consequences to his future happiness. What degree of influence might Thornton be able to exert over Kate? Would he really attempt to excite a prejudice in her mind against him?

Why had not Mr. Beveridge been to inquire after Johnstone? What was the cause of Mrs. Beveridge's strange manner towards him on the occasion of his last visit? These and similar questions, which it was quite impossible for him to answer, were sufficient to keep him in a state of restless self-torture. And in spite of his efforts to maintain a calm and cheerful demeanour, he could not keep his clear and honest countenance from being overcast by some shadow from the cloud which darkened his spirit. And Johnstone, as he lay back in his easy-chair, holding a book before him as if occupied in reading, but in reality watching his friend with an observant glance, was not unconscious of his depressed mood.

Warren had found two or three old tree-stumps about the place which, with Job's assistance, he had planted in the garden; and was now busy with hammer and chisel, making hollow places in them to receive a little earth, in which to plant tufts of trailing plants. And as he worked at his task, his face wore a dejected expression, such as Johnstone had never before seen there. He lay silently observing him for a few minutes, unnoticed by Warren; whose thoughts were far away, while his hands mechanically continued his work.

"There, Warren; I think that will do for this morning," he said at last.

Warren started, as if he had been abruptly called back from dream-land to the every-day world.

"It will look very well when it is done," he said. "I shall put that crimson cactus in the large hole at the top, and a tuft of blue *nemophylla* here; and I thought the place on the other side would do for some of those delicate white heaths from the mountain. I remember there were things something like these on the lawn of the garden at home."

"They will do very nicely, I'm sure. But I rather grudge your giving so much time to what I shall not be here to enjoy. Come and talk to me a little."

Warren gathered up his tools, and came and sat down on the rustic bench under the verandah. "Is it not time for you to have something to eat?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," Johnstone answered, looking at his watch, which was placed in a stand on the table near him. "I'm afraid not just yet. I keep a good look-out upon the time, and so does Mrs. Harvey. Let me see—at six o'clock it was new milk and a rusk; at eight, eggs and toast; at ten, beef-tea; at twelve exactly, 'the Missus' will be here with two mutton chops and a glass of porter. I think my watch must be losing,—it is not half-past eleven yet."

Warren glanced at the sun, and assured him that the watch was about right, and Johnstone submitted with a muttered protest that he was "terribly hungry."

"I've been thinking, Warren," he went on, "that you have been a perfect prisoner here for near three weeks. I believe you have seen nobody but Job and his wife, since I was first taken ill."

"Captain Badger has been here, twice," said Warren.

"Well, the Captain's society is not very edifying."

"And he didn't stay long when he found there was no brandy in the house," continued Warren. "Still, it was a very unusual stretch of civility, his coming at all."

"And I believe that, with that single exception, you have seen nobody since I have been ill," Johnstone repeated. "Now, I want you to do me a favour. That young horse of mine is just ready to jump out of his skin. I saw Job trying to hold him this morning going to water, and it was almost more than he could manage. I want to ask you to exercise him for me, for I'm not quite fit myself 'to witch the world with noble horsemanship' just yet. Would you mind taking him over to Eastbourne for me this afternoon?"

Warren glanced quickly at his friend. "I doubt whether you are fit to be left yet, old fellow."

"Not fit! Why, what do you mean? I think you could not have had a more tractable patient than I have been."

Warren, with a meditative air, put his hand up to his forehead, where there still lingered the remains of dark, discoloured bruises.

"There; you need not always be reminding me of that fibbing I gave you. I dare say it was not so very severe, after all."

"It was a lucky thing for me that I did not want to wear a hat for the next week," was Warren's answer.

"Poor old fellow! I am very sorry I hurt you. And I dare say I did; for I used to be considered pretty handy with the gloves. Well, I never thought that Harry Broome's science could have been applied to such a bad purpose. But the question now is, will you take my horse to Eastbourne this afternoon?"

"Not this afternoon, I think;" but poor Warren's eyes sparkled at the idea of getting down to the Mersey again. "Not this afternoon. If you really think you would not mind being left alone, I might go to Eastbourne to-morrow."

"Well, then, to-morrow be it. And now, my dear fellow, I want to talk to you a little about my own affairs."

Johnstone's pale face flushed; and Warren, in order not to appear to notice it, took out his knife, and began cutting some tobacco.

"You know that one of those letters which came by yesterday's post was from the Bishop?"

Warren nodded, rubbing the tobacco between his hands.

"You did not read it? Well, he says that my leaving this place must depend upon Beveridge. That he himself can offer no objection to it, but that he cannot interfere with Beveridge's arrangements, and that I must refer to him for an answer."

"You mean—to—leave, then?" asked Warren, holding a lighted lucifer match in the hollow of his hand, and lighting his pipe therefrom.

"Yes, I mean to leave as soon as I possibly can. I shall get you to help me to pack up such of my traps as I mean to take away, and I shall appoint you residuary legatee to the remainder."

Warren puffed away in silence; absorbed, apparently, in the proper lighting of his pipe.

"I believe my best course will be to contrive to stay here, on one excuse or another, until I can get away for good. You will manage any matters for me at Eastbourne. My plan is to stay here until the next trip of the steamer to the Cape, and leave myself just time enough to say good-by before I go on board. I should be very sorry to do anything that might offend the Thorntons, but I must not go to Elsdale again."

Warren took his pipe from his lips, and looked up with a satisfied air.

"You are quite right, old fellow! That was what I have been hoping all along that you would do."

"Did you doubt me, then, Warren?"

"Well, I can't say I doubted you. But I was afraid. You won't mind my telling you that you are one of those men that one would feel a little anxious about, in such a case. You are as well-meaning as a man can possibly be, and I am thoroughly convinced that you would die rather than—than do what you knew to be dishonourable. But, you know, you are a very susceptible fellow, and you have a spice of chivalry and romance in you, which is sometimes apt to lead one beyond the bounds of plain common sense. And I will tell you what I have been fearing: that you would consider it necessary to make a regular leave-taking of it. And I knew not what harm might come of that—to more than yourself."

"I believe you are quite right about me, Warren," said Johnstone after a little pause. "I know it all myself, only I don't give my faults such fair names as you bestow upon them. Instead of chivalry and romance, I call it the folly which will not allow me to see danger, and the rashness which ventures into it. However, you may make your mind easy about me now, I hope and believe. Nobody but yourself will ever know that my departure has been caused by anything but fear of a return of my former illness. Beveridge must, of course, know about the time when I am going; but there are reasons enough which might be given why I should remain quietly here until I take my departure. I don't think Thornton could reasonably take offence. And if he did, I could only regret it. I cannot go to Elsdale again."

"I told you about his being here?" asked Warren.

Johnstone nodded assent; and again a faint flush overspread his face, as he recalled the circumstances of Thornton's last visit. But Warren had not told him of his own quarrel with him, nor did he think it necessary to do so now. And Mrs. Harvey's announcement that Johnstone's dinner was ready, put a stop to any further conversation.

The next morning saw Warren, after an early breakfast, restraining the eagerness of Johnstone's young horse on the road to the Mersey. He crossed the little valley which terminated in Camcron's Hoek, ascended the long slope to the grassy heights, splashed through Buffel's River, now a glassy streamlet of bright amber hue, and galloping over the green flat, entered the belt of forest known as Doorn Nek. As he emerged on the further side of this strip of woodland, and caught the first sight of the Mersey basin, and the blue lake glistening in the morning sun, another figure on horseback half scrambled half leaped out of a tangled slip-path, at a point somewhat nearer to the mountain. It was Henry Thornton, dressed in his forester's suit of red-brown leather—hip jacket, breeches, and long gaiters all of the same thorn-defying material. A leather jockey-cap, and a blue and white handkerchief tied loosely round his neck, set off his handsome face to great advantage, and completed a costume which Bob Ormerod would have called eminently "workmanlike." His quick sportsman's eye recognized Warren in an instant, and his rapid intelligence as readily determined why he was there.

"If Johnstone was worse," he thought, "Warren would not have left him. Nor would he have left him unless he had been a good deal better. He has got that horse that

Johnstone bought of Cobus van Dyk, so he will be back again this evening."

He took out his watch, which was attached to his button-hole by a leather thong, paused a moment, glanced again after Warren's retreating figure, and then spurring his horse through the thicket, galloped off on the road to Cameron's Hoek.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Elsdale was not now the same jovial house that Bob Ormerod had seen it, during his visit to the Mersey. A change had passed over each one of its inmates, unacknowledged by themselves, unobserved by each other, but not the less real. Perhaps it was the isolation of each member of the party in his or her distinct and separate source of disquiet and anxiety, which did not allow any one of them to notice that the others were equally silent and abstracted. There was but little mutual intercourse among them, usually. Now and then, as if it had suddenly occurred to them all simultaneously that they were sitting very silent, there would be a general effort at talking, and a sort of forced conversation would flash up and blaze brightly, if not steadily, for a while; and then, as if burned out for want of further material, would flicker more and more faintly and feebly, and finally be extinguished altogether.

Thornton, Mrs. Thornton, and Kate were each preoccupied with their several interests, which none imparted to the others. Thornton had, indeed, spoken of his quarrel with Warren; and had laid it down as a law from which there was to be no departure, that he was never admitted to the house again. Mrs. Thornton submitted, with silent regret, for she had a sincere regard for him; and Kate, somewhat to her brother's surprise, and greatly to his relief, made no remark, and manifested no tokens of disapproval.

In truth, she was rather glad that she should not be thrown in Warren's way. She had made up her mind, as she told her sister, that he was from henceforth nothing to her, and it was a relief to her not to be reminded of the past by his presence. But though the wilful Kate had so resolved, and was quite capable of carrying her resolve into practice, yet she could not persuade herself that she was happy. She could not help, at times, feeling very, very sad. She needed all the aid which her fiery indignation against the unconscious Miss Hadley could supply, to preserve her from giving way altogether. And she was obliged to confess to herself that

she had cared for him, and felt his desertion of her a great deal more than she would be willing that he or anybody else should suppose. Before others she would struggle to maintain a calm or, rather, a haughty demeanour. But alone, in her own room, she passed many a heavy hour, and shed many bitter tears.

And she was driven to pass much of her time in her own room by the perpetual presence of Mr. Monro in the house. That gentleman had adopted the Fabian tactics, in the conduct of his suit; and appeared disposed to gain his object by unwearied waiting and watching. No lover could be more studiously attentive, more uniformly affable, more patiently enduring of Kate's varying moods and tempers. He was constitutionally not demonstrative, and long residence in an enervating climate seemed to have had the effect of melting out of him anything approaching to ardour or enthusiasm. An elegant, rather feeble mediocrity seemed to be his ideal of perfection; and at this standard he aimed with remarkable success. How he ever came to conceive the idea of allying himself to such a girl as Kate Thornton is inexplicable on any other principle than that which seems to have existence in our nature, by which a man so often chooses for his wife a woman of tastes and character the very opposite to his own; possibly with some vague and unconscious recognition of the theory that the ultimate perfection of the human being will be consummated by the blending and amalgamation of the two sexes. Certainly, no two characters could be in more marked opposition than those of Kate and Mr. Monro. The gaps and blanks in the one character would undoubtedly have been fully supplied by the positive qualities of the other, but the result would have been a very strange compound. There seemed to be no "elective affinity" between them. And yet Mr. Monro maintained his siege, or rather his blockade, with unabated earnestness of purpose; encouraged thereto partly by a rather too confident appreciation of his own merits, partly by Henry Thornton's assurances of ultimate success. However eager he might be for the match to take place, it was not possible for her brother to deceive himself entirely into the belief that Mr. Monro was exactly the husband for Kate. But it suited his views that she should marry Mr. Monro; and when that was the case, Henry Thornton did not often pay much regard to the feelings and inclinations of those by whose means his objects were to be attained. He had begun, indeed, to tire of Mr. Monro's dilatory and lukewarm proceedings, and to

question whether, after all, it would "do;" when his quarrel with Warren occurred, and revived his flagging interest in Monro's success. That object was, indeed, secondary to his desire to thwart Warren. For he had resolved that if any means which were within his power to use could prevent it, Kate should never be his wife; and all the energy of his nature was concentrated upon this point. But, at the present moment, Monro presented the only available means by which to put his designs into execution, and he encouraged and aided him to the utmost. And knowing nothing of Kate's own private grievance, he mistook her silence for real indifference to Warren, and her submission to Mr. Monro's attentions as tokens of a growing regard for that gentleman. And thus it happened that Mr. Monro still remained an inmate of Mrs. Tokers' hospitable dwelling, and was on the same terms of intimacy at Elsdale, and maintained, to all outward appearance, precisely the same footing with regard to Kate; neither advancing nor receding in her estimation.

Mrs. Thornton, Kate, and himself were assembled in the little library at Elsdale. The window was open to the garden, and the pleasant morning air found its way into the room. On a tiger's skin, by the window, lay Flint, with his legs stretched out in sleep, and haunted apparently by disquieting dreams; for he growled at intervals, and started, and showed his teeth, in a way that seemed to afford Mr. Monro considerable uneasiness. He had never been able to overcome his repugnance to Flint; and this feeling may be said to have been mutual.

Mr. Monro, reclining in an easy-chair, was expatiating on the profound thoughts and brilliant flashes of genius that distinguished the writings of Mr. Martin Tupper, some of whose works he had been engaged in reading aloud; while Kate, with an absent expression of countenance, gazed out of the window, or applied herself mechanically to her embroidery work, and Mrs. Thornton answered at random, and glanced often and nervously at the little china clock on the mantel-piece.

"Yes," said Mr. Munro, concluding some rather lengthened remarks to the same effect—"Yes, if it be the province of poetry to produce an even, temperate, measured flow of the spirits; a calm abstraction from exciting influences upon the imagination; a placid emancipation of the mind from laborious and painful thought—it cannot be contested that Tupper is a great poet. Have you remarked, Miss Thornton——Bless me! This is a very alarming dog! What can be the matter with him?" And Mr. Munro, regardless for the moment of

Tupper, sat bolt upright in his chair, with an anxious face, and thrust his feet and legs as far as he could beneath it.

"Flint! Wake up, sir!" cried Kate; her gravity giving way to a smile that was a sort of faint, glimmering reflection of her former self. Flint lifted his round head and arose; yawned, stretched—first his fore legs, then his body, then his hind legs—elongating himself as he did so until he came into very close proximity with Mr. Monro's nankeens. At these garments and the legs encased therein he gave a suspicious, distrustful sniff, exhaling again with marked emphasis, as if repudiating and ridding himself of every trace of connection with their owner. Then he selected a fold of his young mistress' dress that lay on the floor, turned himself round thrice on the same spot, and "flopped" down. And, thus comfortably settled, he yawned again, cavernously, and licked his lips, closing his great jaws with a loud snap, and staring steadily and fixedly at Mr. Monro all the while. No pantomime could have been more expressive. If the dog had heard and understood all that Mr. Monro had said, and desired to convey to him, in the most unmistakable manner, his contempt for his person, character, and opinions, it was quite impossible for him to have expressed it with greater point and emphasis. Had Kate been in her natural good spirits, she would have observed and have been amused by this little scene, and would, no doubt, have extemporized a correct representation of the actors, or produced a very truthful and ludicrous sketch of Mr. Monro's uneasy attitude and countenance. But now she had no heart for fun. And almost before Flint had finally settled himself, she had relapsed into the grave expression of countenance that was now usual with her.

"I cannot understand, Miss Thornton, how you can make a pet of such an animal as that," said Mr. Monro.

Kate looked at Flint for a few moments—her thoughts wandering away from the dog to his absent master—and then said, more in answer to her own thoughts than to Mr. Monro, "It is so very natural to love whatever loves oneself, that I suppose, in such cases, one is attracted rather by the existence of that feeling than by any actual qualities or perfections."

And poor Kate dwelt for a moment very tenderly upon Bob Ormerod and his uncouth but hearty love for her, and her now deserted condition, and the tears came into her eyes, and her colour rose, and she stooped down to caress the pledge of Bob's affection, and to hide her glowing cheeks and moist eyes.

"I really think we cannot wait for Henry any longer," said Mrs. Thornton, looking once more at the clock, the

hands of which showed that it was more than half-past one. "I do not like going to luncheon without him, but I know he would rather we did not wait. Katie, dear, if you will call the children, I will tell Pedro we are ready."

The children came in, looking as clean and fresh as recent washing, clean pinafores, and neatly-brushed hair could make them. There had been a great improvement in this respect, since Mrs. Thornton had given more active superintendence to her household. Mr. Monro took the bottom of the table, and prepared to act the part of *paterfamilias*.

He was always particularly pleased when it happened, as it had done now, that Thornton did not return to luncheon and left him to fill his place at table. He was a little uneasy under Thornton's rough manner, and undisguised contempt for his effeminacy and weakness. He felt much more at home with the women and children, and exhibited a knowledge of infantine wants and ways that, as Mrs. Thornton said, was surprising in an old bachelor. He could cut up Harry's roast mutton, and arrange a napkin under Archy's chin as scientifically as if he had been brought up a nurse. It was pleasant to him to be employed in such little offices. He could chat with the children with a sort of grave familiarity—"talking like a good book,"—as Kate used to say, or enter with earnest sympathy into their mamma's little domestic anxieties. But his chief pleasure lay in sharing these interesting cares and duties with Kate. It was like a foretaste of wedded bliss with her, this debating over the propriety of another supply of potatoes or rice-pudding for Harry, or instructing Archy's little fat fists in the proper mode of handling a spoon. Perhaps Mr. Monro never enjoyed so much happiness—not even when reading or discussing his favourite authors—as when he was "assisting" with Kate at the children's dinner, when Henry Thornton had taken himself off, or had not come home. Did she feel as he did? Did some chord in her heart thrill responsive to his own in these delicious moments? Ah, how he longed to know!—and how he feared to ask!

It was not fated that this should be one of his happy days. The roast mutton business was over; and little Archy, his intelligent countenance embossed with small fragments of mashed potato, and a spoon and fork clenched tightly in either fist, was waiting, with some impatience, for his rice-pudding, when the door was flung open, and Henry Thornton entered. He looked heated, and his face wore that lowering look which his poor little wife knew so well, and which always made her begin to tremble.

"Oh, Harry dear!" she said, rising and going to meet him. "I am so sorry we did not wait a little longer for you. If I could have had an idea that you would come home! But it was long after your usual time, and I thought something had detained you."

"I never like you to wait," he said sharply; and without taking any further notice of her, he opened the other door of the dining room, and called to Pedro to bring him something to eat. Mrs. Thornton sat down again, with a rather heightened colour, and busied herself with the child next to her, in order to conceal her mortification at her husband's rudeness. Kate made no remark, and Mr. Monro, in order to break a rather awkward silence, asked Thornton where he had been.

"To the bush," was the reply, made without looking up; and in a short, brusque tone. Mr. Monro looked a little annoyed, and sipped his wine in silence.

"I should think there must be some very grand scenery in the upper parts of the forest, near the mountain," he said, addressing Kate.

Kate briefly replied that she believed there was.

"I should like very much to explore that part," continued Mr. Monro.

Thornton laughed an insolent, scornful laugh.

"You are just the sort of fellow to go exploring into the mountain!"

Mr. Monro went on, still addressing Kate, and taking no notice of Thornton's remark. "In some of its features this country reminds me of the Nilgherries."

"About as much like the Nilgherries as it is like Epping Forest," said Thornton.

"I thought you told me you had never seen the Nilgherries," said Monro, coldly, and with some assumption of dignity.

"I don't know what difference that makes," replied Thornton, apparently bent on provoking a quarrel.

"I can see that it makes a very great difference," said Mr. Monro, coolly. "It makes all the difference between your understanding a subject and knowing nothing about it."

Mrs. Thornton was in perfect dread of her husband's reply, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the proceedings of Harry, who was sitting next to him. That observant young gentleman, having noticed that Mr. Monro poured a little sherry over his rice pudding, and thinking, no doubt, that it was the correct thing to do, had imitated his example with his tumbler of water; and had not only filled

his plate, but had also sent a long stream trickling over the table-cloth in the direction of his father.

"What the deuce is this?" asked Thornton, angrily, glad of something to vent his ill humour upon. "Annie, why can't you look after the children? Put it down, sir, directly! You little dirty fellow! I knew you would throw it all over the table-cloth. Hang the children! there was never a house so disgracefully mismanaged as mine. I'm sick and tired of it."

Poor Harry, who had been seized by his father just as he was occupied in a well-meant, but totally unsuccessful attempt to return the water from his plate to the glass, and had, of course, upset the whole of it—was now thoroughly frightened, and began to roar lustily. Little Archy, without having anything on his own account to cry about, followed his brother's example. Mrs. Thornton hurried off with one child, Kate with another. Munro slipped out into the garden, and Thornton was left alone in his ill-humour.

An hour or more had elapsed, and Kate was sitting in her own room, waiting till the storm had blown over, when there was a tap at her door, and Mrs. Thornton entered. She held an open letter in her hand, and her face was still wet with tears, which she made no effort to conceal or to restrain.

"Oh! Katie, Katie," she said, throwing herself on the footstool at Kate's feet, and rocking herself to and fro in an agony of grief,— "Oh Katie, what shall I do, what shall I say to Henry? He is so unkind to me—so cruel—oh! he will break my heart!"

Kate tried to pacify her sister, and asked what had occurred to distress her. The effort to tell what had made her so unhappy only aroused a fresh burst of weeping. Finding her quite incapable of speaking, Kate gently disengaged the letter from her hand, thinking that it might throw some light upon the subject of her grief. She could not help feeling a sort of creeping dread of what it might reveal. She dreaded to see Maurice Johnstone's handwriting. To her great surprise she recognized only the peculiar scrawl in which Bob Ormerod expressed his thoughts upon paper. She read it through hastily; and having done so, the sad thoughts which had been occupying her mind all the morning rose up, and fairly overpowered her. The tears which she had striven so hard to suppress, forced their way. And her overcharged heart found relief in a passion of bitter silent weeping.

"He is going to r—r—ride to Glenelg to-morrow morning: and then by the p—p—p—post-cart to Cape Town!" sobbed Mrs. Thornton.

"Not one word for me—not even mentions my name!" thought poor Kate, in the silent anguish of her heart.

"He n—n—never left me before since we were m—married!" said Mrs. Thornton.

"Even *he* has forgotten me. And nobody loves me, or cares for me. And I wish—I wish I were dead!" was the unuttered antiphon of Kate.

And while they are thus mingling their tears together, though at cross purposes, we may take the liberty of glancing at the open letter lying neglected on the ground between them, which has been the means of causing so much distress.

"Cape Town, September 6, 18—.

"DEAR THORNTON,—As no news is good news, you must suppose from not hearing from me that the colt is going on well. You never saw a horse improve so fast. He is looking bigger now than when he was at Elsdale. You may depend upon it there is nothing in that can touch him. I have seen them all in their gallops, and I ought to know. It's a pity you could not have got Jack Thomas to ride him, but I believe it would be hard for anybody to ride him not to win, now he has got the distance into him. If you can find no jock that you can trust, you might put me up if you liked. I have picked up a clever little hack with a turn of speed, which I mean to put into one or two things, and ride him myself. But I must get a stone and a half off me first. I suppose I got fat from taking no exercise, and sitting over those confounded books.

"Why can't you come and see him run? I think you would like a trip to Cape Town. You may take my word for it he will turn out a good thing for your stud. You may win everything in the country with him, and then sell his stock for anything you to like ask. I think you ought to be here to turn it to good account.

"Yours truly,

"R. ORMEROD."

"P.S.—I aint a betting man, but I could not help putting half a dozen fivers on him."

CHAPTER XXV.

"AND so he went away in a rage?"

"I'm afraid he was very angry with me. But I really could not help it. He insisted so positively on my going that nothing but a flat refusal was enough to satisfy him. I tried every way to excuse myself, but in vain. He was so bent upon it that at last he made it plain that if I did not go he

would be positively offended. And I'm afraid he was really angry when he found I was not to be moved."

"Well, I think you have done right, though you are none the better for it. I saw the moment I came in that something had occurred to excite you."

"Oh, I am much better now. I only feel a little tired."

The speakers were Maurice Johnstone and Reginald Warren. They were sitting in the little room at Woodside before a comfortable fire, for the evenings were still chilly, and Johnstone's blood did not yet flow with its accustomed vigour. And Johnstone had been telling Warren that he could have scarcely had time to reach Eastbourne, when, to his great surprise, Henry Thornton walked in. He had come, he said, to insist upon Johnstone's going to Elsdale until he was quite restored to health. He had put the temptation before him in its most attractive form, reminding him how necessary it was that his mind should be amused and occupied by change of scene and cheerful society after such an attack as he had undergone, warning him of the danger of relapse, or, at any rate, of delay in his recovery in the dulness and solitude of Woodside, and urging him by the recollection of their old friendship, thus happily renewed, to prove the sincerity of his regard by making Elsdale his home, for a few weeks, at any rate.

"It was placing me in a very painful position," Johnstone said, "though, of course, he could not know that. It made me appear wilful, obstinate, ungrateful; but I knew that true friendship to him, as well as my obvious duty, demanded that I should refuse at any risk. And I did refuse, at the cost, I fear, of a quarrel with my old friend."

"You have done the right thing."

"Yes, I feel that I have, and the rest must come round as it may."

They sat for awhile in silence, both occupied with their own thoughts. Presently Warren said, "I forgot to give you Beveridge's answer to your letter."

"Oh, you went to the parsonage? Did you see Mrs. Beveridge, or her sister?"

"No," said Warren, colouring more than the mere effort of searching his pockets would have accounted for. "I saw nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge. There is something there I cannot understand," he added, after a little pause, while Johnstone was reading the letter.

The other did not hear the remark. He was intent upon what he was reading.

"This is very unfortunate," he said, at last.

"What's the matter?" asked Warren. Johnstone made no reply, but began reading the letter aloud:

"Dear Mr. Johnstone,—how I hate being addressed in that manner; there is something so horribly cold and distant about it,—‘I had already heard, previous to the receipt of your letter brought by Mr. Warren’—*Mr. Warren!* You would think he never been at a public school or university—‘that you were not likely to stay among us; and I beg to express my regrets that it should be so, and that Cameron’s Hoek should have been a less agreeable residence and sphere of duty than you had anticipated.’ I suppose I am to take that as a sort of rebuke to my roving tendencies. ‘Of course, I can have no desire to control your movements, and, so far as I am concerned, you are at liberty to resign the charge of your chapelry whenever you may be disposed to do so. But I must ask you, before you finally leave us, to undertake the duties here for a fortnight. I am desirous of making a thorough inspection of the state of things at Cameron’s Hoek, and the prospects of the mission there, in order that I may report thereon to the Bishop, and learn his lordship’s wishes on the subject. If it does not interfere with your arrangements, I should be glad, for my own part, if this exchange could take place at once; and perhaps the change of air may be of service to your recovery.

‘Believe me, dear Mr. Johnstone,

‘Faithfully yours,

‘GEORGE BEVERIDGE.’

An excellent fellow, Beveridge. If he had but a little more heart."

"He is a shy, reserved man, but he has a good enough heart," said Warren.

"When you get to it, I suppose. However, the question now is, what is to be done?"

Warren, as usual, when he had any weighty matter before him, began to prepare his pipe.

"I don't see," he said slowly, puffing the first few whiffs, "I don't see how you can get off."

"Nor I," answered Johnstone, "without betraying an eagerness to get away that might be suspicious. And, after all, I don't know that there's any very great danger in my going to Eastbourne. Of course I shall not go to Elsdale. I shall ask you to let me stay with you at the Knoll."

"You shall be heartily welcome to my room, old fellow, and I don't think Thornton will come and look for you there," said Warren, with a grim sort of smile.

"Why not?" asked Johnstone. "Has anything occurred between you two?"

"Well, I thought I should have had to pitch him over the garden fence while you were ill."

"Do you mean to say you have had a quarrel with Thornton? And you did not tell me? What was it about? Surely you don't mean,"—and Johnstone rose up in his easy-chair flushed and excited.

"No, my dear fellow, I don't mean anything that need distress or annoy you. Pray be calm. There is nothing to be excited about."

"But, Warren I must insist upon knowing what took place. It must be something in which I am concerned, or you would have told me before. I shall not be easy until you have told me."

Warren, thus adjured, told Johnstone all that had occurred, omitting only the terrible effect which Thornton's visit had had upon himself. Johnstone remained for some time in silent thought.

"I have some dim recollection," he said, at length, "of Thornton having been here; but I thought it was only a confused impression produced by my delirium. And so *you* have quarrelled with him in refusing him admittance to my room, and *I* have quarrelled with him in refusing to go to his house. He must think we are both of us mad."

Again there was a pause; while Warren smoked in silence, and Johnstone gazed into the fire, buried in thought.

At last he said, looking at Warren, "I am afraid it will be a serious matter for you, Warren, to have quarrelled with Thornton."

Warren made no reply, and Johnstone continued, "We have never had any talk upon a subject which I know is very near to your heart, and in which I am very deeply interested for your sake. I think you and I should have no secrets between us. You know mine, and I guess yours. Do you mind my talking about it, old fellow?"

Warren, blushing like a school girl, and puffing vehemently at his pipe, said that he should be very glad to talk about it.

"Do you think this will make any difference in your reception at Elsdale?"

"Thornton positively forbid me the house."

"But how will that affect his sister? I am not at all sure that she is one who would yield to all her brother's caprices, if they happened to jar against her inclination. I believe she is quite independent of him, is she not?"

"I should not very much fear his influence over her; if that were all."

"Why! is there anything more?" asked Johnstone.

"I don't know. I can't understand things quite. There is something which I don't know of. Mrs. Beveridge is not the same to me as she used to be, and I have not seen *her* for more than a month. I know she was at the parsonage once when I called there, for I saw her horse, and yet she did not come into the room. And I rather think—though I can't tell why—that she was there again to-day, and I did not see her?"

"I suppose you have never ——" began Johnstone.

"No, not a word," was Warren's prompt reply to the unuttered question.

"And yet you have known her for some time: two or three years, have you not?" Warren nodded. "How is it that you have not learned her mind from her own lips?"

"Well, I suppose you will say I am a queer sort of fellow, and very proud and punctilious, and that sort of thing. But the fact is, I cannot get over a kind of scruple which I feel to asking her to leave her comfortable home, and all the affluence and refinement by which she is surrounded, to share my poverty and loneliness at the Knoll. I know you will say that no true woman would ever set these things in comparison with her—her—affection. But it always seems to me that as a true woman is too true to the instincts of her sex to look at these material considerations, a true man is bound to look at them for her. Women set so little value on these things, in comparison with the dictates of their own hearts, that I consider it becomes incumbent upon men to take care that they do not make sacrifice of them altogether. I feel that I should be doing *her* an injustice, and acting with gross selfishness, were I to ask her to give up all that she now enjoys for my sake."

And Warren again puffed away in silence.

"But I thought Miss Thornton had some independent fortune," continued Johnstone.

"I don't think that makes matters any better," was the curt reply. "According to my view, it only adds another obstacle."

Again there was a pause.

"I should have thought that farm of yours ought to bring you in a good income. It is a magnificent property."

"A magnificent property to look at, no doubt; and wide enough, no doubt. But so far as a return goes, I should be a richer man renting five hundred acres in England. No;

these great properties are all very well to look at, and there certainly is a sort of charm in riding the best part of a day upon one's own land. But they are a delusion and a snare. A man like Thornton, with plenty of capital, ready to take advantage of every turn, may make it answer. But even he is rather making an inheritance for his children than enjoying his estate himself. No; my place is a very fine one to look at, and if I could drop it down in one of the midland counties, it would be a mine of money. But the fact of the matter is, that it is not land that is valuable, but population. Wherever there is no population, land is scarcely worth having. Here we have no population; and the only advantage of landed property is that of being, as the man in the play says, "spacious in the possession of dirt."

"I should have thought that you might have contrived to turn your previous education to account. Surely, a man who has had the advantages of Eton and Oxford, might be doing something more than lead the life of a boer or a wood-cutter."

"Ah, that is just what I feel," said Warren, replenishing his pipe, which he had been puffing incessantly during this conversation about himself and his prospects. "I know I ought to be doing something better than digging potatoes, and waiting for those few sheep of mine to come home in the evening. I suppose my thews and sinews are the best part of me, and perhaps I am more fit to swing an axe or drive a furrow than anything else. But somehow it doesn't seem to me to be altogether right that what was put into me with so much cost and trouble at school and college should be so utterly wasted."

"Cannot you get some government appointment to combine with your farming?"

"Yes, I've thought of that many a time. But what is there that I could get? I couldn't be gaoler, and that is about the best thing in these villages. They would not make me a resident magistrate, because I am an outsider; and I consider that is no more than fair to the Civil Service. No; I had a chance once. But that's gone, and there is no use in talking about it."

"How was that?" asked Johnstone, amused and interested at finding his friend in so unusually communicative a mood.

"Oh, it's all past and done with now," said Warren. "But it was in this way. Rather less than two years ago, the post of Ranger of these forests fell vacant, by the retirement of old Maior Wyndham, who had been here ever since the

office was first made. It's worth three hundred a year, and forage for a couple of horses. No very great thing, but it would have just suited me, and would have placed me in a position to—well, to think of marrying. Montagu, to whom I had letters of introduction, promised to give it to me. But just when I thought it all settled, he wrote to tell me that another man, who had some claims upon Sir Harry Smith, had made such a point of having it, that he had appointed him at once."

"That was Thornton, was it not?"

Warren nodded. "I don't like to be making much of my own grievance," he went on, "but now I have begun, it seems to do me good to get rid of all that has been rankling solong within. I must say I thought it rather hard of Thornton. He knew that I hoped to get it. He knew that I was in much want of it; and I can't help fancying that he knew how much my future depended upon it. Whereas, he was already a very busy man, and really could not be in any want of the salary attached to the post. However, he has got it, and I have never said anything about it till now: but it was a very bitter disappointment to me. And if it were not that I feel, somehow, chained to this place, I should pretty soon 'cut stick,' as we used to say at school. But that reminds me of another thing I want to talk to you about. Here is a note that I picked up at Mrs. Tokers'—what a dear old soul she is!—Just read it, will you, while I fill my pipe again; and tell me what you think about it."

"Well," said Johnstone, when he had finished, "this seems clear enough. Mr. Monro asks you if you are disposed to part with your property. What he says is fair and straightforward."

"Yes; but how comes he to take it into his head that I have any idea of disposing of it? And what makes an old Indian like that want to settle down here, and take to such a life as that of a Mersey farmer? And what makes him so eager about the matter, offering me cash down, and all the stock, and crops, and everything taken at my own valuation? Don't you see something in that more than meets the eye?"

Johnstone reflected a moment. "Monro has been a good deal at Elsdale of late," he said.

Warren nodded. "I know he has. Almost lived there. And I know he is a rich man, and such a man as Thornton would like to marry his sister. And when I couple that with the very odd conduct of Mrs. Beveridge, and that again with this note of Monro's, it seems to me that

there is something to be made out of it all. What do you think of it?"

"I should not care what appearances might be, so long as you could feel sure of the lady herself. It is a great pity you have never satisfied yourself on that point."

"It becomes rather a difficult matter, under present circumstances. I can only meet her by chance."

"My dear old fellow! I see now what you have incurred for my sake. To save me you have cut yourself off from what is dearest to you! No, Warren, this shall never be. I must make it my special business to have this matter arranged between you and Thornton. I would rather tell him everything than leave you in this painful position. Rely upon it, that shall be set right before many days are over."

"You need not tell him anything, or take any trouble about making things up between us. I don't much care whether he is pleased or not. But I should like very much to see *her*, or to hear her mind. And if you can manage that for me, I shall have been more than repaid for any little thing I have been able to do for you."

He rose from his chair, stretched his great frame, and began walking slowly, and in deep thought, up and down the room.

"Yes," he said presently, stopping by Johnstone's chair, "if things are as I hope, I have it in me to battle with fortune yet. And if they be not—why, then let Mr. Monro take everything—wife, and farm, and all—and I will cast in my lot with you, and we will begin the world again on the other side!"

"And now, old fellow, you must be going to bed, for it is rather late for you. And I have made this room as full of smoke as a lime-kiln. So I shall take a turn on the stoep to get my lungs cleared. Good night."

THE POST-CART.

It would be difficult, almost impossible, for people who have been accustomed to nothing but the comforts and advantages of cheap and rapid travelling to realize fully what it is to be almost destitute of the means of locomotion. People in England are so used to regard the transit from one part of the kingdom to another as a matter of no further trouble than is involved in unravelling the intricacies of "Bradshaw," driving

to a terminus or a station, and then being whirled swiftly, safely, and luxuriously to their destination, that it is hard for them to conceive the labour and difficulty which attend a journey in South Africa. The means of locomotion are all of the most primitive character. The simplest, the most independent, and the least expensive mode of travelling is on horseback, riding one horse and leading another with a pair of saddle-bags. Every two hours you halt, give your horses a roll on the ground—which is to a Cape horse what grooming and a feed of corn are in England—then mount the fresh one, and let the one you have already ridden run beside you. But travelling on horseback, though pleasant enough in an interesting country, with much to occupy the attention, and with an ample choice of comfortable hostelries, becomes a very different thing where the scenery is monotonous and oppressive, and the point for which you must make distant enough to render a day's ride laborious both to horse and man. It takes away the charm of a pleasure-trip to know, on setting off in the morning, that you must ride fifty or sixty miles before you can make sure of your bed at night. One such ride, or even two successively, would have all the attraction of novelty. But when it comes to a repetition of the same weary work for a week or ten days together—through heat and dust, or rain and cold, up and down endless, interminable hills—you are apt to come to the conclusion that a journey on horseback is a very tiresome affair.

The ox-wagon can hardly be regarded as a mode of travelling. It is not an unpleasant mode of life where time is a matter of no consideration; but two miles an hour is too slow even for the Cape. The most agreeable and the most usual practice is to travel with your own covered cart with four horses; something like driving one's own carriage by moderately long stages from London to Glasgow, returning by way of Edinburgh. But the very mention of such a journey, performed in such a manner, sufficiently points out its unsuitableness for ordinary travellers, and for the purposes of business.

Public conveyances are of comparatively recent introduction, and at present they have been developed only in two directions. One is a sort of stage-wagon, which makes a periodical progress from the Cape to the principal colonial towns. The English reader may form an approximate idea of the journey by endeavouring to realize what it would be to travel in or on a Paddington omnibus from London to Plymouth, stopping a night at Gloucester, and driving across the fields wherever the road happened to be impassable. The other public mode of conveyance is the

mail-cart by which the letters are carried. And as this is, in fact, the only rapid and regular means of transit between distant points, it deserves that some special mention should be made of it.

The vehicle commonly used for this purpose is exceedingly well adapted to the work it has to do and the country it has to traverse. It is a sort of rough, strong dog-cart, in many instances provided with springs, drawn by a pair of horses and driven by a half-caste Hottentot, who is changed at every stage with the horses, which are under his care. Three passengers are accommodated *dos-à-dos*, the letter-bags are stowed inside, and in this manner it is not unusual to make a journey of five or six hundred miles at a stretch, with only occasional halts of a quarter of an hour. The rate of travelling, including stoppages, is about ten miles an hour. On you go, at a jerking gallop which is seldom altered to any other pace, hour after hour, through daylight and dark, toiling up the rises, plunging down the descents, "springing them" over the flats—a restless, moving speck on the wide, still landscape. The mountain peaks which rose out of the horizon in the morning grow nearer and loftier, and are passed and left behind. The sun, which has been burning the right cheek all the morning, crosses overhead, and smites the left with his scorching afternoon beams. Lower and lower he sinks, and dips at last behind the blue ridge in the far distance. The snake is no more seen to dart across the road. The partridges rise at the sound of the wheels, and glide on outstretched, motionless wings to the hollow where they shelter for the night. The *koorhaan*, the smallest of the bustard tribe, clangs his harsh summons to his mate. The evening breeze comes fresh and keen, laden with aromatic odours. On you go, through the short twilight, through the gathering night. A straggling constellation of lights appears in the distance; the barking of dogs begins to be heard; and soon you dash into the slovenly, irregular street of a colonial township. The driver brays a discordant blast of warning through a short, battered tin horn, and the horses are pulled up with a jerk in front of the post-office. A group is gathered round the door, waiting for letters and news from Cape Town. A flood of light streams across the road from the open door and curtainless windows of the "hotel." Here you get such refreshment as is to be had, and prepare with rug and great-coat to brave the night-wind which sighs chill and searching across the waste. Away you go again. Dashing off from the post-office door with a sharp turn which threatens, and all but fulfils, the feat of

turning the cart upside down. Down the hill into the darkness, at the full speed of the horses. The lamps are lighted, and make a little circle of light just around them, throwing all else into Egyptian obscurity. But by degrees the sight becomes accustomed to the sudden gloom, and you can see the road again, cleaving, with a broad white streak, the dark expanse of the *veldt*. On you go, through the still, silent night. Now and then comes the yelping bark of a jackal, the soft whistle of curlews making for some marshy haunt, the shrill, angry scream of a panther from the cliff afar off. A light begins to grow in the sky, the Southern Cross fades away in the deep blue vault, and the waning moon sheds her ghostly light upon the scene, glimmering on the white walls of the farmhouses few and far between, marking with solemn shadow the mountain ravines and gorges. On you speed to meet the sun just rising above the distant peaks. Down in the vale below is a river, deep and rapid with recent rain. The broad stream rolls in a turbid flood, with a hollow, hoarse, rushing sound, over the belt of shingle which forms the ford. On the bank stands a wagon, waiting for the waters to abate. The oxen are *outspanned*, and picking a meal of tender grass among the bushes. The *boervrouw*, barefooted, in limp and dirty garments, sits on the ground beside the wagon, "cooking the kettle." She puts aside her *kapje*—the quilted sun-bonnet which she wears alike by night and by day—to gaze at the new arrival, while her lord and master, whose nether man, encased in faded blue moleskin, is deposited on the heavy *remschoen*, or drag, stares with vacant features, and solemnly lifts his hand to his drab crape-bound hat. No time to stop; and no use in asking questions. The driver takes a firmer grasp of the reins, shouts loud and sharp to his horses—"Vos! Blesbok!"—the thong whistles in the air—there is a rush, a plunge, and in a moment you are in four feet of water. Every step takes you deeper and deeper into the rapid current. You balance yourself as well as you may on the driving seat, while the water runs a foot deep over the foot-board. It is nearly over the backs of the brave little horses as they lie against the stream, holding the ground with every ounce of weight and the strain of every muscle. Hold on, brave little horses! Keep their heads well up-stream, Klaas! For the ford is but narrow, and below it, as you see at one glance over your shoulder, is a deep, dark, eddying pool, with steep, scrubby banks, and old trees, with jagged and broken stems, half in, half out, of the water,—the sort of place from which a swimmer would have but a poor chance of escape or rescue; from

which the cart and letter-bags would be fished out, with infinite trouble, some three days hence, while the poor distended bodies of Vos and Blesbok, cut adrift from their harness, would be sent rolling down the stream, with now a foot protruding above the water, and now a mass of floating horsehair making a black, writhing patch upon the surface, until they stranded at last upon some shallow, a rich feast for vultures and wild dogs. Three plunges more! with panting nostrils, but just above the water, while Klaas aids them with voice and rein. Now the worst is past; and the flood mutters hoarse and angry, baulked of its prey. Now you are on dry land; and the hardy little nags are galloping along as if refreshed by their bath, lashing the water out of their tails, their wet flanks glistening in the level rays of the early sun. And now you reach a farm-house, where you breakfast with an ancient boer, who keeps his hat on during the meal; while a little negro boy, attired in a sort of tabard of green baize, does his best with a bunch of ostrich-feathers, to prevent your being eaten up by flies. Then you are summoned by the fresh driver, impatient of delay, and away you go again, for another day's journey under the African sun, with skin parched and blistered and eyes inflamed with heat and wind; thankful if you reach your destination at last with whole bones—without accident from treacherous wheel, or drunken driver, or rock or yawning gully by the roadside come upon unawares in the dark.

WHOM SHALL I MARRY?

It would form a very curious subject of inquiry could we analyze the motives which lead men to marry. There is so much worry to be undergone in the selection of a wife—so many whims and caprices to be considered, or put aside, that nothing but a strong sense of the *necessity* of such a step should lightly induce us to enter that state, which, above all others, is the most complex and rigid. Yet year after year do we find unfortunate bachelors utterly miserable for want of a mate; constantly sighing for the comforts of Benedicts; and resolved in their inmost hearts to seize on a partner who shall lighten their burdens and contribute to their ease. Equally certain is it, that day after day we see going on around us a mass of lovemaking which would almost be ridiculous, were it not also in some degree pathetic; and

after an enormous expenditure of passion and temper, patience and skill, we view the results in marriages perhaps at once judicious and mean.

Nowhere do we see this more thoroughly exemplified than in the pages of novelists; where the meannesses of daily life attain their climax in the persons of lovers and selfish old parents. Matchmaking mothers and marriageable daughters are there depicted as ever on the watch for eligible husbands and lengthy rent-rolls; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the victim at least is honourably dispatched when those who pursue him are such patterns of propriety. Take the publications of the last few years, and it is quite impossible to admit that one fractional part of the heroines of fiction ever are properly suited for the discharge of their duties; and equally is it opposed to reason to imagine that of the many weddings which are sure to take place at the end of the story, a quarter of them can turn out as happily as we might wish them to have done. Why is this? Is it the fault of writers or their puppets; or does the novelist present the mirror to nature in so truthful a fashion, as to earn the blessings of all who thrive in conventicles? Nay, are we indeed such a set of poor miserable sinners as never to have known in what true happiness resides—and hence are for ever erring against the dictates of religious training; or do we in real life commit as many trespasses against good taste, good feeling, and good sense as we constantly find the best of “characters” to be doing?

For if we come to consider it, what are the true objects and scope of matrimony? Does a man mean by it nothing better than a legalized union of incongruous ingredients, ultimately to settle into an organized hypocrisy; or does he purpose by its aid and assistance to grasp a fuller measure of his value in this world, and to give pledges to fortune by improving his morals and ennobling his species? Large as is the share which Love must have in the mingling, the several constituents of the domestic pudding are not rashly to be purchased, or lightly to be regarded. The joys of wedded life must spring from something higher and holier than sensual instincts. That secret fire which warms our existence is nearly allied to the vestal flame erst stolen from Heaven; it burns brightly and cheerfully in breasts of purity; it withers and blights when seized by the impious. Serene and clear its rays will shine when night grows darkest, and horizons are dim. It pales, indeed, before the sun of prosperity. Affluence robs it of its guiding light; but

within the narrow circle of a home, its influence is felt, its value is priceless. Nothing on earth can equal a good wife.

To secure this treasure we are writing this paper: Let us be plain. We can't marry everybody. Very few people perhaps care to marry us. As a necessary consequence our choice is somewhat limited. What, then, are we to do? Whom shall we take as our type of womanly perfection? Shall we yearn for violet eyes, cherry lips, and golden hair; or pine to a shadow for raven ringlets and a classical nose; or eschewing the glancing lights of external polish, shall we plunge a little deeper into the nice conduct of our existence, and choose less by the eye than by the heart or head. Of course, we have a great variety of novels to help us in our search. We can either confine ourselves to the sentimental school of Richardson and Steele; play with the pupils of Molière or Swift; turn naughty to please the creations of Congreve and Smollett; or go in for the bumpy foreheads and inked forefingers of irregular beauties who now and then vouchsafe to lose themselves in love. If truth be resident in the pen of a satirist there is much to provoke laughter in the study of such characters. We can grin by the hour at "Becky Sharp" and her lovers; wonder and blush at the nature of fascination; and yet be solemnly dull were she to be met with in the flesh. The very sense of irresponsibility which creeps over us as we listen to "Jane Eyre" is the best preservative we have against being led into bondage by the wiles of fictitious Cleopatras. Do what we will, we cannot but feel that we are quite safe in our admiration. Let our feelings be ever so much interested, a rush through three volumes is the worst that can happen to us; and, when we have scampered through the most brilliant chapters, we revert with regret to our ordinary taskwork. We do not find that we are anything better or anything worse for our temporary plunge into the fountains of fancy. We are not hopelessly committed to a passion which shall wear us to pieces, nor does the frenzy of the hour serve as a means for blighting or clearing the prospects of our whole future. It is on this fact that we would establish the plea that novels are eminently calculated to make us acquainted with the world; they do not grant us human beings to love or hate. They do not seek or give us in marriage. But they furnish us with the details of much that is going on around us; and are useful, so far as such knowledge can be brought to bear on the doings of our neighbours, but are generally powerless in helping us to an acquaintance with our own

wants and defects. For twenty individuals who could tell us whom *we* ought to marry, we shall scarcely find one who can settle such a question for himself; and this not because of the difficulty in discovering the foibles of our feminine acquaintance, but because of the enormous scepticism in his own value which the vainest of men has always lying at the bottom of his personal character. Men find considerable difficulty in positively stating what it is that they want. They have no faith in their own powers of resolution or constancy. They fear to commit themselves irrevocably to a step which may possibly recoil on themselves; and are as often deterred from rushing into wedlock by the necessity which it would impose of a perfectly voluntary act, as by fear of the consequences should happiness not be the result. It is, indeed, a most responsible action to make a choice—for yourself. If our friends would only do it, we might criticise their judgment fairly, perhaps, and impartially; but when the nature of circumstances forces us at once to be both prisoner and judge, we naturally hesitate at the amount of the risk. Fortunately, however, Society is not slow to help us. Scandal, as an institution, was specially founded to expedite matrimony. Wielding, as it does, an impartial scourge and an unflagging tongue for the expression of its criticism, the judgment of our neighbours has practically succeeded in securing a weight which might otherwise have been denied to it. All the world notoriously respects force, and when Society forcibly bawls it into our ears that “Mr. Smith is engaged to Miss Robinson,” we feel quite certain that such an affair is sure to come off. To be sure, Society sometimes changes its cry thrice in a month; but this is only a further proof, not of inconstancy, but of the genuineness of its exclusive information. None but scandal-mongers know the true value of possessing more than one string to your bow; and if they fail with their shaft at Miss Robinson, why—Todgers and Brown are still on their list of possible “partis.”

Occasionally, there are nervous men to be found who shrink from this intrusion on their private thoughts. It may happen sometimes that though Smith does madly love Miss Brown, nevertheless he has no idea of having his love dissected and published. It is bad enough to have your letters—breathing amorous fire and fury—read by the judge’s clerk in a monotonous sing-song, during a trial for breach of promise; but infinitely worse than this is it to have your every movement dogged by Society, who, in its anxiety to secure your well-being, is uncommonly apt to get dreadfully into one’s way. What, for instance, can equal the disgust of

a peaceable bachelor at finding all well-informed circles congratulate him on his approaching nuptials with a lady of whom he knows but little, but of whom everybody else is speaking in the highest terms of approbation. Clearly it is his duty to oblige Society. Society having taken the trouble to choose him a wife, he is bound to show that he is deserving of its good opinion by marrying the lady. But what if the lady won't have him! What if the young lady's relatives turn up their several and individual noses with aristocratic disdain and snort out their contempt for such a low plebeian. At once he is placed on the horns of a dilemma. Either he must disappoint his friends by falsifying their prophecy, or assert his independence by marrying somebody else. Acting on the suggestion of his will, he does the latter. As a necessary consequence, he annoys Society. He confirms his wife in a causeless jealousy; and, as likely as not, gives the deserted one a splendid opportunity for inveighing against the fickleness of men in general and our friend in particular.

Or, supposing that a creature should be so crazed as to wish to marry a girl who shall love, honour, and obey *him*, and not his acquaintance; who shall take *him* for better or worse, and not the world of fashion to which he introduces her, who shall cling to him in riches and in poverty, and live for, and in him; what course of conduct would Society be most likely to pursue should he attempt to carry his views into practice? Will it give him praise or blame, or will it treat him, as Canning did the Needy Knife-grinder? Until our next issue we pause for a reply.

But, before that time shall have arrived, some of our readers may have had to settle in his own mind the momentous question—"Whom shall I marry?" Let him take our advice on the point! Do just the very reverse of what his acquaintance prompt him to. Do not wait for money, for beauty, or for blood. Eschew ambitious views and grand family alliances, and make such a choice as your instincts approve. Remember that a brilliant acquaintance is dulled by familiar use. The wittiest woman is as great a bore at home as a perpetual punster. Her genius has fire, but it wants contact with Society to develop the spark; and when such is the case, she'll be always wanting Society, however deficient she may be with her fire. If you must admire beauty do it at another man's house. The owner will be quite as much pleased by your homage to his wife, as by the buzz of applause which greets a handsome equipage in the park. He married her for that. Pray give him his reward!

A PSALM OF THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1st JANUARY, 1862.

The year is shnt and sealed.
 So spake a sage within our hearing late, *
 And unto many a thoughtful heart appealed
 Those few brief words of weight.

Yea, till the doom, is sealed
 Another ended volume of life's book ;
 Then on its pages, every one revealed,
 Must men and angels look ;

With all their blots and stains,—
 O'erscrawled,—with scarce a passage fairly writ,
 Whilst many a glaring error still remains,
 And none may cancel it.

Be all thy sins forgiven,
 Still must it be that what hath been hath been ;
 Be truest penance done, thy soul be shriven,
 Thou didst the deeds, I ween.

No day can come again.
 Nor eanst thou crowd the work of two in one ;
 Each hath full duty ; things undone remain
 For evermore undone.

I cannot sing to-day
 A joyous song, though festive all the earth :
 Be deaf who will,—let not my sombre lay
 Make discord with thy mirth.

Yet though my thought be grave,
 Much hope and promise brings the new-born year ;
 Much danger too, but reverent souls and brave
 Shall have a good career.

With cumulative speed
 Travels our world ; almost an age is spent
 Within a year ; thought unto thought doth lead,
 And new development.

Should olden lights grow dim,
 Crowds in the world will grope, as though 'twere night :
 The central sun fades not, the wise from him
 Will still draw clearest light.

Though war should waste the earth,
 Though shams and Mammon curse it as of yore,
 Though newer days give newer follies birth,
 And I be vexéd sore,

This one grand truth I know,—
 HE will rule this who ruled the former years ;
 Trustful I wend my way, and as I go,
 Faith shall expel my fears.

C. L.

* See Mr Fairbairn's speech at the distribution of prizes at the South African College, 20th December, 1861.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

No. I.

THE question of public education—the extent to which the Government is bound to further that object, and the mode in which the assistance of Government should be rendered, bids fair to become as important a subject of consideration in this country as it has been, for some years, in England. And, to a certain extent, and in the proportion which our colony bears to the mother country, the question is affected by causes of the same character which operate upon it in England. We find existing among us the same crochets as in England. The same difficulties on the ground of religious differences; the same overpowering knowledge of, and zeal for the subject exhibited by the few; the same indifference, or jealousy, or suspicion on the part of the many. And, after various unsuccessful efforts of Parliament to grapple with the question, our Government—*magnis componere parva*—has referred the matter to a competent Commission, which, having collected every information on the subject, and elicited the opinions of all who have an opinion to give, will present the condensed result for the information of the country.

It might be said that, when such is the case, the whole matter would be best left in the hands of those who have been selected to deal with it; and that it would be fittest for the public to await patiently the result of their labours, without attempting to frame opinions in the dark, or to forestall the conclusions of those who must be the most competent to form them. But it is impossible for any who feel an interest in the question to abstain from satisfying their own minds on some, at least, of the principles involved in the present enquiry. And the materials for a very free and minute acquaintance with the present educational condition of the country, in the shape of the annual reports of the Superintendent-General of Education, have been so long in the hands of all who care about the matter, that an inquiry into the subject, as it is set before us in these “blue-books,” can hardly be regarded as an interference with the proper duties of the Commission. While some acquaintance with the existing facts will enable the public to receive with a more intelligent appreciation the reports in which the Commission will sum up the results of their investigations, and their suggestions for future operations.

Dr. Dale has amply justified the favourable anticipations which were expressed on his appointment to his present post.

Thanks to his clear comprehension of the peculiar nature of his office, to his methodical habits and administrative capacity, we are now enabled to take a minute and comprehensive view of our entire system of public education. We can now see, at a glance, what amount of the rising population of the colony is receiving an education, either wholly or in part, at the Government expense; how the entire sum of £17,207 10s. voted by Parliament for the purposes of public education is being spent; and what results are being secured to the taxpayers of the country for this outlay.

No reasonable man will be disposed to maintain that the amount thus appropriated is excessive. Provided it be *really well spent*, the grant for educational purposes is, in reality, only another name for a premium on the insurance of peace and order, and social progress; and the annual grants may be regarded as money sunk for the furtherance of these essential objects. But the whole question of the expediency and usefulness of these grants must, of course, turn upon the value of the direct and practical results which are being obtained for them. We are not, at present, in a position, even if we had the inclination, to indulge in expenditure for objects which, however specious in theory, cannot be brought to the test of positive tangible good produced. We have come to a clear understanding as to our general financial position; and it now remains for us to take a similar survey of the various items of our expenditure. To determine carefully what is really necessary to be retained, and what is not. To maintain, wherever it is found to be really useful and advantageous, a wise liberality; and, wherever expenditure is found to be unproductive, to apply the pruning-knife remorselessly.

We find, by Dr. Dale's report, that there was paid last year, for the support of schools, either wholly or in part maintained by Government, the sum of £13,013 15s. 11d.; which sum was divided among schools of three several descriptions, namely:

	£	s.	d.
Established Schools, maintained entirely by Government	5,390	15	11
Aided Public Schools	{ maintained partially by Government.	..	3,396 11 8
Aided Mission Schools			
		..	4,226 8 4

In these three classes of schools a total of 18,757 children are receiving education, into the nature of which, as being paid for, to some extent, at least, by the public, the public are entitled to make enquiry.

The first of these classes of schools, as having been longest in existence, as being wholly supported by Government, and as absorbing the largest proportion of the grant, first claims our attention.

The object of the scheme of public education, as set forth in the Government Memorandum of May, 1839, was to provide in certain centres of population the means of obtaining an education of a superior kind, *entirely without charge to the parents of the pupils*. Of this system, Dr. Dale shows that, although it was admirably adapted to the then educational state of the colony, grave and almost fatal objections attach to it at the present day. In the first place, the system, as at present carried out, is an anomaly and an injustice of which a large number of the existing centres of population have a right to complain. The only fair and intelligible ground upon which the provision of gratuitous education by the Government can be supported is that it shall bring the facilities of education within the reach of all; that, as all are indirectly contributors, through the general taxation of the country, so all shall have at least the opportunity of benefiting by this public expenditure. It is needless to say that such a system neither is nor could be maintained in the present condition of the colonial finances. Some nineteen favoured centres of population alone benefit by this branch of the existing system, while others, no less important, are excluded from the advantages which it affords. And even of these nineteen it is difficult to account for the different amounts of salary awarded to the masters of schools in different localities; why, for instance, the master of the school at Wynberg should receive £250 per annum and the master of the school at Simon's Town only £100; or why Uitenhage should have £250 out of the general funds and Cradock and Colesberg only £130. We commend this portion of the subject to the attention of members of the Legislature who are zealous for the interests of their peculiar localities.

And, in the next place, the system, besides being inconsistent in itself, and unfair to the neglected localities, has been proved to be unsuccessful. It was based upon an error, though a benevolent one. The very growth of the colony in population and in intelligence has proved fatal to it; and while the Government finds it impossible to fulfil the fundamental principle of the system—that of supplying gratuitous education to all—even the few favoured localities have failed to derive from the established schools the benefits which might have been expected to flow from them, and are superseding them by their own praiseworthy efforts to supply a system of education more in accordance with their principles, and more suited to their requirements. Hear Dr. Dale on this point. “I am inclined to think that the majority of the people, whilst looking for Government to aid their efforts,

are averse to receive gratuitous education." "It appears a safer and more prudent course to decline an obligation which experience has shown to be incompatible with the many other and more pressing functions of the Colonial Government, and from which the Government is now virtually relieved by the spontaneous efforts made by the inhabitants of the principal towns—Cape Town, Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, Graaff-Reinet, and Swellendam—to organize their own institutions for the instruction of their children in the elementary and the higher branches of a literary and scientific education." "The spread of knowledge has now awakened amongst many the desire to provide more efficiently for their own wants; and, to secure the rearing up of their children in a satisfactory way, they wisely prefer to keep their schools under their own control and management." "There is abundant proof that the chief element of success—local interest—is wanting in the established schools: unless the inhabitants feel that they have a voice in the appointment of the teacher and in the management of the school, they do not afford that substantial countenance which alone can contribute to the efficiency of the labours of the teacher."

Opinions so strongly and unequivocally expressed as these cannot fail to secure the respectful attention which they deserve. And a simple analysis of the tabulated statement presented by Dr. Dale will sufficiently prove that he has not formed those opinions without ample grounds.

The second division of public schools comprises those which are aided by "grants of £30, £50, or £75 (according to the rank of the school), on the condition that the local contribution towards the teacher's salary is at least equivalent to the Government grant." These schools, Dr. Dale says, "may be deemed the schools of our middle class population. The instruction given in the best of them comprises the usual elementary branches, with Latin and geometry." The schools of the third class in this division, to the number of fifty-two, are almost exclusively farmers' schools, of which Dr. Dale reports that their condition is "especially unsatisfactory;" and that "more regard must be paid to the internal comfort of the school-building, and to the regular supply of books and school materials before a better class of teachers can be expected to remain in charge of them." Passing by this class of schools, therefore, as not yet in a state of sufficient perfectness to admit of being subjected to any very searching test, we may remark that the conditions of Government, with reference to this entire division, have been strictly complied with, and that to meet grants to the amount of

£3,396 11s. 8d., £3,846 11s. 1d. has been contributed from other sources; and so come to a comparative examination of the results of the two systems, which can hardly be said to be on their trial, but which are at present in operation side by side.

To take the most simple consideration first—that of expense. We find that in nineteen established schools maintained by the Government, at a cost of £5,390 15s. 11d. during the last year, there was a daily attendance, in the aggregate, of 937 scholars, whose education cost, on an average, £5 15s. each. While in the schools of the two other classes the cost of education for each scholar, to the number of 9,111, was no more than £1 16s. 7½d. But even this remarkable difference does not reveal the whole truth of the case. Out of the entire sum of £16,695 7s. 1d. spent in the maintenance of the schools of the second and third classes, only £8,337 5s. 3d. was contributed by the Government; the remainder being derived from various independent sources. So that the cost to Government for each scholar under the “aided schools” system was actually only 18s. 3½d., against £5s. 15s. under the “established schools” system.

But it may be supposed that a higher order of education is being given in the Established Schools. What says the tabulated statement? Out of the entire number of 1,515 on the books of those schools, 661, not nearly one half, are learning geography; 334, not nearly one quarter, are learning history; 45, or about three per cent., are learning the higher rules of arithmetic, while 359, or much more than one fifth of the whole, are not learning arithmetic at all!

But even this does not fairly represent the comparative condition of those two classes of schools. Out of twenty Established Schools one—the Normal school in Cape Town—is now closed; one, that at Stellenbosch, is reported to be “in a very inefficient state,” and an official inquiry has been instituted; and one, that at Cradock, has not sent in any detailed return. There are, therefore, seventeen Established Schools in full working order; and these we propose to compare, in all respects, with an equal number of Aided Schools: taking the first seventeen on the tabulated return of Dr. Dale, from which a perfect report has been received.

And first, with reference to that most searching test of the estimation in which a school is held, the proportion which the ordinary attendance of the scholars bears to the numbers actually standing on the books. The total number enrolled in the seventeen Established Schools is 1836, of which 811,

or *not quite 59 per cent.*, is the ordinary attendance. In the same number of Aided Schools, out of 813 enrolled, 499, or *more than 62 per cent.*, are in ordinary attendance. But the mere relative proportion of numbers does not give the whole, or nearly the whole state of the case. The Established Schools are free of charge; in the Aided Schools, with but few exceptions, there is a payment made by the scholars. The free schools, too, are all situated in the midst of considerable centres of population; the other schools are, many of them, in remote localities, with few and scattered inhabitants, such as Calvinia, Napier, Villiersdorp; a sufficient proof, one would suppose, of the value which people instinctively attach to that which they pay for, over that which they get for nothing.

Next, as to the kind of education given in the schools of these two classes. And here it is not our intention to exalt or depreciate the teachers of one or the other kind of schools. We regard them all as men zealously and honestly doing their best in their calling. But we wish to ascertain whether the education given at the Established Schools is of such a character as to justify the continuance of the heavy expense and unfair partiality which attaches to them. And let us test it by the standard of the first rudiments of knowledge—reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Instruction in the English language is, whether wisely or not, one of the fundamental conditions to the receipt of a Government grant; and in that particular all the schools, of both classes, are well up to the mark. In writing from copy, we find that *not quite 48 per cent.* are being taught in the Established Schools, while *nearly 72 per cent.* is the proportion in the Aided Schools. In arithmetic, the advantage seems to be reversed; *more than 83 per cent.* receiving instruction in the various rules in the Established Schools, while *not quite 79 per cent.* are being so taught in the Aided Schools. But in this particular item of the returns, a phenomenon is discovered which may, perhaps, account for this apparent advantage. Either from some misapprehension of the inquiries of the Superintendent-General, or from a too sanguine and hopeful view of affairs taken by the teachers, there is a remarkable discrepancy in the returns thus rendered. Thus, in the Wynberg school, we are told that 122 scholars are engaged in learning the various rules of arithmetic, while there are but 106 on the books. And the schools at Malmesbury, Worcester, Clanwilliam, and Beaufort West, which have an aggregate of 188 scholars, profess to be teaching arithmetic to 252!

In the face of statistics such as these, it will hardly be contended that a better education is being given in the Established than in Aided Schools. It may be that, in some few instances, in one of these schools, a tolerably high degree of advancement is attained to. But this, we contend, is not the object to which the public money can be justly devoted. The only ground upon which the maintenance of free schools at the public expense can be defended, with any show of equity, is that of affording instruction to the children of persons who might otherwise be unable to procure its advantages. But an advanced education for persons so circumstanced is seldom desired and is scarcely possible; and the returns of the Established Schools suggest grave reason for an impression that the elementary education for the many, which should be the main purpose of such schools, is regarded as an object secondary to that of the advancement of the favoured few.

The question of the relative cost of these two systems we have already referred to, in its general aspect, but it will admit of a closer investigation as between the Established or free schools and the Aided public schools. The cost of each scholar under the one system is £5 15s. per annum. The cost under the other system, affording, be it remembered, an education in no respect inferior, is £4 4s. 3d. per annum for each scholar. Thus, in the total cost, we find a difference of more than twenty per cent. in favour of the Aided Schools. But here again we have not the most favourable, or even the true state of the case from these figures. Out of this entire sum of £4 4s. 3d. per head, only £2 1s. 4d. comes from the public funds. The balance is made up of scholars' payments, and sums raised by persons interested in the success of the schools. Here, then, we find a twofold principle at work, which, by a kind of mutual compensation, is ever operating for good in schools of this kind. The parents of children who contribute to the maintenance of a school, either by fixed annual contributions or by school payments, have an interest of the most direct and practical nature both in the efficient condition of such school, and in the due progress of the children for whose advantage they incur this expense. They are careful to ensure, so far as it is in their power, regular attendance and diligent application, without which their own payments would be only money thrown away. And the master, feeling the stimulus of active pupils and observant parents, exerts himself to fulfil his part; and the result is a healthy energy, beneficial to all alike. Those who are most directly interested are the zealous supporters of the school; and the school itself, thriving under such energetic

management, becomes such as repays their care and expense. And while the tendency of the Established free school has been found to be towards gradual decay, the Aided school system, planted firmly in the unchanging principles which govern human nature, sends down every year a deeper root, and flourishes every year with a more luxuriant growth.

With these facts and figures before us, it is impossible to deny that Dr. Dale has abundantly made out his case as against the efficient working of the Established Schools under the present system. But before dismissing this subject of the Established Schools, we would ask on what principle of justice or of common sense is the country to be put to an annual outlay of upwards of £5,000, for which scarcely any appreciable results are obtained? If this money were spent in the furtherance of an education of a higher grade than could be attained to by colonists with only the ordinary means at their command, or if it were spent in bringing the advantages of culture within the reach of the poorest and most degraded, there might be something to be urged in its favour. But it is proved that the system does not operate in either of these directions. The average standard of education given in these schools is not above mediocrity, while the communities for whose benefit they are maintained are among the most prominent in affluence and advancement. We take, for instance, the established school at Wynberg, which stands first on the list, and which is the most costly in its annual maintenance of all the schools of this class. And in referring to this school, we would wish to say nothing in dispraise of its master, who has deservedly obtained the character of a skilful, earnest, and successful teacher. But we ask on what grounds is a free school maintained by Government, at an annual cost of £383, in such a place as Wynberg? That it is a great advantage to the inhabitants of that favoured spot to have their children well taught for nothing, there can be no doubt; but why is the country at large, through the general taxation, to pay for the education of the children of the well-to-do folks at Wynberg? Claremont, Rondebosch, Mowbray, are places as important and as populous as Wynberg; but the inhabitants of those villages have to educate their children at their own expense, while their neighbours a little further along the road are being instructed at the cost of the country, in Latin and Greek, geometry and algebra, the higher mathematics and the elements of physical science—whatever that may mean.

Whatever may be the mode in which it may be ultimately decided that these schools shall be disposed of, we believe

that the public and their representatives in Parliament will hardly fail to come to the same conclusion with the Superintendent-General of Education,—that the system of Established Schools, wholly supported by Government, has been tried and found wanting; that it has perished of its own vital and inherent defects; and that the time has fully come when it must be superseded by something more equitable and more efficient.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY SIR THOMAS MACLEAR, F.R.S.

THE gigantic strides electric telegraphs are making could scarcely have been anticipated by their most strenuous advocates. They are now patronized wherever civilization has gained a footing, no matter whether the form of government be the most arbitrary or the most democratic. The relative jealousies of independent states disappear before this mighty engine of public utility. Instantaneous reciprocal communication plants the inhabitants of distant countries in the same drawing-room. Commercial transactions are facilitated, individual wants are supplied by them, and criminals dread the invisible "detective."

Of wants that traversed his line, Mr. Walker furnishes an amusing catalogue: "We have ordered a turbot and also a coffin; a dinner and a physician; a monthly nurse and a shooting jacket; a special engine and a chain cable; an officer's uniform and some Wenham-lake ice; a clergyman and counsellor's wig; a royal standard and a hamper of wine, &c."

The telegraphic *soirée* held at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester this year furnished the most amusing and instructive treat to the public the men of science and art produced. There were exhibited the several kinds of instruments yet invented for transmitting messages. "Of these, the first sixteen items in the catalogue, contributed by the Electric Telegraph Company, and in about fourteen specimens from Professor Wheatstone's collection, were to be found the germ of the electric telegraph, now developed into manhood, as represented by the bell telegraph, printing telegraph, and those dial instruments that any one can work, whose education has carried him to the rudiments of reading."

The two instruments that caught Tawell, and which are naturally highly prized by Messrs. Reid, as being of real historical interest, were kindly lent for this occasion.

Wires were led into the hall from the lines of the Electric Telegraph Company and the Magnetic Telegraph Company, and messages having been exchanged with the Hague, Hamburg, and Berlin, the astonishing business of the *soirée* began.

"At 9.5 p.m. St. Petersburg joined up the Manchester and Moscow lines, when Manchester put the following question to Moscow :

"*Message*, 9.6 p.m.—Please say what weather you have, and also your time."

"*Reply*, 9.7 p.m.—It is raining. It is thirty-six minutes past eleven."

"At 9.17 p.m.—Moscow joined up the Manchester and Odessa lines, when the following correspondence ensued :

"*Message*, 9.18 p.m.—Manchester asks what is your weather and time?"

"*Reply*, 9.20 p.m.—Weather cool, but very clear, windy ; six minutes past eleven."

"*Message*, 9.21 p.m.—Manchester asks is the harvest over? (here is rather a longer interval, the Odessa clerk having been called away from his instrument.)

"*Reply*, 9.32 p.m.—The harvest is over, and the grapes are now in season."

Odessa then joined up Manchester to Nicolæff, a distance of 2,800 miles by Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, when the usual compliments were exchanged by the clerks.

After this feat, the instruments designed for comparatively short distances were in requisition, those of the dial description furnished with the plain letters of the alphabet, being worked by any of the lady visitors who chose to take a spell at telegraphing, and who were astonished to find that they could speak to a person thirty or forty miles away, without having to attain the experience necessary to work the ordinary form of telegraph. The curiosity became contagious when it was proved by demonstration that the power of the tongue could be augmented by the fingers.

The real object of this communication will now be taken up, namely, to explain why long distances are no bar to electric telegraph communication, how the difficulties are overcome, and the principles upon which the method is founded, also a short notice of the most popular galvanic batteries, and a particular description of the form now adopted by the British International Company, together with the method of managing it.

CONDUCTING WIRES.

1. Different metals have different capacities for conducting or transmitting electricity from one point to another. Supposing wires of exactly the same thickness be formed of the following seven metals, we have, from the experiments of Becquerel, the conducting power of each respectively, where the higher numbers represent the greater conducting power.

Copper,	100	Platinum,	16.4
Gold,	93.6	Iron,	15.5
Silver,	73.6	Lead,	8.3
Zinc,	28.5		

Thus it appears that the conducting power of copper is nearly six and a half times greater than of platinum or iron; therefore if a copper wire of a given thickness will transmit a certain volume of electric current, an iron wire must be six and a half times thicker to transmit the same volume. More scientifically expressed, the *resistance* of iron to copper is as six and a half to one.

For overland line wire, iron is preferable to copper, because of its greater strength and comparative cheapness; but it is convenient to use copper wire at the junctions of the line wire with the batteries and telegraph instruments, where care should be taken to use rather thicker copper wire than is given by the ratio in the table.

(2). The volumes of electricity that wires of the same metal, and of equal length, but of relative unequal thickness, will transmit are proportional to their sectional areas, or as the squares of their diameters. Thus for wires of one tenth, two tenths, three tenths, four tenths, &c., of an inch, the relative volumes will be as 1, 4, 9, 16, &c., provided the battery power be exactly the same in every respect as to number of elements, dimensions of plates, &c., &c. (*Volume* is generally termed *quantity*.)

For example, take two well insulated line wires, one of No. 6 and the other No. 8 iron telegraph wires; their diameters are $\frac{13}{64}$ ths and $\frac{11}{64}$ ths, consequently the squares of their diameters are as 14 to 10 nearly. The volumes will be in the same ratio, also the force or tension of the currents at their remote ends. If we wish to equalize their tensions (*force* is a more correct term than *tension*), the battery elements attached to No. 8 wire must be increased in the ratio of their volumes.

(3). The force of an electric current from a given battery along a given wire will decrease in proportion as the length of the wire increases. Thus the force at the end of 100 miles will be equal to a half of that at 50 miles; the force at the end

of ten miles will be thrice the strength of that at 30 miles. From this law, it is clear, that the length of wire may be increased until the current becomes so weak as to be insensible to our most delicate galvanometers.

If a wire be of unequal thickness, the volume and force of current transmitted will be that which is due to the thinnest portion—a most important matter to be kept in view. Thus, suppose the line to be formed of No. 8 wire joined on to No. 6 wire, the force will be that due to No. 8 only.

The term *resistance* (which oversteps *volume* and *force* to a certain extent) is working its way in the language of electricians. We say a certain length of fine copper wire offers as much resistance as a certain length of No. 6 or 8 iron line wire. Let the deflection of a galvanometer needle, placed in a circuit of say 100 miles of No. 6 telegraph iron wire be noted. Then disconnect the telegraph wire and substitute length after length of slender copper wire (as No. 35), until the galvanometer needle is deflected to the same angle. The resistance of the length of the specified copper wire is equal to the resistance of 100 miles of No. 6 iron wire.

The copper wire, insulated by silk or cotton thread, is coiled on a reel or spool. When the equivalent has been discovered by experiment, coils carrying different lengths of wire are prepared for the purpose of detecting the locality of a fault or break in the line wire.

(4.) Shaffner states that 460 miles may be regarded as the working length of No. 8 telegraph wire, namely,—with one battery at the sending end of the line.

Let a battery similar to the first be placed at the remote end of the line, to be joined on to a continuation of another 460 miles, and let a third battery be placed at the end of the 920 miles, to be clamped to another 460, making 1,380 miles, and so on. In this manner a current equivalent to that from the first battery may be continued almost, if not, *ad finitum*. (If No. 5 or No. 6 telegraph wire be used instead of No. 8, the intervals may be six or seven hundred miles.) The first step is a preliminary order from the Sending station to close up for a given remote station. This order is passed on from station to station in the desired direction. The intermediate or “relay” batteries are brought into circuit, and the intermediate earth-wires are disconnected. On the signal reaching the remote station, the clerk there telegraphs to the first or sending station “go on,” or “ready.” The message is then forwarded. The earth part of the circuit offers no sensible resistance to the current if the earth-plates at the termini are buried in moist earth.

Thus, if Manchester desires to send a *through* message to Nicolaeff, *viâ* Hamburg, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, the preliminary order is forwarded to the nearest station as before described; the joinings occupy only a few minutes. However, at the *soirée* the display was made more interesting by exchanging messages with the intermediate stations in succession.

Of course the positive poles of the several batteries must be directed all forward or all backward.

An electro-magnet apparatus, similar in principle and nearly similar in detail, to that for ringing a bell or discharging a time-ball, is employed on some lines for bringing a local battery into circuit, in order to recruit the strength of the diminishing current. They are chiefly employed where the instrument registers the messages, and are called "relay" instruments.

TELEGRAPH BATTERIES.

(5.) Having explained how messages may be telegraphed to great distances, even round the circumference of the earth, if the wires could be properly insulated, it may be well to touch upon the very important subject of the batteries, in a way that may be useful in this colony.

When telegraphing began in England, what were termed "sand batteries" made their appearance, viz., Babbington's partition trough; (in general for economy) the troughs were of wood and the partitions of slate. Zinc and copper plates joined by copper straps; the cells filled up with sand moistened with diluted sulphuric acid. This battery admitted of being moved or carried about, without disturbing the exciting acid; the latter, however, needed frequent renewal.

(6.) Daniel's constant battery seemed at first to hold a doubtful footing, but it gradually gained ground under different shapes, while the principle of its construction has been adopted for batteries which bear other names. The copper cylindrical vessel charged with a solution of sulphate of copper, with a porous cup in its centre containing dilute sulphuric acid and a cylinder of zinc, was (and is still) extensively used on the Continent. In England one of the changes consisted of a glazed earthenware jar; a hollow cylinder of zinc a little less in diameter than the interior diameter of the jar; within the hollow of the zinc a porous earthenware cup, and within the cup a broad copper strap, carrying a copper dish perforated like a strainer. Dilute sulphuric acid (one part acid to fifteen or twenty water) in

the zinc chamber, saturated solution of sulphate of copper within the porous cup, and crystals of sulphate of copper in the dish to keep the solution saturated.

The last and now popular modification consists of Muirhead's patent porcelain chambers (*vice* the cylindrical jars), containing flat porous earthenware cups, copper plates within the porous cups, zinc plates in the outer chambers. No acid is used; the porous cups are charged with sulphate of copper and water, and the zinc compartment with water only.

This battery will be referred to again.

(7.) Daniel's porous cup arrangement prevents the transfer of metallic zinc from the zinc plate to the surface of the copper plate; it prevents also the accumulation of hydrogen on the copper plate, which has been found to impair the action of the ordinary cell plate battery. The porous cup has been adopted also in the construction of the high tension batteries of Grove, Callan, and Bunsen; but, instead of copper for the negative metal, Grove employs platinum, Callan cast-iron, and Bunsen graphite, or carbon; and for the chemical exciting agents each uses nitric acid (*aqua fortis*) in the porous cup, and dilute sulphuric acid in the zinc compartment.

Such active agents as nitric and sulphuric acid in the same battery occasion rapid decomposition of the zinc plates, and corresponding rapid evolution of electro-motive force; but the endurance of these batteries is comparatively short, for it should be understood that the oxidation of a given quantity of pure zinc elicits a certain quantity of electricity, and no more nor less, and this may be effected in one second, or be spread over fifty seconds, according to the nature of the agents employed.

(8.) Smee's battery is formed by placing a platinized silver plate between two plates of zinc; the zinc separated from the former by a thin quadrilateral frame of wood to prevent contact. The exciting agent is dilute sulphuric acid. Smee calls it a *constant* battery, but its endurance is very short as compared with Daniel's contrivance.

(9.) "The following facts have been determined relative to the comparative *intensity* and *quantity* (in other words, *electro-motive force* and *volume*) powers of the Grove, Daniel, and Smee:

INTENSITY.

QUANTITY.

" Grove	87	44
" Daniel	$48\frac{1}{2}$	12
" Smee	$27\frac{1}{2}$	42

"Thus, it appears that nearly equal quantities of electricity are excited by equal surfaces of Grove's and Smee's batteries, but that the intensity of the nitric acid battery (Grove's) is rather more than three times of that of Smee's. Daniel's arrangement holds an intermediate position with regard to intensity, but is deficient in quantity."

To the latter remark might be added that the endurance of Daniel's exceeds the endurance of Grove's at least three hundred fold, exclusive of being perfectly free from the evolution of a deleterious and destructive gas.

The telegraph has taxed the ingenuity of men of science for still more effective and more convenient forms of battery than those I have mentioned, but without success.

Bunsen, Daniel, and Grove are popular on the Continent. The so-called "sand batteries," which were so generally used in England in the infancy of telegraphing, are disappearing in favour of Daniel.

(10.) The *quantity* or *volume* of electricity furnished by a battery (*ceteris paribus*, with respect to construction and exciting agent) depends upon the area of the metallic plates. The intensity or electro-motive force depends upon the number of couples or "elements" in the battery. This may be proved as follows ;

Let a *quantity* galvanometer, namely, a galvanometer armed with a coil of thick wire, that it may transmit the whole of the electricity generated by plates of say 10 x 10 inches, be placed in short circuit, the index will be deflected to a certain point. Next, let the galvanometer be placed in the short circuit of a similar battery, but with plates of only 3 x 3 inches, the index will be deflected to the same point. Now, let the number of plates in each battery be doubled and tested by the galvanometer as before, the index will still be deflected to the same point in the circuit of the large plate battery, but in the small plate battery circuit it will be deflected to an angle equivalent to twice the intensity, and so on for any other multiple or increase of the number of plates. The areas of the plates specified will be as 100 to 9, which is the relative measure of the *quantity* or volume generated.

If a battery be composed of large and small couples or elements, the volume that will emerge from the positive pole of the battery will be that which is due to the area of the smallest couple,—exactly the law which holds when small line wires are joined on to thick line wires. Therefore, when an electric light is to be exhibited (which requires large plates), care should be taken to exclude small plates from the combination ; but for telegraph purposes small plate batteries

may be combined with large plate batteries, because intensity or force is required, but it is bad economy.

(11.) I stated that I should again refer to the modification of Daniel's battery, now coming into general use in England.

This form of Daniel is recommended by the fact that there are five thousand cells of it at the Lothbury station of the International Telegraph Company, and they are all managed by one man!

It is recommended, further, by the circumstance that no acid is needed, only sulphate of copper and water; that a faulty couple may be removed and replaced by a perfect couple without disturbing the others of the series; and that the endurance extends from three to twelve or more months, according to the amount of work. Perhaps the most severe service a battery can be subjected to is to keep one clock in coincidence of beat with that of another clock. There are 86,400 beats in twenty-four hours; the battery must act at each beat, and will keep this action up for three months. Each beat is equivalent to a deflection of the index of a telegraph needle instrument. The average number of deflections for each letter of the alphabet is four; consequently the service during three months is equivalent to transmitting 1,944,000 letters, or 153,000 messages of the following length:

“The Hon'ble the Attorney-General to the Civil Commissioner of Graham's Town.

“The penalty of the crime you have described is transportation for life.

“W. PORTER.”

(12.) The method of charging this battery is as follows:

Place the copper plate in the porous cup and fill up to within an inch from the top with crystals of sulphate of copper, then pour in water to the height of the crystals. Fill the zinc compartment with water up to the same level, and form “short circuit” by clamping one end of a piece of wire to the terminal copper plate, the other end to the terminal zinc plate of the series. (The terminal copper plate represents the positive pole of the battery.)

Leave the battery in this state for three or four days, at the end of which interval the action will be sufficiently up for telegraph work, but the maximum force will not be attained under eight or ten days. Much depends upon the purity of the zinc and copper. If the porous cups be first thoroughly soaked in a solution of sulphate of copper in water, and the same solution be poured into these cups in

the first instance, instead of water, the commencement of the action will be accelerated.

The plates should be clean when first introduced; sand paper or scraping with a knife will effect that object, if necessary. By careful experiment with a galvanometer in the circuit it has been found that amalgamating the zinc plates with quicksilver is not advantageous, although it is useful in acid batteries.

(13.) In the management of these batteries two articles in particular will be found serviceable, viz., a "feeder," something in the shape of a coffee-pot, composed of gutta percha, and an "adjuster," or India-rubber bottle, armed with a curved tube of the same material, eight or ten inches in length. The first for introducing the fluids, the second for removing part of them, as when that in the porous cup is too high, and which should never be allowed to run over into the zinc compartment. By squeezing the bottle the air is driven out; then by dipping the end of the tube into the fluid any amount may be removed, as by means of a syringe.

The batteries should be examined at intervals of a fortnight, and an old table knife carried along the zinc plates will separate the spongy copper that will be found attached to them, which will descend to the bottom out of the way. If the fluid in any of the porous cups should be pale instead of a dark blue colour, a few crystals of sulphate of copper should be added; also, the waste of fluid should be made good in the zinc compartment by adding water. This attention to a thirty couple battery occupies about ten minutes.

(14.) I have a *quantity* galvanometer for testing the condition of our batteries, with coated wires attached to it of sufficient length to reach their poles. When the battery is in full action the current deflects the index to 32° (the plates are $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches, or 7 inches area). Then, since the volume from one couple should be the same as the volume from the sum of the couples composing the battery, if the index stands at any degree below 32° , there is a fault somewhere in the series, the locality of which is quickly detected by allowing one wire from the galvanometer to remain attached to either pole, while the other is plunged into each porous cup in succession. There is also a stationary *tension* or force galvanometer for discovering when a new battery is fit for service. The only difference in the construction of these instruments consists in the relative thickness and length of the wires forming the coils.

(15.) My object in entering so much into detail is to help on young telegraph clerks and others who have a slender notion of the subject. Those who wish to study it with attention will find everything they want in the works of Lardner, Shaffner, and Node; also in the several memoirs of Daniel, Faraday, and Wheatstone, published in the Philosophical Transactions. I shall therefore conclude with recapitulating the leading points.

RECAPITULATION.

- (a.) The number of elements of a battery means the number of couples or double plates of metal, as copper and zinc, platinum and zinc, &c.
- (b.) *Intensity, tension, and force* have been used indiscriminately. *Electro-motive force* means the same thing, nearly; the expression is employed when treating of the action of a battery between the limits of its poles.
- (c.) Intensity rather than large volume is needed for telegraph service. Consequently, the number of elements is of more importance than their dimensions.
- (d.) The capacity of wires of the same metal for conveying an electric current is proportional to the squares of their diameters. The intensity of the current diminishes in arithmetical progression as the length of the wire increases. Consequently, the thicker the wire the further it will carry the current.
- (e.) The thickness of the wire and the strength of the battery should be so arranged that the intensity of the current towards the remote end of the line may overpower the accidental play of atmospheric or terrestrial electricity; otherwise the messages will be confused or indistinct, as happens at times on the European lines.
- (f.) By means of relay or intermediate batteries, *through* messages may be sent to any distance.
- (g.) For insulating the wires, porcelain and glass are the best non-conductors, likewise the best materials for battery troughs. India-rubber and gutta percha are not so good; the latter does not last well in this colony, nor underground in England.
- (h.) The reasoning in this communication supposes proper insulation of the wires. No calculation will hold where the wires are indifferently insulated.
- (i.) In conclusion, it may not be amiss to mention that the Rowland Hill system with respect to letter postage is now being applied to electric telegraphs. A company has started in England which transmits messages to any

part of the United Kingdom for one shilling. That this system would answer in a thinly-peopled country is doubtful. One thing, however, is self-evident, namely, it brings telegraphic communication within the resources of a class that would otherwise be excluded from its benefits. It is said that self-registering instruments are employed, which save the salaries of the copying clerks.

A DEATH AND A BIRTH.

AN OLD-NEW-YEAR'S CAROL.

YOU'LL all recollect that the Laureate has told,
In verses right worthy of letters of gold,
How to ring in the new year and ring out the old :

And you'll all of you feel
That noble appeal

To wipe out old scores and begin a new deal,
If you'll carefully read it,

Religiously heed it,

And reflect on the moral advice—*for you need it.*

You're wanting in charity, vain, and fanatic,
Purse-proud and pompous, and dull and phlegmatic.

You're pocket is much better filled than your head,
And your heart is by no means as soft as your bed.

In short, you're a windbag, a humbug, a sham,
A wolf in the guise of an innocent lamb.

Now, don't stare,

And don't swear,

And protest and declare

That you really don't know, that you are not aware,
That you cannot conceive, 'pon your soul it's not fair
To abuse you like this ; that soft innocent air

Won't impose upon me:

Do you think I can't see

That you're not quite as white as the paper my pen is on ?—
The judgment is "Guilty ; and sentenced to 'Fennyson."

Having settled you thus,

As you'll see on a 'bus

The driver lay into his horses at starting,

A respect for his prowess by way of imparting,

Just pass that decanter,

And presto, instanter,

We're the best of all friends and forget our past banter.

Ding ! dong ! dell !

That horrible bell

Booms 'midst our feast like a funeral knell.

'Tis the funeral knell of a year that's dying,

That close on the dark black past is lying.

Eleven strokes—yet one hour more
And the old year's joys and pains are o'er.
No more to fear, love, hope, or suffer—
Well, pass the decanter—poor old buffer !

But before he's quite done
'Twill be capital fun
To count up his sins—there's no pleasure comes near it,
Tradueing one's friend when we're sure he won't hear it—
But when he's *quite* dead
It mustn't be said
If any one hints at his failings, *we'd* own 'em :
It wouldn't be proper,
We'd clap on the stopper
And mutter "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

What has he done, then, this wretched old year ?
What that shall gain him a sigh or a tear
Or an epitaph fit for his crazy old bier ?

Pass the decanter and fill up your glass,
Look in its depths—see the visions that pass.
'Tis the true magic crystal whose lustre reflects
The past, and foreshadows what *is to be* next.

What's that hideous shape ?
A man or an ape—
Ingentum informe,
His aspect so stormy,
All fussing and fluster,
And bully and bluster,
A face very flushed and a nose very red,
A voice very loud and a very small head ?

Hush ! the voice is declaiming so loud that it "skeers" one.
"Why, I'm Parliament—this here identical year's one.

Ho ! ho ! my fine gents,
I'd have thought with your sense
You'd have found out my cut, you won't easily match it—
Don't make observations or else—you'll just catch it.
Strength of lung, length of tongue, and a smallness of brains,
Find another like me and a fig for your pains.

Why, I've talked myself blue,
And what did I *do* ?
Not a ha'porth of nothing—I'm proud that *that's* true.
Work were not my vocation,
But to spin a oration

For ever and ever were my occupation—
And in whatever else, gents, you *may* think I've sinned,
You can't say I've ever been hard-up for wind.

"And, talking of 'hard up,' reminds me of tin—
Ha'n't I kept it in close ? Did I vote for a pin
That could well have been spared ? Ask the soldiers for one.

You call me a Gorilla,
But I tell you I've still a
Proud satisfaction for what I have done.
And as for that 'ere
What d'ye call it ?—World's fair ?

Do you think I was going to pay to be there?

What is there to show?

I'm blessed if I know,

And what's more, I don't care, 'cause I don't mean to go.

And if other folks choose

To set to and abuse,

Let them fork out themselves, if they've money to lose.

I aint sensitive, bless you,

So don't let it distress you—

They may pitch into me and be—ahem!—the less you

Attend to what folks say the more good it does 'em.

Them's the sentiments, gents, as I nurse in my buzzom."

Quick! pass the decanter and shake the glass dry,

Let the horrible phantom to Lethe pass by,

And call up some other—I'd rather hear hammer

All day in a smithy than slaughter of grammar.

What's this?—'tis a ghost,

A spirit that's lost

Its dirty old body and wanders about

Like the starling (see Sterne) that could never get out.

And close by its side

Struts, in fullest-blown pride,

A fat little boy with self-satisfied stare,

Though the dust's on his clothes, in his eyes, and his hair.

And the dirty old ghost, as she turns up her eyes,

Snuffles and whimpers and mournfully cries,

"I've suffered, alas, from a dreadful fatality,

My name was, good sirs, Mrs. Municipality.

The year 'sixty killed me, and *this* 'sixty-one

(I've never yet heard of the good that *he's* done),

After keeping my carcase,

By way of a lark, as

This scapegrace declares, for some months aboveground,

A successor in this ugly urchin he found.

"Just look at the brat, with his impudent leer,

He's a shocking young varmint—you may think it queer,

But, as for respect, he's no more of the thing

Than a cat has of loyal regard for a king.

And when I,

With a sigh,

Though I hardly know why,

Shed a tear for Van Riebeck and days long gone by,

This boy, while on such things my memory lingers,

Puts his thumb to his nose and extends his fat fingers."

"Come, shut up, old female, no humming here—stow it—

If you are such a blessed old pump, don't you show it.

You know that you're dead,

So hide your old head;

It's uncommonly ugly—there, turn into bed.

You see, my fine jokers, who're drinking so cosy

(By the way, though, just give us a pull at the rosy),

I'm that female's successor;

But then—why, Lord bless her,

I think you'll admit

I'm not like her a bit.

She was horridly slow, and her people had taught her
A nasty aversion to using cold water,
While my taste, you may notice, is *tout au contraire*."
(And here, with his very self-satisfied air,
The dirty young gent twirled his dust-covered hair.)

"In short, *entre nous*,

(That's between me and you,

Pr'aps you don't know much French, as few Africans do),
Markets, roadways, and drainage, and water, and lights—
In a jiffey *I* mean to set all things to rights."

Hold! pass the decanter, get rid of this boy,
Who plays with his office as babes with a toy,
Who quarrels and boasts, who's as stupid and mean
As his granddam before him—and hardly more clean.
If he don't soon reform, alas! poor 'Sixty-one!
Your children won't save you if *this* is your son.

But stay! what's here?

Eyes haggard and blear,

And bones so fleshless you plainly hear,

As they come in sight,

How they rattle outright,

Like a hedge of bamboos on a windy night.

And a weak, sad voice like the dying moan

Of a tempest that over the ocean has blown,

And the shore with goodly wrecks has strown;

Or the wind that blows under the slates in the attic,

Partly like sighing and partly asthmatic,

A voice says something in tones so faint,

You listen and say—"Yes, it is;" "No, it ain't."

You can't make it out,

'Tis a fair case of doubt,

For the vision has fled,

And whatever he said,

Who he was, must be secrets, although I can swear it he
Seemed to say something like "'Sixty-one's charity!"

Well, pass the decanter, and give a fresh shake

To the glass—"Sixty-one there is still wide-awake,

Though his end and his sins make him shiver and quake.

Here's a deuce of a crowd,

Shouting aloud,

And wherever they go

Cries of "High" and of "Low;"

And of "Orthodox," "Liberal," "Puseyite," "Sceptic,"

From lips that betoken a system dyspeptic—

Quick! quick, out of sight there,

'Twill give one the nightmare

To see all this regiment of pestilent "varmiuts,"

Who talk of religion while stealing her garments.

Alas! 'Sixty-one,

Of all that you've done

(And you *have* brought the world into many sad hobbles)

Is there anything worse?

Is there one greater curse

'Mongst your gifts than your Ecclesiastical squabbles?

But pass the decanter, friend ; fill up your glass,
 See crowds upon crowds how his evil deeds pass,
 This sad 'Sixty-one ! Come, you wretched old sinner,
 The thread of your life-web grows thinner and thinner.
 Come, give us one reason, invent one excuse,
 Why you shouldn't be banished at once to the dence.
 Name one deed or one act,
 One instance, one fact,
 Why your mem'ry should not be eternally black'd.
 What's that ? a groan,
 Or a kind of moan—
 How yellow and thin the old gentleman's grown !
 But he seems to seek
 The power to speak,
 Though one scarcely can hear him, his voice is so weak.
 But he points to some books--
 And there's triumph in his looks
 As he whispers in tones of grave reflection,
 " *Why ! haven't I brought you the Grey collection ?*"
 'Tis true ! 'tis true,
 And right lucky for you,
 'Sixty-one—it will just serve to pull you through ;
 'Twill rescue your name
 From its ugly fame,
 Make your end quite respectable, smooth your last pillow,
 And cover full many a sad peccadillo.
 But listen ! the bell !
 Again ding, dong, dell !
 Twelve strokes—twelve solemn strokes at last,
 And 'Sixty-one's days are gone and past.
 Loudly and gaily the bells now ring,
 " The King is dead ! God save the King !"
 Alas for our sins and hurra for our fun,
 " The year is ended, the year's begun !"

A. W. C.

LITERARY REVIEW.

At the commencement of a new year, it appears to us neither inappropriate nor unseemly that ere proceeding, as is our wont, to take a glance at the literary productions of the mother country, we should say something about the periodical to whose pages we are adding,—a periodical which, we make bold to assert, has been mainly successful in the objects for which it was originally started, and faithful to the ends which have ever been steadily kept in view by its conductors. Before, however, indulging in a pardonable strain of gratulation, we desire to draw attention anew to the place which it is intended that the *Cape Monthly Magazine* should occupy, leaving it to our supporters to decide whether or no the trust which we have assumed has been worthily fulfilled.

The reading public of this colony possess the uncommon advantage of speedy and regular communication with Europe, and, in consequence,

are so perfectly *en rapport* with the literary world, that it was never judged requisite for this Magazine in any way (save in style and typography) to supersede or even rival those publications for which, we are pleased to reflect, so large and increasing a demand exists. It should be borne in mind that a colonial literature has necessarily several distinctive features. The class of readers here is small to whom the discussion of those political and social questions, which command so much attention at home, would afford any lively interest; and, therefore, save in cases where by their agitation we have been enabled to throw a guiding light upon the difficulties which surround ourselves, we have abstained from touching upon matters which are disconnected from topics of local importance. It has been our wish to refine and elevate the every-day life of colonial readers by placing before them pictures of occurrences with which they are familiar in their most agreeable light, and to chronicle those indications of improved civilization which are happily becoming each year more frequent. Much is taking place around us which, though perhaps only casually noticed in a newspaper, merits that more careful examination which is possible in a Magazine. We may allude to the subject of competitive examination for the Civil Service and to those problems in connection with Education which have been investigated in these pages in explanation of our meaning. Less ephemeral in character than the daily paper, a Magazine affords scope for the treatment in either a purely literary, or in a philosophical manner, of topics, whose grave importance demands a more elaborate discussion than would be practicable in periodicals rather dedicated to *news* than to a consideration of its bearings and results. Keeping this fact in mind, we have striven to fill the gap which undeniably existed, and to render the Magazine not only a medium for reflecting the progress of those current events, which in their effects denote more than ordinary significance, but also as the exponent of advanced and liberal views on questions, which, as they may be solved, will influence not only the present but future generations.

It was once erroneously remarked in our hearing that three institutions existed in the Cape for which the community was not ripe, viz., the abolition of slavery, representative government, and the *Cape Monthly Magazine*; and though our adventures in search of a domestic servant of probity, skill, and cleanliness would, if published, warrant our agreeing with the first, and a perusal of the parliamentary debates almost lead us to endorse the second count of the indictment, we cannot but point to the influence and popularity enjoyed by this publication as a sufficient refutation of the allegation that a monthly magazine is unnecessary or unappreciated.

We may, however, be permitted to remark that it is not without considerable trouble and expense that we have been enabled to carry out the line of action originally laid down; and while looking back upon past triumphs, we must express a hope that we may meet with support

commensurate with the extent of our responsibility and the magnitude of our aim. In order to follow up the train of thought which almost universally at this season takes the form of resolutions for the future, it may not be unbecoming to state that the conductors of this Magazine intend, as heretofore, to present their subscribers with photographic views of scenery and other objects of interest; from time to time to give sketches of colonial usages, and that varied and picturesque life which is occasionally met with where the social angles of existence have not yet been rubbed down; to represent, through the agreeable medium of fiction, the more common but still refined society whose sayings and doings have been lately portrayed so pleasantly in "*Elsdale*;" to examine all social questions fairly and impartially, illustrating past and collating present experience; and to keep their readers thoroughly *au courant* with the prevailing tone of literature, its tendencies, and probable results.

Let us now turn our attention to the new works on our library table. First in importance we recognize a work with which we have been for some time acquainted, but which, generally speaking, will only now be consulted as an authority, because for the first time published under the "*imprimatur*" of a great name. We allude to Lord Brougham's "*History of England and France under the House of Lancaster*." This work, dealing as it does with one of the most important epochs of our history, has been written with consummate care and impartiality. The author has brought to bear upon it all his wonderful experience and varied knowledge, and the result is that—particularly in commenting upon the military successes of Henry v—the lessons deduced from close study of events which have often been misrepresented are singularly just. The fact is, in childhood we have been so accustomed to regard military glory as one of the greatest causes of national pride, that in after-life we do not take the trouble to investigate the question whether any necessity for so wanton or expensive a luxury ever existed. Perhaps, too, many of us unconsciously associate the pictures drawn of this period by Shakespear with the sterner views held by historians. At any rate, Lord Brougham's book will be valuable, as showing us how things really were. With the habit of a judge, he weighs all the evidence ere he pronounces the verdict; and though we may feel a passing regret that the laurels upon which we have so long prided ourselves are tarnished, we cannot, on the whole, dissent from his conclusions. Truth to say, the French wars of Henry v and Edward were most aggressive and unjustifiable, and were carried on in a most dishonourable style. The social, no less than the national morality of the fifteenth century was also false, and had a very revolting representative in John of Burgundy.

Another very interesting book, valuable for its historical accuracy and entertaining on account of the vigorous sketches of the past which it contains, is the translation of a work by Dr. Pauli (whose "*History*

of England in the Middle Ages" is so well known), entitled "Pictures of Old England." The materials which were naturally collected for the larger history afforded the opportunity of a more extended and brilliant treatment of the more picturesque of the subjects which have been investigated by the author, as illustrating life in England a century before the era which Lord Brougham has chosen as a theme for his pen.

Dr. Pauli's choice of subjects is as discriminating as his treatment of them is happy; and we cannot conceal our surprise that a foreigner, however intimately acquainted with English records, should have been able so completely to identify himself with our national feelings, and to enter so fully into matters which are seldom rightly understood even by ourselves. One of the principal objects kept in view by the author has been to account for and exhibit the early intercourse which took place between England and Germany, and he has been eminently successful in tracing the influence of the German element upon our social progress.

The first chapter, upon Canterbury and the worship of St. Thomas Becket, with the sketch of monks and mendicant friars immediately following, shows an intimate acquaintance with the working of the ecclesiastical system of that period. The paper on the Maid of Orleans does not contain much to interest those who are familiar with the essays of De Quincey and Lord Mahon. "London in the Middle Ages" will also fail to arrest the attention of the *general* reader, though the archæological research which it displays is of no mean order. Dr. Pauli's criticisms upon Gower and Chaucer, his view of Wiclif's character, and the account given by him of the Emperor Louis iv and King Edward iii are worthy of the most careful study. Perhaps the most valuable of these essays or sketches is the history of the Parliament in the fourteenth century. It comprises a view of representative government which is sound and liberal, and at the same time traces the progress, during the six hundred years of its existence, of the institution which has been the source of all England's greatness. The scarcity of early records makes this a task of some difficulty, for it was not until the time of the Reformation that proper journals for the entry of minutes of proceedings were kept with any regularity, though at the end of the thirteenth century we know that the Chancery held it indispensable that special rolls of Parliament, which contained the names of those who had received writs and short extracts from the principal resolutions and enactments, should be officially kept.

The very clear way in which Dr. Pauli accounts for the gradual progress of Parliament, and defines the share taken in government by the parties of whom it was composed, warrant us in the hope that this essay will be widely read. To those born in a colony, we think nothing can be of more vital importance than constant study of the history and constitution of those institutions which have raised England to the place which she occupies among the nations.

We extract some remarks on the question of those forms which have been often derided in this practical day by many who are not aware of their antiquity or true meaning :

Amid all the mass of conflicting influences which characterizes the dawn of Parliament in the middle ages, we can trace, at least externally, a tendency to consolidated order. Thus, as a general rule, the assembly met three times in the year, on the days anciently appointed for the meeting of the courts, as they were held under William the Conqueror, namely, two weeks after the New Year, two weeks after Easter, and two weeks after Michaelmas; forty days before which periods, as required by the great charter, the writs of summons were issued with a clear specification of the time and place of meeting. It frequently happened, however, that at the appointed day, the number of members requisite for the due transaction of business was not present, in consequence of which the openings of the assembly had to be deferred until the more tardy and distant members had assembled, or in default thereof, had tendered their excuses, or paid the required fine. It was only when these preliminaries had been complied with, that the meeting was opened in the presence of the King, or of the person appointed to act in his name, and who was almost always a Prince of the blood. The King took his place on the throne, midway down the longer side of the hall, while on the bench at his right hand sat the Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of his province, in the order of precedence anciently established among them, and on his left the Archbishop of York and his suffragans. The earls and barons were seated in a similar order. At the foot of the throne the ministers and chief justices took their places at a marble table, with the Chancellor on their right hand, and the Lord Treasurer on the left. It agrees entirely with the original character of the upper house as an enlarged Council of State, that it should meet the King in an apartment of his own palace. Before this central group there appeared when they were called, the knights and burghers, standing with their Speaker at their head. Then the Chancellor, or one of the other ministers rose in his place, and made the opening address, which, as the Speaker usually belonged to the clerical order, was for the most part worded after the manner of an edifying sermon, although the reasons for which the Assembly had been summoned, were in general laid down with much clearness, and wherever the reports are extant, we find that they throw a clear light upon the position of the country in regard both to its home and foreign policy. Hereupon two customary proclamations were issued by one of the two clerks of the Parliament, in the first of which, all persons, excepting only those employed on the King's service, or on guard, were forbidden to bear arms during the sitting of the assembly, while the other prohibited all noises and sports in the neighbourhood. The King then addressed a few words from the throne to each one of the estates of the realm, whom he addressed severally and individually, exhorting them to deliberate and take counsel together conscientiously and zealously, so that they might answer before God for their acts, which ought all to be influenced by a desire for the King's honour and advantage, as well as their own. The two houses then proceeded to business, each forming itself into a committee to consider and decide upon the petitions that had been laid before them. The Lords deliberated in the presence of the Sovereign, whose throne was erected either in the hall painted in the time of Henry III or in the apartment of the palace at Westminster which was known as the Whitehall; while the commons, knights, and burghers held their sittings either separately or conjointly,

as the case demanded, in the chapter-house of the abbey, which they continued to occupy until a special place of meeting was at a subsequent period appropriated to their use. It was a principle established by ancient usage, that the assemblies should not be held in secret, or in a dark place, but openly and publicly, where all who wished might be present; and, indeed, we frequently hear of the presence of indifferent and uninterested auditors at these meetings. The members met at eight o'clock in the morning, and an hour earlier on days of high festivals, in order that the whole body might first attend Divine service. Sundays, All Saints' Day, All Souls' Day, and St. John the Baptist's Day, were the only occasions on which the assembly did not meet. We find that other forms, which have continued to the present day, were enforced with much strictness from a very early period. Thus the peers kept their seats, excepting when they wished to address the assembly, when the person wishing to speak rose in his place, and spoke in such a position that he might be heard in all parts of the house. There was to be only one door of entrance and exit for all the members. The order in which the proceedings were to be taken up was inscribed in the *Calendarium*, or order of the day's business. Thus it was a rule of the House, that when the State was engaged in war, the affairs of the war were to be first discussed, and then all other matters which concerned the King, his queen, and his children; next in order the general questions of the country were to be considered, among which, all that related to the enactment of laws was to take precedence of the rest, while private bills were to be considered last. The granting of the supplies demanded by Government, and the consideration of private petitions, closed the business of the United Houses. No member could absent himself until the last petition had been answered or transferred to the mixed commission, which sat during the recess of Parliament. The House did not separate until after the King (who during the sittings could absent himself from town only on account of illness) had either accorded or refused his consent to the different bills that had been passed by the Lords and Commons. Before the final separation the members collectively attended high mass.

It is self-evident that different parliaments must for a long time have varied considerably, not only in regard to the duration and importance of their sessions, but also in reference to the forms in which the business of the assembly was conducted, and which very frequently underwent important modifications; for the two Houses of Parliament in reality constituted the theatre, in which were enacted all the momentous events of the true history of England and the great constitutional struggles, which continued for many centuries to disturb the country. The parliamentary system in its early phases was exposed to many fierce storms, but the pillars on which the edifice was raised have remained firm and unshaken; and notwithstanding the many changes which the lapse of ages has brought with it, the great national institution still retains much of its original form, and has hitherto victoriously bid defiance to the angry invectives and fierce attacks of its bitterest foes.

A very entertaining account of a vacation ramble will be found in Mr. Weld's "Two Months in the Highlands, Orcadia, and Skye." The author is not only a very observant man, intelligent and well informed, but likewise a most amusing companion. We are glad to find from the note-books of tourists that the beauties of Great Britain are at last being recognized, and that the predilection for foreign travel exclusively, which was until lately fashionable, is gradually dying

out. The incidents described by Mr. Weld are so varied that it is difficult to say which portion of his book is most readable. His account of the herring fishery at Wick is perhaps the most novel and, at the same time, instructive. It is not generally known that this fishery originated with the Dutch, who, as Mr. Weld very accurately observes, have been always great sea-fishers, from the fact that, with all their agricultural ingenuity, they were precluded by the condition of Holland from obtaining sufficient produce from the land. It is stated, on the authority of De Witt, that in his time every fifth individual was engaged in either catching, curing, or selling herrings. There was, indeed, a time when the demand in Catholic countries for fish was enormous, and when, before the abolition of the slave-trade, the planters were large customers for such fish as had not been properly cured (on which dainty diet most of their slaves were fed at a cheap rate), during which 112,000 men were employed in fishing; the number of vessels of one kind and another amounting to 3,000.

In 1749 the British Government at last perceived the importance of preserving the fishery in their own hands, and the establishment of the British Fishing Society soon afterwards gave that encouragement which has produced such remarkable results. At that time it was judged necessary to offer a bounty of £50 for every ton of herrings caught. Now, the herring fishery in Scotland and the Isle of Man is prosecuted by 10,480 boats, which are manned by 40,362 boys and men. The curing process is undertaken by the almost incredible number of 68,939 persons. It is almost impossible to calculate the enormous quantity of fish which are annually taken. All statistics of fish savour of the marvellous, and yet from the most credible sources we obtain figures which nearly surpass belief.

Our readers may possibly be amused by a description of Wick in the fashionable season :

Wick, at any time, cannot be a lovely town; but during the herring fishing it is odious. The stationary population of 6,722 souls is increased during the fishing season to upwards of 16,000, and as the houses do not increase in the same proportion, and the sanitary arrangements are not of the highest order of excellence, you may imagine that this great influx of population is not calculated to improve the appearance of Wick. But, as we walk through the fishy streets, there is no sign of an overflowing population; the thoroughfares are nearly peopleless, and, with the exception of children making dirt-pies here and there, and old crones airing themselves at open doors, there is no one to be seen.

The explanation is easy; the men are in bed, the women at work among the herrings, as we shall soon see. We pass through more streets, the population of which is sunk in slumber, and, emerging on the harbour, we are amidst a world of women.

The harbour is full of fishing-boats, as close as they can pack; no room for a punt. You wonder how they ever got in, and equally how they ever get out. This is not the commercial port. Ships

trading with Wick lie in the more commodious harbour of Staxigo, belonging to the adjacent village of that name.

Wick harbour is surrounded on the land side by hundreds of erections, looking like abortive attempts at building wood houses, some twenty feet square, for the walls are only about three feet high. These are the gutting troughs. Round them stood rows of what close inspection led you to conclude were women, though at first sight you might be excused for having some doubts respecting their sex. They all wore strange-shaped canvas garments, so bespattered with blood and the entrails and scales of fish as to cause them to resemble animals of the ichthyological kingdom, recently divested of their skin, undergoing, perhaps, one of those transitions set forth in Mr. Darwin's speculative book "*On the Origin of Species*." And if a man may become a monkey, or has been a whale, why should not a Caithness damsel become a herring? Here you may see, during the fishing season, the transition process going on before your very eyes. Skin becoming scaly; and as to metempsychosis, surely there can be no Paradise for a Caithness gutter where herrings are absent. I was sceptical respecting mermaids, ranking them among the creations of mythical zoology, but now, with humble physiological philosophy, and with Caithness gutters before you, mermaids, and mermans too, you will say, may exist.

Badinage apart, the women do cast their skins. Work over, they don gay dresses, and, flaunting in colours, you would not know the girls that you meet in the evening to be those whom you saw in the morning coated with blood and viscera.

Sixty-five women, side by side, and all silent! A wonder, this, you will think; but if you saw the movement of hands and arms you would admit that to keep these going at the rapid rate which they do is quite sufficient muscular exercise.

Let us watch the operation. First, the herrings are carried as fast as possible in baskets from the boats to the gutting-troughs, until the boats are emptied of their scaly treasures. Then the women, familiarly called *gutters*, pounce upon the herrings like a bird of prey, seize their victims, and, with a rapidity of motion which baffles your eye, deprives the fish of its viscera. The operation, which a damsel not quite so repulsive as her companions obligingly performed for me at slow time, is thus effected. The herring is seized in the left hand, and by two dexterous cuts, made with a sharp, short knife in the neck, an opening is effected sufficiently large to enable the viscera and liver to be extracted. These, with the gills, are thrown into a barrel, the gutted fish being cast among his eviscerated companions. Try your hand, as I did, at this apparently simple process, and ten to one but your first cut will decapitate the herring. If this does not happen, you will mangle the fish so seriously in your attempts to eviscerate it that you will render it entirely unworthy the honour of being packed with its skilfully-gutted companions. And even if you succeed in disembowelling a herring artistically, you will probably spend many minutes in the operation, whereas the Wick gutters—I timed them—gut on an average twenty-six herrings per minute.

At this rapid rate you no longer wonder at the silence which prevails while the bloody work is going on, nor at the incarnadined condition of the women. How habit deadens feeling! Who could imagine that a delicate-looking girl could be tempted by even a high wage to spend long days at this work? Such, however, is the fact; for although the majority of the 2,500 women employed in gutting herrings are certainly not lovely nor delicate-limbed, still I observed several pretty and

modest-looking girls, who would apparently have made better shepherdesses than fish-gutters. But here, as elsewhere, the love of gain overcomes repugnance. The damsel who kindly inducted me into the mysteries of the art of evisceration told me that she had sometimes made £8 in a good fishing season; a large and welcome addition to her annual wage as a domestic servant.

The same operation is performed at all the troughs, of which there must be many hundreds, and some idea may be formed of the activity that prevailed at the time of my visit by the following calculation: The take on the previous night amounted to 18,051 crans. Now, as the average number of herrings in each cran is 750, we have the prodigious number of 13,538,250 herrings, all of which had to be eviscerated. But this is not all. As fast as the herrings are gutted they are carried off in baskets by sturdy girls as fast as they can run to the curing-houses, and shot into small troughs. From these they are taken by the packers, also women, whose business it is to pack, or, as it is locally called, *rouse*, the herrings in barrels, disposing them in layers after they have been well sprinkled with sea-salt, which is generally preferred to that extracted from the earth. Here the work is superintended by an owner, for two reasons,—one, in order to see that the herrings are properly salted, and the other that they are sufficiently pressed down; for, as the packers are paid by the barrel, dishonest women might pack the fish loosely, and thus apparently fill the barrel before it had received its proper complement of fish.

The herrings undergo successive packings at various intervals of time before the barrels are finally closed. At each packing more salt is added, and at the final packing great care is taken to dispose the herrings in even layers.

The viscera is deposited in barrels and sold to farmers for manuring purposes, at the average price of 1d. per barrel. When the barrels are finally packed, the official crown brand is impressed upon them, and they are exported to various places. The statistics of our great Scottish fishery will be best seen from the following official returns for 1859: There were twenty-five fishing stations, including two in the Orkneys and Lewis. These employed 4,711 boats, Wick sending out 1,094. The total take was 294,128 crans, of which 86,426 were caught at Wick, and those were mostly shipped to continental ports, no less than 21,982 barrels being sent to Stettin alone. These figures are, however, below the average annual take; in some years the catch at Wick alone has exceeded 134,000 crans.

The above is an experience which, however interesting in print, is one which we should scarcely care about suffering in person. But nothing appears to have daunted Mr. Weld. It seems probable from his narrative that if the celebrated college of bag-pipers which was wont to hold open-air sessions at Dnnvegan had been still in existence, he would have tried hard to witness a public examination. One performer on the great pipes is enough to turn any human being crazy, and we should regard as almost superhuman the person who could undertake the tuition of a class, and listen to the first wild vagaries practised by the uninitiated on that torturing instrument.

Mr. Weld occasionally gives a good anecdote of the peasantry of whom, from Dean Ramsay, Mr. Campbell, and others, we have recently learnt so much. His best story is the reproof of a shepherd to an English traveller, who very naturally, we think, grumbled at a Scotch mist,

"What ails you at the mist, sir? It wats the grass, and slockens the ewes; and it's God's wull."

The two best novels which we have met with are "Adrift," which is modelled very much upon Mr. Disraeli's style, and which though rather improbable in plot,—as the sons of English noblemen who have received a good education do not usually turn pirates after being crossed in love,—is yet very strikingly written, and abounds with forcible descriptions and startling incidents; and Mr. Reade's historical tale, called "The Cloister and the Hearth." This book, which deals with the family life of the parents of Erasmus, and also with the life of the world in one of its most stirring epochs, is certainly one of the most successful historical novels ever written. With great temptations to display pedantry, Mr. Reade is simple and unaffected. He has carefully weaned himself from nearly all those failings which were blemishes on his earlier writings. The plot is original and well constructed, the characters are ably developed, and the whole social system of the fifteenth century seems to have been most conscientiously studied by the author ere he trusted himself to describe minutely the occurrences which he so adroitly yet naturally weaves into his narrative. Mr. Reade is an author of true mettle, and one who will do great things. He passed through a very searching ordeal on his entrance to the world of letters, and was scathed in the conflict with the critics. He has at length proved his right to be heard, by writing in a strain which almost defies criticism.

"City and Suburb" is a book which will repay perusal; and we would recommend "Over the Straits" to the attention of our lady readers, who may also perhaps be glad to hear of the republication of "Framley Parsonage," which in detached chapters formed such an attraction to the *Cornhill Magazine*.

A very pleasing little volume called "Irvingiana," gives us a treasury of those sayings and doings of the most popular writer, and one of the best beloved men, who has enriched the new (as well as the old) world by his genius. There was a very striking similarity between Irving and Charles Lamb in the amiability of character and primitive simplicity of disposition which they both possessed in the most eminent degree. We often trace this simplicity, this "old world" quaintness in their writings. It is explained by the record of their daily life. Both were good men. Irving was one of those writers whom every one seems to love. By the sheer force of that great affection for the whole human family which was transparent in all his works, he has established those personal relations with his readers which are as charming as they are rare.

We must, ere we close our Review, notice cursorily a work by another author of the same name—the late Dr. David Irving's *History of Scottish Poetry*, which has just been edited by Dr. Carlyle.

This work is a complete treatise upon a subject which is of very considerable importance, undertaken *con amore* by one who evidently was

familiar with all branches of it. Its philological and historical aspects are perhaps those for which it is chiefly valued. Dr. Irving traces the poetical effusions of his native land through every gradation of language, from the days of the Celts down to that of Thomas the Rhymer. He gives us specimens of the style of Barbour, Winton, the Royal author of the "Kings Quair" and "Christis Kirk of the Grene," and all other famous or obscure bards of early and middle ages—with careful criticisms upon their lays.

The poems of Sir David Lindsay, of Gowrie Douglas, and one entitled "Praises of Wemen," by a certain Alexander Arbuthnot, pleased us most, though few could refrain from laughing at the elaborate absurdity which characterized the early metrical versions of the Psalms, and of which various specimens are given. It is only surpassed by the crude compliments uttered by the Earl of Stirling in his amatory poems, or the stilted and pedantic manner in which one Henryson airs his classical attainments.

We have only space to give a brief extract from Dr. Irving's work, but it will serve to show how carefully it has been compiled, and likewise throw some light upon some of those questions which have been lately agitated by Dr. Dasent and Mr. Campbell, regarding the identity of so many traditions and songs, as well as tales, which have been observed throughout the north of Europe :

As our ancestors apparently derived their language, they may likewise be supposed to have derived their poetry, from the Scandinavians. There is scarcely any nation so rude and barbarous as to be utterly inaccessible to the muses ; even the dreary wastes of Greenland are occasionally cheered by the strains of poetry and music. We are informed that the natives chiefly displayed their wit in satirical songs, which they compose against each other ; and that he who is victorious in this species of contest is applauded by the rest of the assembly. "There is not to be expected great ingenuity or sallies and points of wit in their poesies, yet there is some cadence and number in their verses, and some kind of rhyme in them." The various tribes of Scandinavians have generally been distinguished by their love of poetry ; many ancient reliques of Islandic poetry are still preserved, and are regarded as very curious specimens of the literature of the various ages to which they belong ; nor are the kindred nations of Sweden and Denmark without their early and recent poets, some of whom have attained to high reputation. Of the ballad poetry of these northern nations, many early remnants have descended to our times ; and ample collections of Danish, Swedish, and even Ferocese ballads have recently been published by respectable editors. This species of composition seems in several countries to be referable to a very remote age. "The songs mentioned by Tacitus in his account of the Germans," says Mr. Jamieson, "those collected by the order of Charlemagne, and those which the Goths brought with them out of the east, are now not to be found ; yet it is more than probable, that much more of them is preserved, in however altered a form, than we are aware of ; in the elder northern and Teutonic romances, the Danish and Swedish, Scotch and English popular ballads, and those which are sung by old women and nurses, and hawked about at fairs in Germany." The same ingenious and well-informed writer has elsewhere expressed his conviction that many of the traditionary ballads still current in this

kingdom have been preserved in the north of England and the lowlands of Scotland, ever since the arrival of the ancient settlers in Britain. Many of our historical ballads may at all events be considered as the productions of a remote period; but it is not to be supposed that they have been transmitted from one generation to another without innumerable transformations. A great proportion of them have doubtless been preserved by oral tradition, and they seem in general to have undergone such changes as brought them nearer to the current speech of each successive generation; for without this progressive adaptation, the lapse of a few centuries would have rendered them unintelligible to a great majority of the people; nor is it usual for any combination of words to be retained in the memory without being understood. Thus, for example, we have reason to believe that the ballad of Sir Patrick Spence derives its origin from a very early age; but the variations to which it must gradually have been subjected may easily be inferred from a comparison of the different copies which are now to be found. A story may thus be preserved when most of the original words have been changed. The close affinity between the old Danish and the old Scottish and English ballads has been noticed by various writers,—by Pinkerton, Jamieson, Nyerup, Geijer, and Grimm; their resemblance is to be traced to the general spirit and contrivance of the poems; while some of the Danish and Scottish ballads exhibit a remarkable coincidence in their particular stories. Whether these effects are to be imputed to so remote a cause as the emigrations of the ancient Scandinavians may, however, admit of much doubt and hesitation. Fiction moves from one region to another with very elastic steps, and in many instances it is impossible to trace her progress.

We should like to draw the attention of our readers to a very tasteful series of photographic views, illustrative of Cape Town life, which have been issued by the publishers of this Magazine. They are six in number, of a most superior character in an artistic sense, and accompanied by brief descriptions of the subjects of the various pictures. These are the English and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, the Dutch Reformed Church, and a very fine view of Adderley-street, with a glimpse of the Bay, which is only surpassed in its effect by the picturesque juxtaposition of two of the views symbolizing past and future life at the Cape by the ox-wagon and the railway train. It will be seen that these subjects are familiar to most of us. From their very truthfulness, however, they will be admired. To those at a distance, who wish for some souvenir of Cape Town, we can scarcely recommend a more charming present. Those features of our streets which are a reproach to the Municipality are happily toned down in the photographs, and any one desirous of substantiating to English correspondents a flattering account of what Dean Newman rather playfully calls the Dutch Oven, would do well to select the elegant portfolio before us as his voucher.

The photographer has selected his position and executed his task with surprising care, and the pictures themselves are very beautifully mounted. We are very glad to notice the increasing demand for objects of art, and hope that the time may not be far distant when another exhibition of pictures and statuary, with selections from the photographs and chromo-lithographs which have lately been imported, will exercise a refining and educational influence.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR APRIL, 1861.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1^h, 5^h, 9^h, 17^h, 21^h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1861.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air, Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Hourly Velocity.	Direction.		
April	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inch.	
1	29.858	63.20	58.64	74.0	51.6	54.92	75.4	29.425	10.4	SSW		0.4
2	29.843	64.58	60.40	73.7	59.0	57.02	77.6	29.377	8.0	NWbW		6.4
3	29.926	61.04	58.82	66.8	55.0	56.92	86.2	29.460	4.3	NW	0.118	7.2
4	29.975	58.62	56.32	64.7	53.5	54.26	85.6	29.556	6.4	WbN	0.271	8.0
5	30.146	59.90	52.20	64.3	55.5	45.40	59.4	29.842	10.0	SbE		1.9
6	30.005	63.20	55.44	69.0	57.0	49.02	61.0	29.657	18.4	S		0.4
7	29.942	65.82	60.08	69.8	61.3	55.46	69.8	29.501	18.0	SbE		4.3
8	29.888	65.66	60.56	72.3	58.0	56.52	73.6	29.430	14.5	SSW		4.1
9	29.983	67.04	61.94	73.3	62.5	57.90	72.8	29.502	14.5	SbW		1.6
10	30.060	63.70	58.74	72.3	57.7	54.68	73.8	29.631	10.7	S		1.2
11	30.156	63.62	58.24	71.2	57.2	53.80	71.6	29.738	7.4	SW	0.115	5.0
12	30.135	60.70	53.50	65.0	53.4	47.34	62.4	29.807	14.5	S		0.4
13	29.998	65.10	58.08	76.0	60.0	52.50	65.2	29.601	13.8	SSW		4.0
14	30.036	65.14	57.58	69.6	61.8	51.44	61.8	29.655	19.6	S		1.0
15	30.034	65.04	59.22	71.0	59.4	54.52	69.6	29.608	19.8	S		0.7
16	30.041	65.00	58.34	69.7	60.0	52.88	65.6	29.639	23.0	S		0.2
17	29.967	69.02	59.50	78.0	54.4	52.26	56.2	29.573	13.7	SbE		0.2
18	29.855	73.36	61.48	87.0	57.2	52.92	50.0	29.453	6.9	WbS		3.2
19	29.881	62.16	58.46	72.0	57.2	55.42	80.0	29.440	10.6	NWbW	0.191	9.3
20	30.024	62.26	59.26	63.8	58.0	56.72	82.4	29.563	7.7	NWbW		7.8
21	30.084	61.92	58.40	72.3	55.3	55.58	81.8	29.641	4.3	WNW		6.8
22	30.115	62.10	58.58	69.2	55.2	55.68	81.0	29.671	4.4	WbN		4.8
23	30.044	62.62	59.78	66.7	58.0	57.38	75.8	29.572	7.1	W	0.236	4.5
24	30.108	55.88	51.02	61.8	49.0	46.52	71.8	29.790	7.5	S	0.046	6.6
25	30.154	54.93	49.50	61.9	47.2	44.45	69.0	29.860	9.1	SW		2.9
26	30.066	57.74	55.60	60.5	54.2	53.68	87.0	29.652	6.2	NWbW	0.605	9.2
27	30.119	61.10	56.88	66.0	54.4	53.26	75.8	29.711	8.2	WSW		1.0
28	29.968	61.50	57.66	69.7	52.4	54.48	78.8	29.542	9.3	SbE		0.2
29	29.828	65.64	57.14	79.8	56.9	50.56	61.4	29.459	5.8	NW		4.8
30	29.889	61.54	59.44	66.0	58.0	57.66	87.4	29.413	6.8	NW		7.9
Means	30.004	62.97	57.69	69.9	56.3	53.37	72.3	29.592	10.7	SWbW	Sum in 1.582	3.8

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. 5h.	A. M. 9h.	P. M. 1h.	P. M. 5h.	P. M. 9h.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. at 32° Fahr.	29.996	30.030	29.994	29.979	30.015	30.246	29.774
Press. of Dry Air	29.606	29.618	29.585	29.552	29.593	29.916	29.302
Thermometer—Dry	58.22	63.34	68.65	64.53	60.28	86.4	48.0
Wet	54.84	57.91	59.87	59.00	56.99	66.2	45.5
Humidity of the Air, per cent.	80.4	71.4	59.4	69.8	80.3	97.0	32.0
Dew Point	51.8	53.4	53.1	54.5	54.1	60.8	42.7

THE
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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E L S D A L E .  
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CHAPTER XXVI.

IN spite of all his efforts to maintain a calmness of mind in harmony with his outward coolness and composure of manner, Maurice Johnstone could not make his preparations for leaving Cameron's Hoek, and revisiting the Mersey again, without considerable agitation, and some painful feelings. Having fully resolved upon leaving the country by the first available opportunity, he determined to make the exchange which Mr. Beveridge desired as soon as he was able to travel on horseback. His strength was now returning rapidly; and in a very few days after he had received his letter, he had made all necessary arrangements for taking his departure.

The poor coloured people of the Mission village had learned to look with regard and confidence on one who was so ready to prove himself their friend, and took leave of him with abundant demonstrations of regret; mitigated, however, by the present and tangible enjoyment of substantial tokens of his good will which he had left behind him in almost every hut. The English settlers in the locality felt as if they were going to lose another link that bound them to the Old Country, in the kindly and genial voice that spoke to them so often of "Home." But, perhaps, the most unlooked-for evidences of regret at Johnstone's departure were felt and expressed by Captain Badger. The young clergyman, with his frank and generous bearing, had been like a dim recollection of better days to that old reprobate. Nothing so free from guile, and yet so perfectly manly and straightforward, had crossed the old sinner's path for many a long year. During the greater part of his valuable life he had been accustomed to regard all outward evidences of decency and integrity of conduct as savouring of hypocrisy; and had been rather disposed to think well of himself and other kindred spirits, as having nothing of cant about them. Possibly the Captain may have been unfortunate in his acquaintance with Ministers of Religion; but it is certain that such a

man as Maurice Johnstone, who was neither priggish, nor sanctimonious, nor effeminate, and yet, at the same time, a thoroughly earnest man, was a character which had not hitherto come within the range of his extensive experience. He listened to Johnstone's plain speaking with an attentive submission which was surprising even to himself. And on one memorable occasion he actually went so far as to lay violent hands on Billy Stevens, who was expressing himself strongly, after his wont, on the subject of the deleterious influence which "that parson chap" was exercising over his friend and patron. The conveniences afforded by the Captain's store induced Billy to overlook the pommelling which he received; and for the future he was obliged to abstain from giving utterance to his feelings and opinions upon this forbidden subject otherwise than in growls.

But not only was Johnstone's departure like the parting of the old skipper's last cable, with a rocky shore under his lee; it was also a deathblow to all those agreeable anticipations of pecuniary profit and advantage which he had been accustomed to regard as intimately connected with missionary operations. The advice which he was so well able to afford had been disregarded, the offers of assistance which he had so freely made were slighted; there seemed to be no prospect of anything like lavish or even liberal expenditure, and Captain Badger was disappointed, disgusted. He delivered his sentiments on this subject to Warren, one day when he paid him a visit at the store, with much warmth and at considerable length. He declared that the whole thing ought to be exposed, and "took up in the papers." And those who are skilled in such lore may, even to this day, detect the Captain's wrathful but shaky hand in some of those epistolary bolts which from time to time are fulminated through the columns of the contemporary press.

The parting from Job Harvey and "the Missus" was one of real regret on both sides. The honest couple have had more than one inmate of their comfortable cottage since Johnstone left it, but they have never ceased to speak of him with warm regard, and to inquire after him, with that general impression which exists in their class, that every clergyman must be necessarily acquainted with the whereabouts and the doings of every other clergyman.

At last the farewells were all said, the wagon with Johnstone's traps was sent off to the Mersey, and he and Warren followed on horseback. And now the embarrassments of his position began to make themselves more and more plainly apparent. So long as he had remained quiet and out of sight

at Woodside he could avoid reflecting upon it, or dwell only upon the brighter side. But as he rode on and drew nearer to the Mersey, and to the scene of what had been the most painful and agitating incident of his life, thoughts and feelings which he hoped that he had overcome and banished began to return. Every step of the road, every familiar point which came into view, brought with it recollections which he strove in vain to dispel. He knew not at what turn he might be brought suddenly face to face with her whom he half dreaded, half longed, to see once more. And as Warren narrowly observed him, he saw his cheek flush and his eye brighten with excitement, though he strove to maintain a calm demeanour, and to talk of indifferent matters. Nobody, however, seemed to be on that lonely road but themselves, and they reached the Parsonage before they had seen a familiar face.

Mr. Beveridge's genuine kindness of manner at once dispelled the uncomfortable feelings which Warren had entertained in consequence of his neglecting to visit his ailing brother clergyman at Woodside. Mr. Beveridge confessed frankly that he had been deterred by fears of the Buffels River: that treacherous stream so bright and sparkling in sunshine, so rapidly-filling and so dangerous in rain! And as the weather had been variable, and some heavy storms had occurred during the period of Johnstone's illness, he had not been able to summon resolution enough to venture across it. Mrs. Beveridge came in, and was warm in her sympathy with Johnstone, and kind but reserved towards Warren. There was no sign and no mention of Kate Thornton. From the Beveridges they learned for the first time that Thornton had gone to Cape Town. And Johnstone felt it as a relief that now there was less likelihood of his meeting either Mr. or Mrs. Thornton during his short stay at the Mersey.

But, with the strange inconsistency of our nature, he had not been many days at the Knoll before he began to experience something like a sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction at what his own better sense told him was the very happiest thing for him. He had endeavoured so earnestly to curb his feelings, and had so repeatedly rehearsed the guarded conduct and language with which he would meet her if, as he fully expected, they should meet, that he became almost irritated that such a meeting never occurred. It was a very trying thing to a man in his condition to be ever hovering as it were round the flame that was fascinating him only to his destruction. He could not banish from his thoughts one who was

closely associated with every object which met his eye. The very nature of his duties kept him much in the neighbourhood of Elsdale. Once he had to pay a visit at one of the cottages up the valley, only hidden from the house by the rising ground from which Ormerod had caught his first sight of it. He had firmness enough not to ascend the rise; though when he heard at the cottage that she had been there on some charitable errand not half an hour before, he felt almost irresistibly tempted to follow and overtake her. He did resist, however, at the cost of a restless, feverish night, the ill effects of which were noted by Warren, who grew very anxious for the "Maid of Mersey" to come.

But on the next day Johnstone rode off alone to a remote part of Warren's farm, on the high ground behind the Knoll; and threading his way through clumps of trees that would have adorned a royal park, came out upon the edge of a steep precipice that overhung the Mersey; and across the river, seen over the low wooded cliff that formed the opposite shore, lay the Elsdale Valley basking and glowing in the afternoon sun, and the many-gabled house crowning the garden terraces. Long and earnestly he gazed, as if giving vent to the feelings which he had striven so hard to curb. But as he gazed, his eye was caught by a sunbeam glittering on the upper window in the eastern angle of the house. And swift there shot across his mind the memory of that bitter night of shame and agony beneath that very window; and with a great sigh he left the place and returned in a more chastened and subdued mood to the Knoll.

Another sleepless and feverish night: through the long course of which Maurice Johnstone tossed and turned with burning limbs, smarting eye-balls, and aching head. Prominent among the confused crowd of painful emotions which tortured him was the sense of his weakness under this terrible temptation. He was not so ignorant of himself and the nature of things as to accuse himself for being tempted. He knew that it was a part of his human condition. He knew well enough that trial is not sin, and that temptation is not necessarily a fall. And though he might, indeed did, feel that his peculiar trial was one especially hard for him to bear, and one which, for various reasons, he would fain bury deep from the knowledge of all men, yet he acknowledged that the temptation, awful as it was, threatening disgrace and ruin to so many besides himself, was no sin so long as it was resisted, and formed no valid ground for despair. And by degrees he became calmer, and looked at the circumstances of his position with more steady composure.

Thus far, he felt he had done right. He had kept himself resolutely without the charmed circle. That his conduct must seem strange, unaccountable, he was well aware. That he must appear to his kind friends utterly wanting in gratitude, even in the common attention due from a gentleman, he felt keenly; and this minor consideration had given him much additional uneasiness. Notwithstanding, had it rested with himself, had he alone been concerned, he would have continued to absent himself from Elsdale, regardless of the impressions to which his unusual conduct might give rise. He would have said farewell in writing; and when at a distance would have taken every means to prove that he was not forgetful or unmindful of past kindness. But he was not free to judge and to act for himself alone. It was absolutely necessary for Warren's happiness that he should see Kate Thornton, and endeavour to procure for his friend an opportunity of learning what were her feelings towards him. And he had delayed this visit to Elsdale so long, with a sort of dread of venturing within the influence of so powerful a fascination, that it had now become a matter of some embarrassment to him how he was to bring about this interview upon which so much seemed to hang. Another week passed by in the same series of struggles to banish thought and deaden feeling, in alternations of feverish exertion and moody fits of despondency and self-reproach. And he had not yet ventured to place himself within the reach of temptation. It was not until the evening of the second Sunday that he was fairly roused to action.

His duties on that day were on the western side of the Mersey, in one or two little hamlets which were there growing up, and which cherished towards the more advanced township of Eastbourne feelings very similar to those which Eastbourne had in former years indulged towards Glenelg. He had been spared the trial of being brought into close proximity to Mrs. Thornton, and the simple but solemn offices of the day had soothed and refreshed his jaded spirit. The evening service had been held in a little church which Van der Merwe—the farmer whose hospitable abode Johnstone had contrived to miss on the occasion of his first journey to the Mersey—had built for the accommodation of his numerous dependents; and the novelty of the scenes which met him during the day gave him occupation for his mind and turned his thoughts outwards from himself.

A noble specimen of a worthy class was Van der Merwe. To the tall stature, stalwart frame, and open countenance of the Cape Dutchman he added the genial energy and frank

heartiness of the colonist of English extraction. That he stood out in such marked contrast to the dejected boer at whose house, but a few miles off, Johnstone had passed so wretched a night, was due partly to his own innate good sense and industry, partly to the influence of his better half. Mrs. Van der Merwe was an English-woman, the daughter of one of "the settlers of —20"—an excellent wife, an excellent mother, an indefatigable housewife. And she had engrafted much of her own character upon her jovial husband, who had a devout belief in her, and whom she guided for his good with a firm but gentle hand—

"And, if she ruled him, never showed she ruled."

By her judicious and able assistance Van der Merwe had thriven and become wealthy, and with his increasing prosperity had endeavoured to manifest his sense of her value by conforming more and more to her inclinations and little prejudices. Hence that display of familiarity with English usages which was sometimes so bewildering to strangers; hence his confident use of the English tongue, notwithstanding his only partial acquaintance with its idiom; and hence the well-meant zeal with which he co-operated with Mr. Beveridge in his efforts for the improvement of the people upon his place. His hospitality was boundless. The table at dinner had literally been loaded with the substantial produce of his farm. A small mountain of beef at one end, an enormous ham at the other, a turkey that looked like an ostrich, four barn-door fowls on one dish stood out among piles of vegetables, and the dishes of the second course, which, according to farm-house usage, was placed on the table at the commencement of dinner. A bevy of smiling, bright-eyed Hottentot girls, with heads enveloped in gaudy cotton handkerchiefs, waited at table, under the watchful eye of the mistress; and a male imp, whose preternatural sharpness was mitigated and toned down, as it were, by an expression of watchful awe, stood at his master's right hand and anticipated all his behests with an intuitive perception that had something uncanny about it. If Van der Merwe had not been so utterly unlike a magician, you might have supposed the attendant imp to have been his "familiar." A supper almost as substantial as the dinner was being placed on the table as Johnstone and Warren took their leave: their hospitable entertainer almost quarrelling with them because they would not stay the night.

At the top of the first rising ground, Johnstone reined in his horse and turned round to look at the scene they were

leaving. The wide valley was half lighted by the setting sun, which tinted the distant peaks with gold and purple.

The great farm-house, with broad steep shaded by noble oaks, with long ranges of white outbuildings on the flanks and rear, and green gardens and orchards stretching away up towards the deep kloof from which the water was led down to the house, looked the very abode of comfort and opulence; and the wide and open aspect of the unenclosed valley had about it an air of freedom, with a slight dash of wildness not displeasing in itself, and contrasting well with the more settled and cultivated aspect of the homestead. It was the one busy hour of the day of rest. The cows were being milked in their kraal; the housed animals were being fed; the sheep were streaming homewards in long white lines through the dark veldt; the farm-horses, after their day of liberty, were being driven up by a brown-legged urchin, who, mounted on a barebacked horse with a *riem* twisted through his mouth by way of bridle, dashed to and fro in a state of frantic excitement, performing marvellous feats of horsemanship. All the hands belonging to the farm were busy, and the visitors from the neighbouring cottages were looking on or assisting, with much shrill chatting and laughter, above which rose, from time to time, the stentorian tones of the master. Gay coloured dresses, white frocks and trowsers, gaudy handkerchiefs, moving to and fro in endless varying groups, gave warmth and animation to the scene, and made the homestead a living centre to the wide, still, solemn landscape.

"I am glad I have such an agreeable picture of South African rural life to carry away with me," said Johnstone, after a pause.

"Yes, it is very attractive," Warren answered, "and makes one feel inclined to turn patriarch oneself. But there is a darker side to the picture. You and I know little or nothing of the hardships and trials that have to be encountered in building up such a place as that. We should think our patriarchal dignity dearly purchased at the cost which old Van der Merwe has paid for it in personal sacrifices and discomforts for many a year past. I have seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and thought a good deal about it, since I came to this country, and I find myself coming to the conclusion that Arcadia is a delusion and a snare. To hear some people talk, you would fancy that a colonial farmer had nothing to do but to walk through flowery paths to fortune. And poor fellows brought up like gentlemen, with a little inheritance of a few hundred pounds, think that they have

nothing to do but to buy a lot of cheap land, marry and surround themselves with children, to be set up at once as patriarchs! You may take my word for it that there is no life more full of hardship, privation, and disappointment than that of a colonial farmer with small means. Men with capital, who are independent of their farms, may find it a very pleasant sort of life. Labouring men who have been brought up to hard fare and to hard work may find it answer very well. But a man with moderate means must make up his mind to toil incessantly, to be content with very small returns, to refuse a marriage in his own position, to deny himself all the little comforts and refinements of life, to lower himself, in short, as much as may be, to the condition of a man who has nothing but what his own two hands can earn to live upon. And if he is prepared to do all that, why I believe that he would do it to much greater profit and advantage at home."

"You are a gross and material old cynic—" Johnstone began, when he was stopped by an exclamation from Warren.

"I thought so," he said. "Here comes Thornton's boy, leading his old horse Pato. You may depend upon it, then, he is on his way home again."

It was as Warren supposed. They learned from the boy that a letter had arrived from Thornton, who desired that his horse might be sent to Glenelg, there to wait for him. He was himself returning by steamer to Maitland Bay, from whence he should get on to Glenelg, and ride down to the Mersey without loss of time. But as it was uncertain when the steamer might leave, the boy was to return to Elsdale as soon as he had left the horse.

The two men rode on together without speaking, each revolving in his mind in what way this intelligence affected himself. At last Johnstone broke the silence.

"When will that boy get to Glenelg?" he asked.

"About the middle of the day, to-morrow, I should suppose," answered Warren.

"And even if Thornton had arrived there, he would not set off the same day, would he? He would give his horse a day's rest. So that he could not be here before Tuesday evening."

Warren nodded acquiescence.

"Then there is yet time," Johnstone went on, "to remedy my great fault. My dear old fellow, my weakness and cowardice have been keeping you in very trying suspense. I ought to have known and felt how impatiently you must have been waiting for me to take some steps in the matter which so deeply concerns you. But the fact is—I must confess it,

though I am ashamed to do so—I have been afraid to go to Elsdale!”

“I won’t deny,” Warren said, “that I have felt the suspense and uncertainty of my position. But I believed you had a heavier risk at stake than I; and unless you had mentioned it, I should not have alluded to the subject again.”

“I will see Miss Thornton to-morrow. I must ask you to send a note to Elsdale for me the first thing to-morrow morning.”

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#### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE day was still young, and Johnstone and Warren were pacing the stoep in front of the cottage at the Knoll waiting for the arrival of the trusty Tom Bowline, who had been dispatched at an early hour with a note to Mrs. Thornton. Suddenly they both stopped and turned as the hollow sound of hoofs rapidly approaching was heard upon the turf, and each instinctively glanced in the direction of the road to Glenelg, by which Thornton might be expected to come. Another instant, however, showed that the arrival was not to be looked for from that quarter; and revealed old Blesbok rattling along at the utmost speed of his stiff limbs, with the hapless Tom Bowline clinging to him as well as he might, with heels pressed against his sides, and vainly endeavouring to stop the horse with one hand, and keep his hat from flying off with the other. The mischievous glee expressed in the face of the horse, and the mingled wrath, terror, and agony in that of the old tar, would have made an admirable study, if it could have been seized by some instantaneous photographic process, as they shot in “mad career” past the stoep. At the slip-rails of the kraal Blesbok checked his speed by alighting thrice on his legs stretched stiff and straight before him, a movement which brought Tom Bowline to an attitude somewhat resembling that of laying out upon a yard-arm, from which he subsided more speedily than gracefully to earth. Warren went to meet his discomfited retainer, and Johnstone, aware of Tom’s peculiarities, thought it best to retire out of ear-shot until the first burst was over.

“I shall have a mutiny in the ship, I am afraid,” said Warren, laughing, as he returned bringing with him a note. “Old Tom declares he will never mount Blesbok again.”

So brief and so cold the note seemed to Johnstone! Though what more he would have had; it would have puzzled him to say. All that was necessary to be said was said as a lady should say it. It was quite as much as Johnstone had

expected—almost more indeed, and yet he was not satisfied with it. He who would have shrunk with instinctive delicacy from anything that could have been construed into an expression of warmth, was half inclined to be angry with the writer for not being warm enough. Truly we are unreasonable beings when our passions or our “sensibilities” are excited!

“I am going to dine and pass the evening at Elsdale,” he said to Warren.

Warren was silent and looked grave. “You see,” Johnstone went on, “it is absolutely necessary that I should see Miss Thornton alone, if possible. I must talk to her; and one cannot do that, you know, during a mere call. So I invited myself to dine.”

“And shall you sleep there, or return at night?” asked Warren. “The drift is not very safe in the dark, especially to a man who does not know it well.”

“I was thinking of that,” said Johnstone; “and therefore I believe I have made up my mind that, on the whole, it would be better for me to stay at Elsdale to-night.”

There was a long pause. At last Warren said, “If you are going to Elsdale solely on my account, Johnstone, then I beg of you, as a particular favour to me, that you will think no more of my business, and either make some excuse for not going this evening, or come away early. If you will only come back to the Knoll and leave Elsdale early, I will promise to meet you at the drift and guide you across. But do not, pray do not, stay there to-night.”

He spoke very earnestly, and Johnstone listened attentively and thoughtfully. Then he spoke.

“I know what you mean, my dear fellow; and, believe me, I estimate very highly your kindly regard for my welfare. But your caution is needless. You know, I hope, that my own motives are upright, and that I will not consciously allow myself in anything dishonourable in deed, word, or thought. I am weary of this fighting with shadows, this wrestling against the creations of my own fancy. I will meet this temptation boldly, and grapple with it; and I trust, with an earnest desire to do only what is right, and with a resolute resistance to what is wrong, to overcome it and banish the very remembrance of it from my mind. Anything is better than this terrible state of trial, this striving against a horrible phantom which, after all, may have no real existence. I am resolved to meet and grapple with it.”

Warren shook his head, and looked doubtful. But it was not his wont to dispute any point pertinaciously with a man.

who seemed bent upon having his own way ; and he remained silent, though he could not approve of the step his friend had resolved on taking. And during that whole day they were both much preoccupied, and met but little, and exchanged few words. Warren was engaged, or feigned to be engaged, about some business connected with the farm. Johnstone seemed to be occupied in reading. But he felt himself being strung up to a high pitch of nervous tension, and as the time drew nearer for him to prepare for setting off, he could not even affect to fix his attention upon his book, but went out and walked up and down the stoep. And just as he was going into the house to dress, Warren came to him and said, "I could not stay here alone this evening, knowing how much may hang upon it. And I am going to see Mrs. Beveridge, and open my mind to her. So we shall ride part of the way together."

And soon afterwards they set off together, very grave and thoughtful, and rode side by side without speaking. They descended the green slope of the rising ground on which the Knoll was built, crossed the deep rich meadow-land that skirted the river, and entered the drift. When they had got half way across the broad shallow, which then reached barely to their horses' knees, Warren stopped.

"In case you should have to cross the river alone, it is well you should know the nature of this drift. You see we are now on a bank of shingle; and at low water, as it is now, you can see your way across easily enough. The path winds round the edges of two large deep holes, one on either hand, formed by the eddy of the river meeting the tide, and thrown off from the opposite banks. So that in crossing from either side you first make a segment of a circle to avoid the hole on your right, and then when you are half way across another segment of a circle to avoid a hole on your left."

"Well, that does not seem very difficult," said Johnstone.

"Aye, but the mischief is that the holes are never for very long together in exactly the same place. Every rain that comes down and every spring-tide that comes up washes out these holes and alters their position. I have been ducked in them over and over again; but old Blesbok is a capital swimmer, and I am pretty well at home in the water myself. I only warn you to be careful."

"Oh yes, I will take care," said Johnstone quickly. "Come on. I cannot stand seeing this sheet of water gliding and shimmering past us. My head swims round, and I feel as if I were going down with the water."

"That is one of the things most to be resisted in crossing

a drift like this. The best plan, I believe, is to do as they do at sea—not to look at the water, for then you are sure to go wrong; but to take a bearing by some two points on the opposite shore, and steer by them. One cannot be too careful, for a step more or less to right or left might be a matter of life and death.”

Again they rode on together in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts, each feeling a vague consciousness of a crisis at hand, in which he could do nothing but await the result. Then they reached the bridge at the entrance to the Elsdale Valley, where their roads divided, and here they halted. Warren looked at Johnstone. He was flushed and evidently nervous and agitated.

“Once more,” he said, “will you turn back with me?”

“No,” replied Johnstone resolutely; “I will face it, and master it.”

“Then good-by, and God speed you!” said Warren, grasping his friend’s hand. And in another instant they were out of each other’s sight, pursuing their several roads.

When he found himself alone, Johnstone made a strong effort to recover his composure. His heart beat thick and fast as he surmounted the rising ground so often mentioned, and came in sight of the house. He stopped and chatted for a few minutes with the wife of Thornton’s wagon-driver, who lived at the gate lodge. He lingered along the road as men linger, with a painfully minute consciousness of trifles, when they are about to be subjected to some severe trial. He noticed particularly that Thornton was having a part of the shallower soil deeply trenched in order to break the surface of the subjacent stratum of pot-clay, and expose it to the air. And then he began to consider the composition of pot-clay, with a numb sense of relief in having his thoughts taken away, even by the most irrelevant matter, from the trial that was before him. He took out his watch and found it was only a little past six, while dinner, he knew, was at seven. But he had so timed his arrival purposely, to give him another opportunity of seeing Kate; and the remembrance of his friend and what he was bound to do, or, at any rate, attempt for him, came to his relief and restored in a great measure his firmness.

The boy who took his horse grinned a welcome, as if glad to see him again; and old Pedro, as he took his coat and hat, said he thought he “never see Missa Johns’n no more.” Johnstone said something, he knew not what, in reply; and, following Pedro across the hall, was ushered into the drawing-room.

Neither Mrs. Thornton nor her sister was there. And

Johnstone, thankful for an interval of quiet in which to regain his self-possession, sat down in the well-remembered seat by the window. How familiar it all seemed to him! Everything, every little article of furniture, the pretty little nick-knacks about the tables, the flowers in the vases, all seemed as if he had left them only an hour before. There was the piano open and some of Beethoven's music lying on it, which he remembered having specially recommended her to practise. It seemed as if she had but just hastily risen from her seat, for her work—some of that plain, steady household work which he had commended as affording such a valuable opportunity for quiet meditation and self-commune—was thrown carelessly on the little table by the window, and her thimble had dropped upon the carpet. He stooped and picked it up. Such a little thimble it was! A little golden thimble, with small garnets and turquoises set in a fanciful border round it, and her cipher engraved on a tiny escutcheon. It was a present from Thornton, he knew, in the days of their brief courtship. He was musing in a rambling way, following up the chain of thought to which the little thimble had given rise, when the door suddenly opened; and, hastily concealing it in his hand, he turned round to meet the person who entered.

It was only old Pedro, charged with a message to the effect that "Missis send compliments to Missa Johns'n and sorry to say she not quite ready. Missis be down soon as possible."

"Very well, Pedro. Is Miss Thornton in?"

"Missie Kate gone out rid'n. Not come home yet."

He closed the door, and Johnstone was again alone. He laid the little thimble down on the table, as if not trusting himself with it any longer. He looked into the inlaid Indian work-box that spoke so plainly of woman's neat and delicate touch, and was sorely tempted to take from it some silly trifle which he might treasure as having been her's; but he put the temptation from him resolutely, and turned from it to the pictures that covered the wall. There was that miniature portrait of her which he had disparaged so often as a gross slander and caricature. The artist had failed, as he almost inevitably must fail, in transferring to the ivory that radiant brightness which was her peculiar charm; but failure though it was, it was still very lovely, and served to call up the image which was so truly imprinted on his memory. He was still studying the portrait when he heard the door open, and a spasmodic throb at his heart and a choking [sensation in his throat told him that he was in her presence.

She advanced to meet him with colour a little heightened, and with a slight embarrassment of manner which could not be entirely concealed; but with composure and dignity, and, as Johnstone thought, something of distant coolness. He was by far the more confused of the two, and, if his life had depended upon it, could not have entered at once into ordinary colloquial commonplaces. But her entire self-command and womanly tact enabled her to relieve him, and to avoid an awkward and embarrassing silence. Placing him quite on the footing of an intimate friend, who might be supposed to know and take an interest in what concerned her family, but still retaining that tone of rather distant politeness, she told him that she had heard from her husband at Cape Town, who told her he was already heartily tired of it and longing to be at home again, and requested that his horse might be sent to Glenelg, as he knew not at what hour the steamer might leave; it depended upon the arrival of the mail from England. He just mentioned that the Chanticleer colt had won two races; but there was a letter from Mr. Ormerod giving an account of it in language which was perfectly unintelligible to her. He seemed half crazed with excitement. Thus easily chatting and requiring no answers, and occupied at the same time in putting her work neatly away, she contrived with consummate tact to lead the conversation at once to matters of general interest, and to Johnstone's great relief the ice was fairly broken. He was feeling almost calm and at his ease when dinner was announced, and Mrs. Thornton, taking his arm, said she must apologize for Kate's absence. She had gone to Eastbourne to see her sister; and only half an hour since, she had received a note from her to say that Mrs. Beveridge was so unwell that she would remain at the Parsonage that night.

"Mr. Beveridge, you know, is at Cameron's Hock."

The familiar name brought with it thronging across his memory a host of painful remembrances of that terrible mental agony which he had there gone through, of the desperate struggle to root out an insane and fatal passion for the wife of his friend, the mother of his children. And now, as if by some devilish combination of circumstances, he found himself thrown again in her society, under her own roof, her husband absent, and herself alone with him! He grew almost dizzy, weak as he still was from the effects of the fever, as he glanced mentally at the circumstances of his position, and raised his eye to the lovely form and face opposite to him. For one brief space he felt as if he must go with the stream, as if he could not any longer resist the

tide of events which seemed to be bearing him onwards nearer and nearer to the vortex from which there was no escape. For one minute he forgot duty, honour, religion—everything but his passion. The next, Mrs. Thornton looked towards him with her calm, pure eyes, and in a kind and gentle tone asked after Mr. Warren. And his friend's name, like a magic spell, recalled him to himself.

As some weary swimmer whom the wave has thrown upon the shore, half stunned and breathless, clutches to the land with desperate grasp, and drags himself up beyond the reach of the surf, whose roar yet rings in his ears, whose spray yet blinds and drenches him, so did Johnstone labour to recover himself from the dangerous state into which he had been falling. His efforts were successful; though he felt something of a bewildered dizzy confusion in his head which made him dull, and unable to maintain the conversation with his usual spirit. Mrs. Thornton quickly perceived this, and attributing it to the effects of his recent illness, felt all a woman's pity for him; and her tone and manner softened perceptibly towards him; and before dinner was over she had resumed much of her old cordiality. And Johnstone, now on his guard against himself, was able to assume more and more the bearing of a friend or a brother, as he subdued the violent emotions of the passion which he hated himself for having felt.

There was that, indeed, about Mrs. Thornton which seemed to act as an immediate antidote to anything tainted with evil. She was so entirely innocent and childlike herself, there was something so pure in her very beauty, that while it pleaded, silently but powerfully, as all beauty does plead, for the love of those around her, yet it seemed to ask for it in its holiest form—such love as might exist among beings more perfect than us erring mortals. Johnstone himself had readily perceived and understood this during the earlier period of his acquaintance with her. The warm regard which he had conceived for her had been that of an elder brother; until a more ardent feeling grew up with the growing conviction that she was not happy with her husband. It was that dangerous seductive kind of pity which had ripened into what had almost become passion. The warning is as old as the hills, that there is always danger in meddling in the differences of man and wife! In the lower strata of society, where coarser natures manifest themselves coarsely, it is proverbial that interference in the quarrels of a married couple is almost certain to end in transferring to the unlucky meddler the combined violence of both; and the danger is

scarcely less in more refined classes. No moral wounds require to be probed with a more delicate hand than those which have been caused by domestic differences. Nothing lays bare so much of that worse side of the character which every man and every woman would fain keep concealed from others. And therefore there is nothing so likely to create a feeling of dislike towards those who have seen it thus unmasked. But even where this is not the case, there is the still greater danger of that kind of pity which is "near akin to love." When a young and pretty woman is supposed not to live quite happily with her husband, it is so easy, so natural, to throw the blame on him, and regard her as the injured party; and a tender feeling of compassion is accompanied, so usually, with a desire to shield and protect from harm the being who thus appeals to our softer feelings, that a man of susceptible nature who ventures into such a position is half lost already. Maurice Johnstone did not know, or did not allow himself to think that his moral rectitude had been rendered assailable by treachery on the side of his sense of chivalrous compassion for what he regarded as weakness in distress: nor, unhappily for himself, did he know how rapid and how complete the cure for such an ailment may be.

The evening came on warm and close; and Johnstone carried chairs out on to the stoep, where a pleasant breath of flowers came up from the garden below. The night began to draw in, and the gathering darkness, which gradually veiled her face from him, contributed to restore his complete calmness and self-possession. They had slid by degrees into the tone of perfect confidence and intimacy which had marked their intercourse up to the period of their last separation. Johnstone felt that this was the last time in all probability that he should ever thus speak to her, and had many things to say to her; while she listened with that thoughtful expression of confidence with which she always heard his advice. That he and not her husband should have been thus giving her advice,—that he should have gone to her first and not to her husband,—this was the great fault and mistake, the baneful root from which sprung so much shame, and grief, and misery for him. But we are all prone to error, and liable to trial; and this was the great error and the great trial of Maurice Johnstone.

From talking of her, they gradually came to talk of himself and his future. And as Mrs. Thornton spoke of his short abode among them, and of all that she owed to him, and the pleasure with which she should always hear of his welfare and happiness, there was a touch of sadness and tenderness in

her voice that thrilled in every fibre of Johnstone's nature. He felt it was dangerous ground; but he could not resist the intoxicating delight of drinking in those soft tones, and assuring himself that she entertained for him a feeling of at least warm regard.

The door of the room behind them opened, and Pedro brought in the lamp, and set it upon the table. Its light fell upon the recess of the verandah in which she was sitting, so as to form a picture which Johnstone never after forgot. A dense mass of shadow behind her threw out her face and figure in brilliant relief. Her rounded arms and neck, the graceful slope of her shoulders, the proud setting of her small head, the light gleaming in her dark eyes and glistening softly among the braids of her black hair, the colour on her cheek and lip, the pensive expression of her face,—he saw it all as he had never seen it before—as he never saw it again!

The old servant, who had been vainly endeavouring to attract Johnstone's attention, now approached the window.

"Missa Johns'n, Cobus want to speak to you, sar."

"Something about my horse, I suppose," said Johnstone. And he arose and followed the old man into the hall.

Mrs. Thornton sat as he had left her, still gazing into the darkness. She had fallen into one of her abstracted reveries, and did not notice how long he remained away. Suddenly the sound of a horse galloping rapidly down the road from the house aroused her; and rising from her chair, she entered the room to order tea. Before she had time to ring the bell, the old negro servant entered, and with a trembling hand gave her a slip of paper. It contained only these words:

"Do not allow yourself to be surprised or alarmed at anything you may hear. I am called away on a matter of some moment. You shall see or hear from me if I have anything to communicate.

"Yours,

M. J."

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#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Warren had parted from his friend at the Elsford bridge, he rode on in deep and anxious thought; not so much for himself and his own future, which depended so greatly upon what might be the result of the next few hours, as for Johnstone. "He is one of those impulsive fellows," he said to himself, "who goes straight in at anything he takes a fancy to, and is over head and ears in a scrape before you can stop him. I wish he had not gone to Elsdale, or was safe at home again. I shall never be surprised at anything I may hear. What

ever possessed me to steer such a ticklish craft as that I can't conceive! As if it was not trouble enough to keep myself straight, I must undertake to lead an eccentric genius like that! I suppose, as Fat Jack says, I am bewitched with the rogue's company. The rascal hath given me medicines to make me love him. Yes, that must be it. I have drunk medicines. But, for all the love I bear him, I wish with all my heart that he was well gone!"

And then Warren passed on to meditate upon his own position, and the reflection did not tend to make him any more cheerful. If it should be indeed that he had no hope of Kate, then without her, and without Johnstone, the Mersey would be a dreary blank for him. He had better take Mr. Monro's offer, and sell farm and stock to him, and make a fresh start with Johnstone. And, as if to force him to a decision, and bring the whole business to an issue at once, suddenly there rung out between the high cliffs of the Mersey Heads the report of a gun, which went echoing up the lake from side to side, and died away in far off thunder among the mountains; and the little "Maid of Mersey" stood gallantly in across the bar, and steamed up to the anchorage.

"There!" he exclaimed, talking to himself after his usual fashion, with odd scraps of quotation from his favourite authors. "I take it for a sign! The steamer comes in just at the very nick of time; while Johnstone, I hope, is resolving my future for me. And I will make assurance doubly sure by going to Mrs. Beveridge and talking to her. I must end this suspense one way or another!"

He left his horse at Mrs. Tokers', and indulged that worthy hostess with a little chat, being minded to ascertain if she could throw any light upon the subject nearest to his heart. She was never averse to talk to anybody; but Warren was ever a prime favourite with her. Some of the more ardent impulses of her affection might be bestowed occasionally upon the more attractive inmates of her house. She had had her passing *affaires du cœur*, as in the case of Bob Ormerod, for instance, or the gentleman who had paid a visit to the Mersey for the sake of studying its natural history; and who she always expected would be bitten by a puff-adder, and, as she expressed it, brought home dead to dinner. But her more serious attachment never swerved from Warren, and she never failed to greet him with all the genial warmth of her expansive nature. So, first, she had to make him come in and sit down, and explain how it was that he had not been to see her for such an age. And then she remarked that he

was not looking well "along of nussin poor Mr. Johnstone," over the narrative of whose illness she cried freely, for she had a little *tendresse* in that quarter also. And then she must go and fetch Warren a glass of some cordial preparation of her own manufacture, of which she set him the example of taking a good honest glass herself, without the slightest scruple or false shame of any sort. And the diplomatic Warren availed himself of this, in what he considered a most crafty way, to turn the subject to her lodger.

"I suppose you give Mr. Monro a glass of this now and then," he said with an air of indifference so manifestly affected that it must have been noticed by anybody even less observant than Mrs. Tokers.

"Oh, him! No, I don't give it to the like of him. He don't do any credit to good victuals and drink, he don't. I can't bear to see him walking about the place so thin and yaller. He's a disgracc to the house!"

And Mrs. Tokers spoke with an asperity very unusual with her, for it was a subject on which she felt keenly.

"But report says that he doesn't give your good cookery a chance. He goes elsewhere for his dinner."

Mrs. Tokers shot a knowing glance at Warren, who was not quite at his ease during this unusual effort of diplomacy.

"Oh yes, he goes to Elsdale a good deal," she said with a twinkle of mischievous fun in her bonny black eyes.

"I suppose," Warren said slowly, and with his eyes intent upon the small round hole where the bullet had entered the leopard's skin at his feet, "I suppose we shall hear of a match there before long."

Mrs. Tokers could restrain her mirth no longer. Her jolly fat shoulders heaved and shook with suppressed merriment as she looked at the downcast and blushing Warren. At last she broke out into her hearty laugh, till the room rang with it, and Warren could not resist chiming in.

"Oh my!" she said at length, panting, and pressing one hand to her side, while with the other she used her handkerchief freely to her dewy forehead,— "Oh my! that is a good one! To think of our Kate going to be married to that old parchment-faced Injun! Go along with you, do! You didn't ought to make me laugh so; for I aint so young as I used to be. Oh dear!" And Mrs. Tokers threw herself back in her chair, and fanned herself, and burst out laughing again.

"There, get along with you!" she said presently, rising, and going towards the door. "I must go and get Capt'n

Deadlight's supper ready. He'll be ashore in half an hour. And you go and see Mrs. Beveridge. You aint been there this good bit, I know ; and it's just about their tea-time."

So saying, and with a wink as profoundly expressive as the great Lord Burleigh's nod, the good landlady bustled out of the room.

Even the simple Warren could not mistake the broad hint given to him ; and with a beating heart, but with revived hope, he ascended the slope to the Parsonage, and knocked at the open door. The tidy coloured school-girl who officiated as waiting-maid showed her white teeth in welcome to an old acquaintance ; and throwing open the drawing-room door ushered him in without any further announcement. And Warren, advancing into the room, found himself in the presence of Mr. Monro and Kate Thornton !

It would be difficult to say which of the three was most embarrassed. Kate, woman-like, regained her self-possession first, and informed Warren in a freezing tone that her sister, Mrs. Beveridge, was not at all well, and was unable to receive visitors. Then there was a dead silence, during which Mr. Monro endeavoured to assume an air of easy nonchalance, as if to show that he was not included in the category of ordinary visitors ; and Warren felt that there could be no sort of doubt that Kate had made, and intended to make a difference in this respect between Monro and himself. His heart and his hopes began to sink as rapidly as they had risen. As neither of the others seemed inclined to break the silence, he made some remark in a awkward sort of way himself. Miss Thornton made no reply, Mr. Monro answered in monosyllables. Warren felt himself becoming savage. He was made to feel so very plainly that he was *de trop*. After another pause, he again threw out an observation, with a view to promote conversation ; and this time neither Kate nor Mr. Monro responded. He became desperate. He would bring this to an end somehow. He rose, and addressing Kate, begged the favour of a few minutes' private conversation with her. Mr. Monro, with the natural impulse of a gentleman, was about to leave the room, when Kate also rose, and looking straight in Warren's face, said—

"Mr. Monro, I beg you will remain. There can be no occasion whatever for your leaving the room."

Warren felt strung up now to a pitch of recklessness.

"I wish particularly to speak a few words to you alone, Miss Thornton, if you would oblige me with an interview."

Kate was still looking at him with the same proud, resolute, almost defiant air.

"There can be nothing that you have to say to me, Mr. Warren, that Mr. Monro may not hear."

Prepared as he was for the worst, the final deathblow to his hopes came upon him with stunning weight. He turned pale, and for a few seconds was unable to make answer. Then he said,—

"I am not so dull as to misunderstand what you intend to convey to me, Miss Thornton. In a few days I leave this country,"—here his voice faltered a little,—“for ever. And I wished to bid you farewell.”

He paused a few moments, as if taking a last look, and then turned to leave the room. As he passed Mr. Monro, he said, “I shall be happy to meet you with reference to the subject of your note at as early an hour to-morrow as may be convenient to you.” At the door he paused again.

“Once more, farewell, Miss Thornton!” he said. And the next moment he was gone.

Kate stood like one petrified. Her mind was confused, stupefied by what she had heard. “Leaving the country—for ever,” “come to say farewell,” were the first thoughts that made themselves distinctly understood. And they were succeeded by another and more terrible one. What meant those words of his to Mr. Monro? “A meeting!” “early to-morrow morning!” There could be but one sense to be attached to the expressions. Reginald Warren and Mr. Monro were going to fight a duel!

Among other romantic ideas of her girlish days Kate had been accustomed to consider it quite a usual thing for gentlemen to meet each other in deadly combat if they happened to find themselves rivals; and she had thought it would be rather nice to enjoy the *éclat* of having two suitors seeking each other's lives for her sake. And now her fears gave form and substance to Warren's words, and she saw him in imagination carried from the field, with his hair and clothes bedabbled with blood, and his limbs stiffened in death. She turned to Mr. Monro, with hands clasped together, and terror and anguish in her face.

“For Heaven's sake, tell me, what is this?” she cried. “Is there to be danger? Is there to be bloodshed?”

Mr. Monro was in an ecstasy of self-satisfaction. He could not doubt that Kate Thornton had intended to give Warren his dismissal in favour of himself. He had interpreted her expressions, as Warren had done, to mean that he was in a position to have a right to hear what anybody should say to

her; in other words, that she regarded herself as engaged to him. And now her anxiety, he thought, was on his account, lest he should be placed in a position of danger. He took her hand, with an air of the tenderest gallantry, and led her to a seat.

"My dearest Miss Thornton! My dearest Kate!" he said. "Pray calm yourself. Fear not for me. I shall expose myself to no dangers. Least of all when I have attained the proud summit of my wishes!"

Kate still looked confused. "What was that I heard? That meeting that was spoken of?"

"A perfectly peaceful meeting, fairest one, for a perfectly peaceful object. No other than that of making me the possessor of Mr. Warren's property of the Knoll, to be laid by me as an offering at your feet."

"I cannot understand," said Kate, with a bewildered expression, putting her hand to her head.

"Still so coy!" said Mr. Monro in passionate tones, lowering himself on to his nankeen knees as he spoke. "Still so coy! Must I then plead my cause with all due formalities?"

"What is all this?" asked Kate, puzzled and impatient.

"Nay, try me no longer!" exclaimed the suitor. "Let those sweet lips give utterance to what they have but now implied. Oh say that you are mine!"

"Am I to understand, sir, that you are making me an offer of marriage?" said Kate, with a flame on her cheek and a flash in her eye by which Mr. Monro would have done well to take timely warning.

"I am telling you with my lips what my respectful homage, my humble adoration must have told you this long time past—that I am your's wholly, that I would claim you as mine!"

"Then I must beg you, sir, to rise from that absurd attitude, and not put me to the pain of giving you a refusal."

Mr. Monro was thunderstruck. "But Miss Thornt—" he began.

"I must beg you to desist, sir; you annoy me!"

"But your brother gave me to understand——"

"What is that?" asked Kate, pausing as she was about to turn from him. "What were you about to say?"

"Your brother assured me that I might entertain hopes."

"Am I to understand, then, that this subject has been discussed between my brother and yourself?"

"Certainly. I have his fullest approval. It was with a view to this arrangement that I entered into negotiations

with Mr. Warren with reference to the purchase of his property."

"And that was part of the understanding between you, was it?"

"Undoubtedly it was. It seemed to offer such very great advantages for a closer union of the family."

Kate's repressed wrath blazed out.

"And so I have been made a matter of bargain, have I! An article of exchange for your mutual profit and convenience! And you have worked upon my brother's grasping temper to secure his consent to this arrangement! And he has flattered you with the belief that you had only to remove certain obstacles to make yourself the possessor of the commodity for which you were treating with him! And now you come to me—to *me*—and not so much ask my consent as offer to take me over!!! Are you waiting for your answer, sir? Know, then, that I regard such an offer as little else than an insult! If your years did not place an insuperable barrier between us—if your person were not odious to me—if it had not been through mere compassion that I have endured your society so long—the course you have thought proper to pursue with respect to me could arouse only my indignation and contempt!!"

And having thus spoken, with rapid utterance, with excited tone and manner, with flushed cheek and flashing eye, Kate swept from the room. And Mr. Monro remained still upon his knees, the picture of consternation. And little Georgie, who just then presented himself at the window, gave a lively and faithful representation afterwards, to a select circle, of Mr. Monro's appearance in this attitude and of the painful effort with which he straightened himself up into a standing posture.

Ah! if poor Warren could have known! If we could, any of us, know what we are divided from by only the thinnest film of a veil, but which is impenetrable by our eyes. It ought to make the wisest of us feel his ignorance and feebleness. That consciousness of what may exist close by us, separated from us only by ever so thin a barrier, and yet we either know nothing about it, or what we think we know is the direct opposite to the truth!

Poor Warren plunged down the dusty road from the Parsonage, got out his horse at Mr. Tokers', happy in not being met and detained by her, and rode off homewards; with his temples throbbing, and a dull pain at his heart from the shock which he had undergone. He had reached the Mersey drift before he had collected himself sufficiently to think

coherently. The sight of the ford brought back to the unselfish fellow's mind the safety of his friend. Would he attempt to cross that evening? Should he himself wait for the chance of his doing so, in order to guide him across? He looked at the water, which was coming rapidly up with the flowing tide. He looked at his watch; it was only just past seven. Johnstone could not be there in less than two or three hours, and in a short time the drift would be impassable until the ebb tide. He resolved that it would be useless to wait; and wading through the water, already deep, he rode slowly to his own house.

Few persons who have not experienced it can estimate the total change which a few hours may create in the whole aspect of our existence. When Warren reached his house and looked around at the familiar scene, it was with a sort of dreamy sense of being, in some way, another man; as if he saw things with his own bodily eyes, but with the faculties and understanding of another. The entire current of his thoughts, hopes, wishes, had been not only stopped, but reversed, and set flowing in the opposite direction. The life he had been leading had come to an abrupt and total end, just as the regular lines of a stratified rock are broken short off at the point of cleavage, and commence again at a fresh level, higher or lower, but different from that which they hitherto kept. The centre thread round which the interests of his life had gathered, and as it were crystallized, had suddenly snapped and come to an end. The objects on which his eyes rested had recollections and associations attached to them, but they seemed those of a previous life, of a former state of existence. Mechanically he took off his horse's bridle and saddle, and kneehaltered him, and watched him as he hobbled about snuffing and pawing to find out exactly the best spot for rolling upon. He looked round the rough *voorhuis*, with its green doors and windows, and white-washed walls adorned with bucks' heads and other sylvan trophies, as if it were a place which he had once known and felt an interest in, but long ago, and a great way off.

It was not until he caught sight of Johnstone's baggage packed ready for travelling that he could arrange his thoughts into any collected and definite shape and order. Those large serviceable portmanteaus patched with the remnants of railway tickets, on which the half-obliterated names recalled many a familiar spot in old England, aroused the first coherent thought in his mind; and this resolved itself into one dominant idea, one absorbing desire of getting away from the scene of his disappointment—as quickly as he could—as far away as he

could. He was not of a temperament to brood long over any trouble. To his energetic nature action always served as an anodyne to mental pain or disquietude. And just as he had striven successfully to banish or to lull harassing anxieties by working in Johnstone's little garden at Woodside, so he now endeavoured to crush down bitter recollection by throwing himself into busy and eager occupation. He had three days, he thought, to make all his preparations for a total change; for breaking up what had been his home for nearly three years—what he hoped would have been his home for life. Simple and scanty as were his worldly effects, yet there were enough to make it a matter of considerable exertion to put them all in readiness in so short a time for transference to a new owner; and he looked with a sense of real satisfaction at the amount of positive work that lay before him in the few days that would elapse before the steamer left. He proceeded half mechanically to cut some tobacco and light his pipe, and then sat down to think how he should proceed,—what he should do first.

He could do nothing about the stock and farming gear that night. To-morrow, as soon as it was light, he would set about making an inventory and fixing prices. Furniture there was little enough; and what Tom Bowline did not want he would give to old Damon to make his cottage comfortable. He should want a packing-case for his books; that he could set Tom to knock up to-morrow. The only thing there seemed for him to do at present was to put his accounts in order, and clear out the drawer in which he kept his papers. A lot of old letters were soon blazing merrily on the hearth. Then a bundle of receipted bills was put carefully aside. Then some papers relative to a series of experiments in methods of treating various crops, after a hasty glance were committed to the flames. Then followed in quick succession some rough diagrams of portions of the farm surveyed by himself, a plan of a water-wheel, a recipe for *brandzichte*, a translation of a chorus in *Antigone*, the elevation of a shepherd's cottage, a sheet of paper covered with—stop, he won't throw *that* into the fire; at least, not just at this moment.

Ah! how it takes him back to that other life which he seems to have done with so long ago! It seems but yesterday that they all came over to a pic-nic at the Knoll; in the pleasant old times, before Thornton had made an uncomfortable feeling between them by grudging him the post that would have made him independent, before any rich Indian had come to put the finishing stroke to the downfall

of his hopes! And he had talked to *her* about alterations and improvements in his house, and she had drawn those delicate lines—so different from his own sturdy strokes—in order to illustrate what she would suggest in the way of decoration. How faithfully, how reverently he had followed out what she had indicated! With his own hands he had put into execution the hints which she had offered; working at it as a labour of love, feeling a pride and a joy in the consciousness that he was executing what she herself had pointed out, and picturing to himself the gratified surprise with which she might one day view the results of his patient labour. Ah well! There was an end to all that now! Perhaps, as the wife of Mr. Monro, it might gratify her to find that alterations had been made in her future residence so much in accordance with her taste.

He took up the candle and went into the half-finished room. There was the carpenter's bench where he had worked so hard and so cheerfully for many a long day for her sake. There was the work-table, the masterpiece of his skill, put together and only needing the final polish. There was the little book-slide, for which he had once heard her express a wish. They were but trifles, but they touched a chord in a heart already overcharged with painful emotions, and, sitting down, he covered his face with his hands, and groaned in anguish of spirit that he had been cruelly treated.

He was aroused by hearing his name called, and starting up, asked what was wanted.

"Here's a black fellow been here," said Tom Bowline, "wot says as you are wanted at the drift. I'm afeared there's something the matter."

The thought of Johnstone rushed across his mind. "Did he say what it was?" he asked eagerly.

"No; he cut away directly, only he said you was wanted particular."

Warren rushed out of the house, and looked towards the drift, and saw there the gleam of a torch reflected on the water. He flew down the slope to the water's edge, and saw that the light came from a boat.

"What is the matter?" he shouted; and a voice, Johnstone's, directed the rowers to pull in for the shore.

"Thank God, you are safe!" he exclaimed.

"Warren," said Johnstone, in a low tone, as the boat neared the shore, "I am afraid something very terrible has happened. Thornton's horse has been brought home drenched with water; and Thornton himself cannot be found!"

## PARTED.

They said there was no beauty in her form or in her face—  
She lacked both woman's comeliness and woman's touching grace ;  
She was not versed in dainty arts as dainty dames should be,  
But ah ! you cannot dream how dear and fair she was to me.

Time has brought many changes since the first day we were wed ;  
But this last change is saddest far—my love is lying dead.  
Her honest face, so full of truth, I never more may see,  
And none can know how very dear my Bessie was to me.

They called her cold and silent, but they little knew her heart ;  
Alas ! she's cold and silent now, and we are far apart.  
In death she must be fair indeed—death sets the spirit free ;  
She cannot be more beautiful than she has been to me.

With hand in hand for thirty years we trod the path of life,  
And she was all that heart could hope—a loving, trusting wife ;  
And that she had no beauty was far more than I could see,  
For none were half so beautiful as Bessie was to me.

I do not, cannot weep aloud—my heart is weeping fast ;  
My soul, once strong, is still bowed down ; it quails before the  
blast ;

My quiet joys, my perfect home, I never more may see,  
For home was where my Bessie was—her heart was home to me.

My wife has only gone before—she went, and had no dread ;  
I stand already looking on the dim land of the dead.  
And when I leave the shores of life, and pass beyond death's sea,  
I trust to God, our Father wise, to give her back to me

J. S. L.

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## OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM CALCUTTA TO LONDON.

*Notes by an Africander of his Overland Journey from Calcutta to London, viâ Ceylon, the Red Sea, Egypt, Malta, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris.*

WE left Calcutta early one morning, just a year ago, in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Nubia*, two thousand tons, with a very large number of passengers, all delighted at getting away from India.

We steamed down the Hooghly, past the gardens and villas of Garden Reach, away from all the dirt and stench of the Oude princes' houses, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, and by sunset we were off the Sandheads, when we lost the land, and shot straight away for Madras. We reached "the roads" on the fourth day, and were at anchor there for twelve hours, being visited by Catamaran Jacks,

paddling out on their logs, and swimming off through the tremendous surf. Bands of jugglers too, and hosts of petty traders and smart vendors of curiosities, visited us in their bark-built Mussoolah boats, which, *sewn* together and not nailed, battle with the surf far better than stouter and more solid boats could do. The long iron pier now building, will project far beyond the surf-line, and will thus relieve all passengers landing of the terrible ordeal of a passage through the tremendous surf in the old Mussoolah boats, and of the shock of being dashed on the beach.

At Madras we took in very many more passengers, all very ill; and weighed at sunset. On the evening of the third day, we reached the beautiful and picturesque harbour of Point de Galle, at the southern end of Ceylon, so famed for its cinnamon and coffee. Galle is a compact and neat little town, as regularly laid out as all old Dutch towns are. Its walls and ditches, ramparts and embrasures, are all in good order, and the church is not unlike our Dutch church at Wynberg; with old-fashioned rusty heraldic shields and escutcheons, studded with helmets, boots, and spurs, just like those in the old Dutch Reformed church in the Heeren-gracht were, up to 1836. The townspeople are styled "Burghers," and many of their names had great interest for me, a Kaapenaar, for there were Van der Spars and Van der Veldts, Blettermans and Koopmans, Van der Spuys and Timmermans.

The country all round Galle is very beautiful, rich in cocoa-nuts and palms, nutmegs and pine apples, wild among the rocks, and in all the rich tropic vegetation so common in Lower Bengal; but it was very hot—95° Far. in the shade, and the mosquitoes spoilt all our sleep, so that we were not sorry to get on board the *Nubia* again.

After a stay of thirty hours, we started, with many more passengers who had come down to Galle from all parts of the eastern world; from Scinde and Bombay, down the Malabar coast; from New Zealand, Sydney, Melbourne, and Tasmania, through Bass's Straits and King George's Sound; from Java and Sumatra; from Hongkong and China, *via* Singapore. We left Galle with one hundred and ten first-class adult passengers and fifty-two white children, in the care of sundry ayahs, bearers, boys, and hummauls. We were very closely packed on board, but our ship was well manned, fully provisioned, thoroughly equipped, and steamed away at the rate of three hundred miles a day. The water was smooth and still, the weather very fine and clear; no one was sea-sick, and away we went steaming among the

Laccadives and Maldives, sighting the African shore, near Somali, and then making Aden on the morning of the ninth day.

At Aden much money and labour have been spent to make it a very strong fortress. The day was not so over hot as to prevent our landing; so, while our ship was coaling, some of us rode small donkeys up to the lines which occupy the bottom of the crater, and visited the fine tanks just above this bare and dreary station, where our Bombay soldiers have to do penance.

Aden is, without exception, the most "howling wilderness" of a place that I have ever seen, and must be a fearful residence for Europeans. The Arab boys here are great divers, and with their large heads of brown hair surmounting their very black bodies, plunging deeply down into the sea after sixpences, cut a very singular figure. Three French war steamers and many Arab boats and prows were in the roads.

After a stay of twelve hours we started up the Red Sea, through the Babelmandeb Straits, and past the island of Perim, about which we and the French and the Turks have quarrelled so much,—a bare rock, without any fresh water, but strongly fortified; between the wild Arabian coast on our right, and the high and frowning African mountains on our left; past Jiddah and Mocha, so famed for its coffee; in view of Mount Sinai, far away on our right; past the "kloof" where the children of Israel came down to the shore to cross the Red Sea; and on, up to Suez at the head of the Red Sea, and on the edge of the Great Desert.

The whole of the voyage up the Red Sea is one of very perilous navigation, for rocks and shoals, coral reefs and sunken islets abound at every step; and the greatest care and caution are required of all sailors in charge of ships. These rocks and reefs will render the Red Sea passage, even after M. Lesseps' great canal across the isthmus is finished, a very dangerous one to all ships that are not powerful steamers, fully coaled, and amply equipped. The railway traveller journeying from Suez, through Cairo, to Alexandria, sees nothing of the line of projected canal, and hears only a very little about it, anywhere in Egypt. Still, hopeful Frenchmen seem really to anticipate its completion, and that in a few years.

At Suez the water is so shallow, and is receding so palpably and rapidly that the *Nubia* had to anchor five miles off the shore. We landed in a small steamer provided by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and found a fine large

hotel with an ample lunch ready for us. We started at noon by railway, and, travelling over the desert at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, we reached Grand Cairo at sunset.

Cairo is a fine large eastern city, very much like Peshawur near the Khaiber Pass, but hardly equal to the great Hindoo cities of Benares and Jeypore, or the Mohammedan towns of Agra and Delhi in Upper India. The central place or square is full of hotels, and the Grand Mosque and the Pacha's palace are *the* great objects for which all travellers make.

But "the lions" of this ancient and interesting "land of the Pharaohs" are, of course, the great pyramids and the gigantic sphinx, just outside the town. These are quite as awe-inspiring and wonder-striking as all readers about them can imagine; and no anticipation of their size and grandeur can surpass or equal the experience of their reality. We reached Cairo on the twenty-third day after leaving Calcutta; and when we recalled the great distance we had travelled, and the different places and lands we had seen, we thoroughly realized the luxury of this Peninsular and Oriental fast travelling; and although we growled at the expense (four guineas a day for each person!) yet we felt that it was worth the money, and saved us all much time and trouble.

From Cairo we went on by railway, all down the rich valley of the Nile, teeming with squalid villages of huts, and one-eyed, ill-fed Egyptians, all very poor, naked, and eyesore.

The railway is a single line, but is, though slow, on the whole well conducted by its French agents and servants.

Five hours' travelling took us into Alexandria, which, were it not for Pompey's Pillar and the great Cleopatra's Needle, might be a Belgian or French second-class country town. The Tunis bazaar, here, is an interesting place, very much like the bazaars in the small towns of Guzerat and Cutch, in Western India.

We left Alexandria in the splendid Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Pera*, and reached Malta on the fourth day. Here we stayed a week, and enjoyed very much our visit to the splendid St. John's Church, so famed for its gorgeous decorations; to the palace of the Grand Master, and to all the other places so highly interesting in this the stronghold of the great old knights.

The Governor of Malta has a regular old Grand Master's name, "Sir Gaspard le Marchant." When a captain, some years ago, he was at the Cape.

The military works here are all in very fine and efficient order, and the place is a very strong fortress.

St. Paul's Cave, the Catacombs, and the cells of the dead Capuchin friars, and other wonders, all came in for our visits and interest.

We left Malta in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's mail steamer in a gale of wind, and had a very rough, wet, and sea-sick passage all the way to Marseilles, which we reached in seventy-five hours.

We were much struck with all the life and bustle and busy trade of this the great seaport of France, and with the able and efficient way in which all the details of the municipal and general government of the place were carried out. To us, "the odours from the harbour" proved no annoyance, and the climate of the place, with its fine breezes off the Mediterranean, seemed a most agreeable and peculiarly enjoyable one. The drive along the shore, east of the town, is a fine airy one, open to the sea, with grand hotels, handsome villas, and pretty cottages all along its sweeping course.

Hence, we travelled on by railway to old Avignon, once so famed as "the great city of the Popes," and now the head-quarters of the Protestants of France, whose numbers are so rapidly increasing all over the land.

Hence on again, still by rail, up the beautiful valley of the Rhône, so rich in orchards and vineyards, in hill and dale and fine lands, on to Lyons the great city of silk, now one of the finest towns in France. The quays and bridges over the grand rivers at Lyons, are all very fine, but one sees exactly, that with "a water privilege so extensive," inundations of the whole country must be frequent and very considerable. Here, at a splendid hotel, as cheap as it was luxuriously comfortable, we stayed three days, admiring and enjoying all its beauties and objects of interest.

From Lyons we journeyed on again to old Dijon, where we spent a day or two; and thence on to Paris, that fairest and most taking of all fine cities, of late years so improved and embellished by the present ruler of France and the French.

Here we lodged for the night at a superb palace, the Hotel de Louvre, in the grand Rue Rivoli, and near the Tuileries and the Louvre, just finished by the Emperor with so much taste and judgment. We walked through the streets and squares, admired the churches, palaces, and all that is so beautiful and wonderful. We saw his Majesty Louis Napoleon and his son at a grand review of soldiers. We drove through the enchanting Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées; and so passed a fortnight agreeably.

We left Paris at eight a.m. one morning: travelled fast by

rail, and reached Boulogne by two p.m. Started in half an hour in a small but very powerful steamer, and landed at Dover at 4.30 p.m. By five p.m., we were off again by mail train at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and hardly stopping at all by the road, we got to London Bridge by nine p.m.

Here, for the first and only time, our portmanteaus, which had been booked and ticketed in Paris that morning, were superficially and rapidly examined by a Custom-house officer, and in twenty minutes, we were in a cab, rattling over the stones in the busy, noisy, gas-lit streets of the metropolis of the world—the mighty London.

We reached Notting Hill at ten at night. We had been exactly sixty days *en route* between Calcutta and London, inclusive of our eight days at Malta, the sixteen days in Paris, and of all the many other stoppages by the way.

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## OUR CONVICT SYSTEM.

IN the lights and shadows of life, either individually or collectively, no feature is more intensely and painfully interesting than the dark chapter of crime which leads to penal servitude, outraging every feeling of social right, and rending asunder all moral ties. We are apt to indulge towards the offender feelings purely selfish, and to thrust him out, without one thought for his future career, and in utter disregard of the circumstances which have perhaps made him a transgressor from the womb and heir to a heritage of vice.

So far as penal servitude has been made the subject of a distinct history, it fully bears us out. In the United Kingdom the object has ever been, not to grapple with the difficulty, and in a firm, manly spirit compel society to bear its own burthen, and to reform the crime which it had borne so large a part in creating and developing, but to thrust it out of sight, anywhere or everywhere, north or south, to the antipodes and the isles afar off upon the sea. North America first, and then the Australias, and finally, when these channels were closed against it, a few were adventured to the Cape of Good Hope by way of experiment; but the spirit of the colonists revolted at the degradation, and the old country grew irascible because a junior member of the family refused to bear an undue proportion of the family sins.

The collective criminality of highly-civilized and wealthy communities—where abject poverty is found in such strong contrast side by side with prosperity and luxury; where

thieving and fraud have grown into a profession, forming itself into a distinct class, having its own by-laws and its social enjoyments, assists its own sick and buries its own dead; where the art is taught systematically, influencing its victims with professional rivalry, and binding in the grasp of professional honour, undisturbed by conflicting views of morals from the earliest childhood—presents no hopeful features for reformation; and it is difficult to conclude that any outward influence brought to bear on it can be very efficacious in producing more than a temporary and compulsory amendment. Such, in a great measure, is the brand of English convictism. Irish convictism appears to be of a lighter type. Both have been ably reviewed in the *Cornhill Magazine*,\* and their comparative merits brought rather fully before the bar of public judgment. Less heinous in its character than either of these, and bearing upon it indelible marks of a special form of society, is Cape of Good Hope convictism, upon which we propose to offer a few remarks; by no means regardless of the high position it has acquired in the labour market, or of its admirable adaptation to the requirements of the age in which it was first made the object of a special administration, but regarding its combined efforts in the great works it has effected, more particularly as a progressive step to a higher state of development. Our remarks will apply principally to its industrial training and the form of its labour. Here we believe it is inapt for the end at which it aims—the reformation of the criminal; and insufficient to meet the wants of society.

In dealing with the collective criminality of societies which the offended majesty of the law concentrates in penal servitude, a few primary and important considerations at once force themselves upon us. It will not satisfy us to know that there is in the human heart a tendency to evil in preference to good, leading further from the path of virtue, unless checked by religious principle. This is a general truth, reiterated daily in Christian communities, and as often admitted, though not at all times with practical effect on the life and conduct. We want to know something more than this. We want to know something of the inner life of the crowd of victims before us, bearing the brand of infamy and cut off from the prospects, hopes, aspirations, and even sympathy of their fellow-men. We want, if it were possible, to penetrate the dark and murky cloud that hangs over a life of crime,—to accompany the victim of early neglect to the barren spots of untold misery and privation that chequered the path of his childhood,

\* April and June, 1861.

—to accompany him through the gloomy path of moral and mental darkness, probably unaided, unpitied, and uncared-for,—to watch the first sprouting of the seeds of vice which lie concealed in his heart, as well as in our own,—to observe their growth and development, formed and moulded by circumstances, and bearing an indelible mark of the phase or state of society from which they have sprung, ripening and progressing more and more, until they assume that aggressive and formidable character which calls for the interference of the law and a deprivation of liberty. Equally, if it were possible, do we want to accompany the victim of unrestrained inclinations and perverted principles, whose early life may have been one of good teaching and good examples, of domestic comforts and social enjoyments, but who, from a life of intemperate indulgence, of extravagant habits and licentious luxury, has rushed into all the dark sinuosities and devious windings of a life of fraud, leading to that unhappy goal where character and position is gone and hopes lie crushed. But much of this is hidden from us, and only known to Him to whom all hearts are open and from whom no secrets are hid. Equally impracticable is it for us to penetrate the darkness of a life of heathenism. We must return to first principles, and be content to know the great general truth, that the evils of the human heart (that moral disease which man possesses from his first parentage) are common to the whole race, and that the points of resemblance between peoples living under different phases of civilization are so many more than those in which they differ, that all schemes of penal education, improvement, or reform must have the same broad features and rest upon a like basis. But from this broad basis there springs a variety of influences demanding thoughtful consideration—as to what part of the criminal's degraded position is the work of his own hands, prompted by the wanton workings of his own heart; what part is the result of an adverse position; and what part society has borne (for doubtless it has had a considerable share) in creating and developing the particular forms of crime which, in the aggregate, make up that mass of depravity underlying the better aspirations of society, which constitute what we designate the moral depravity of the age. We may, however, safely assume that idleness, and ignorance, and want have been active agents in the production of crime; and very much of it is specially due to ignorance,—to a want of the knowledge of industry sufficient to enable the individual to live. Assuming this much, our first principles of reform stand out clear enough to be understood by

all; the difficulty lies in applying them so as to counteract the effects of the past life, in creating a moral basis, and building upon that basis mental development and industrial skill.

Much that we have said is a string of truisms which it would be unnecessary to repeat were it not that in the application of principles we are apt to err,—to attach an undue importance to some parts and to neglect or misapply others. The moral and mental element is so universal in its character that mistakes are not so likely to occur in the form of their application, as in the results we expect to derive from them. It is in the application of industry that we make mistakes. If penal servitude does not subject the criminal to such a course of systematic industry as the state of society from which he has sprung, and to which he must return, requires the use of, as will enable him to live by it, and, when no industrial calling exists, to teach one, it loses its reformatory character and fails in the end at which it aims. There are so few means for a man getting an honest living who has not an industrial calling that it is hard for him to avoid becoming a pauper or a thief.

In proportion as we bring a well-informed, humane, considerate, and practical mind to bear upon the subject,—to discriminate between the shades of moral guilt,—to lay bare motives and to ascertain the effects produced by society and by circumstances in prompting, aiding, or restraining the individual in his downward course to the unhappy goal of convictism; in proportion as we can seize the mind and honestly secure the confidence of the fallen man, and amidst the stern realities and ill-favoured lineaments that characterize the lonely vista of prison life, point to the hope beyond, glimmering, probably faintly at first, but shining brighter and brighter as he struggles on more vigorously in a life of industry and morality, until it bursts upon him in all the effulgence of a restoration to the liberty, rights, and dignity of a free man, with character and powers improved or wholly formed anew—may we expect success to crown our efforts; but, without the practical discriminatory mind necessary to secure this hope, penal discipline and training is but an incongruous and unshapely framework of lifeless restraint, incapable of good, and only rendering the turbid stream of demoralization on which it is brought to bear more depraved, desperate, and hopeless,—converting a prison into a moral pandemonium, over whose gloomy portals may be written the soul-scathing line of the poet—

“Who enters here leaves hope behind.”

When we fully recognize the important fact that the unfortunate beings collected in penal servitude represent every variety of mental debasement, and each in some measure impressed with characteristic marks of the society from which he has sprung, we shall probably conclude that, in addition to a mind eminently practical, there should also be independence and originality of thought to achieve success; imitation will not answer, because the wants of those we imitate are not our wants, nor their circumstances in any respect like unto ours. It is this independence and originality, unfettered by previous systems, which has in some measure tended to the success of the Irish system, and the want of it, and the restraint imposed by dealing with the remains of old systems, may in some measure have denied equally complete success to the English system. It was the exercise of this same faculty of independence that gave direction and excellence to our Cape plan; and it is the exercise of the same faculties that must keep up its character to the requirements of society. This independence and originality of mind, necessary to meet the wants of the society in which we live, and which must give speciality to every convict system to enable it to gain the end at which it aims, is not sufficiently recognized by writers on penal reform; not, we think, sufficiently kept in view by the writer in the *Cornhill*, and not always observed at the Cape, where we find occasionally cropping out in the annual reports a strong desire for the perfections of the English system. In one respect, however, if penal reform is to rise to the character of a science, there must be a universality of plan, in its statistics, both in form and extent. This is not the case at present; no two of the systems have the same amount of essential statistical information, and therefore deny us the means of correct comparison. If we have succeeded in our aim, our readers will understand us as holding the following view of our subject. That the basis of penal reform must be the same in all cases, but the superstructure of industry raised upon this basis must be varied in its character to meet the wants of society; must, in fact, be in such demand as will enable the liberated criminal to get a living by its honest exercise, or it fails in its object, and does not attain the character of penal reform. It is to this latter part of the subject that our attention will be principally directed. In order, however, to appreciate in any respect the advantages of our present system, we must go somewhat into detail and compare it with the past.

Previous to 1844, our convicts, amounting to four hundred

and seventy, were located, a part at Robben Island, quarrying stone and burning lime; a portion of them on the public roads, under the Surveyor-General; and near the half of them were occupied in various novel employments under the civil commissioners in the country districts. Of those on the island, it is said they worked under overseers selected from among themselves. Whilst some were severely punished in chains, others enjoyed much liberty, as boatmen and servants. They were provided with full rations of meat, bread, and rice, but no vegetables, and no attempts to rear them. There were no utensils allowed for cooking or eating, no time to cook, and no fuel; but they cooked and eat how, when, and where they could. The clothing was more expensive than need be, but still it was shocking to see their state of nakedness. There was no regular overseer, no schoolmaster, no minister of religion, nor religious instruction of any kind, beyond reading the Church service and a sermon on Sunday, in English, by the commandant, and the like in Dutch, without a sermon, by a convict. There was a hospital and a medical officer, but no proper medicines, and no medical comforts beyond what the commandant supplied from the hand of charity. £25 a year was allowed for materials for shoes, without regard to the number of men, which at the time this refers to was one hundred and eighty-three. There was no record of punishments, except they were severe, no code of regulations, and no account kept of the revenue derivable from their industry until 1843.

Of those employed under the civil commissioners in the country, numbers of them filled various offices, which to us seems rather strange; they were hewers of wood and carriers of water, cooks, hospital attendants, shepherds, mail contractors, travelling servants, assistant turnkeys, and sometimes in charge of public buildings, containing the public money; scavengers and destroyers of dogs, assistants at public executions and corporal punishments, whilst a few, probably by the way of contrast, worked in chains in repairing the approaches to towns and villages. All were but little removed from a state of perfect freedom, and were dreaded in their neighbourhood as pilferers and thieves; and finding the profession a profitable one, they frequently procured recommital, and compelled the court to shorten sentence to defeat their schemes. Instruction, cleanliness, order, sobriety, industry, and even common decency, were wholly unthought of and uncared for. And of those who were most actively and profitably employed, it is considered that one fifth of their labour was lost from mismanagement.

Such was briefly some of the most striking features of the plan previous to 1844. The new plan then introduced, our notice of which must be brief, consisted in embodying the convicts in gangs of one hundred each, subsequently increased to two hundred, for the construction of roads through mountain passes and other difficult parts of the colony. They were officered by a governor, called superintendent, and a staff of subordinate overseers, with an armed civil guard, and a visiting medical officer; and when the gangs were increased to two hundred, a chaplain as religious instructor and a resident medical officer were permanently provided,—the duty of religious instructor having been in the first instance discharged by the superintendent. The whole were under the surveillance of a visiting magistrate. The rules exacted such an amount of labour from the convict as health and physical strength would permit, imposed privation of every luxury and indulgence, and unauthorized intercourse with friends; gave due attention to personal cleanliness, salubrity of places of confinement, and of food and clothing, and restrained conversation, and allowed no convict to have authority over another.

Such was the part which regulated labour and health. In its reformatory branch there were three classes. The sentence awarded, being considered a tolerably correct measure of the degree of guilt, fixed the convict in a particular class; those above seven years being placed in the lowest class; those under seven, and not less than three years, in the intermediate class; and those less than three, in the highest class. One sixth of the sentence was spent without pardon or mitigation in any form. If this period was passed with conduct uniformly good, it admitted the convict to a higher class. No promotion or degradation to or from a class could take place but by the determination of the Governor, who decided wholly from the reports made by the superintendents.

The privileges of the second class were a hope of pardon or commutation of sentence, founded on conduct and character, the being eligible to pass the higher class without any fixed period of service, relief from the more irksome parts of labour—setting apart, at the option of the convict, certain specified hours assigned to labour, to instruction, and moral training, in addition to the ordinary school exercise; and the enjoyment of better associates. The highest class entailed the privileges of the second class in an enlarged degree, the privileges also of a man working at his trade as far as the wants of the prison required; but a greater privilege than all the others was, giving him an interest in his labours, by lodging in the savings bank a portion of its value, which,

with the accumulated interest, was paid to him on the completion of sentence, either at once or by instalments at the direction of the Governor; and, lastly, the privilege of employment as a free labourer at certain road stations where the means of moral instruction was provided. Particular provision is made for the regulation of punishment, and for the visiting magistrate and medical officer visiting the works and reporting on the conduct of the officers or men, or on their prison, or food, or clothing, in such a way as the reformatory nature of the establishment may require them to do in their respective capacities.

Such is briefly an outline of the principal features of the system up to 1854, when a new code of regulations was introduced, but based principally on the old. Few changes were made; it confirmed the maximum strength at two hundred, and the permanent appointment of a medical officer and a chaplain; introduced a more minute inspection by the visiting magistrate, and appointed a clerk and issuer of stores, and it also adopted a new mode of classifying crime. For the first, second, and third class there was substituted a penal, a probationary, and a good-conduct-ticket class, the time of penal servitude being as before; one sixth of the sentence of good conduct insured promotion to the second class, two fifths of sentence in which, with good conduct, insured entrance into the good-conduct-ticket class. This class insured to the convict relief from imprisonment and the convict dress, placed him on the road with the liberty and wages of a free labourer, from which his cost of support and clothing was deducted, and the balance placed to his account in the savings bank. In 1856 an important change took place in the machinery; a Superintendent-General and office staff was appointed, and thus it was formed into a separate department under the Colonial Secretary as its head, to whom all reports were directed; this form it retains at present, and from the commencement of this period annual reports and statistics have been published.

The excellent direction given to our convict labour in road-making has so much raised its character that there is danger of our beginning to consider it as essential to this particular form of progressive improvement. Districts now, instead of dreading its baneful presence, are keeping up a sort of servile war for its possession. No stronger proof could be adduced of the goodness of the system, when compared with the past—but likely to lead to erroneous conclusions injurious to further improvement in penal reform, and to the development and rights of free labour, and, therefore, to

society at large. It is to illustrate this, in comparing it with other systems and with the wants of society, which is the principal aim of this essay.

When we say that the debasing variety of prison life bears upon it the characteristic marks of the form of society from which it has sprung, and a knowledge of which is essential in the application of an industrial training, we utter a truth which is exhibited in many forms; but in an overstocked labour market, which presents such difficulties of amalgamation after discharge, the principle of variety and care in industrial training has been but slowly admitted. It seems an outrage on moral and social rights, and sound political economy, to raise up in the criminals of society, and at the public expense too, rivals in the field of labour to the hard-working industrious man, struggling to rear a family and maintain a respectable position in society. This consideration, however important it may be in the old country, has no weight among us. Our broad hill slopes lie untilled for want of labourers and for want of artisans to fabricate the implements of tillage. The almost incredible exertions in road-making for the last eighteen years have met, to a very great extent, the requirements of society in this particular form, and has witnessed the introduction and growth of a new generation with wants and views more diversified; and although desirable and important that road-making should go on vigorously, it must be subservient to the general progress of the country, and by the exertions of free labour.

If we look but slightly into the statistics of our convict system, we shall find that the barbaric element in its various sections is to the civilized nearly as seven to one; and it is to the reform of this large and important element that the working of the system should be principally directed. We shall probably conclude that the result of the school education in this barbaric element does not range very high; recourse to a few figures will confirm us in this opinion. Of 284 men of this class discharged from Winterhoek, Knysna, Seven Weeks' Poort, and the Kowie, during 1860,—the latest and therefore the most favourable period on which to sit in judgment,—there were: Totally ignorant, 70; know their alphabet, 65; spell, 82; read imperfectly, 24; read tolerably, 10; read well, 33; cannot write, 266; write, 18; simple rules of arithmetic, 9. Now, this scholastic display, considering the elements on which it has operated, is by no means bad, and highly creditable to the Convict department, when we consider that almost all, when they first joined, were in a state of heathen barbarism. But if we reflect a

little on its characteristic features we shall not be inclined to value it highly as a means of future good, nor to regard its possession of much importance for future usefulness. Seventy are totally ignorant, and the next four heads, containing one hundred and eighty-one, have not reached such a point of skill as to make a further pursuit of the subject at all profitable or agreeable without such an amount of labour as the position of a barbarian slightly inducted into civilization by means not the most congenial seems totally to deny; and, therefore, likely to be abandoned when the power that forced it is withdrawn. Of the thirty-three that read well, eighteen that write, and nine that know the simple rules of arithmetic, we have a faint hope of better things; but even among these, when surrounded by the frowning atmosphere of tribal barbarism, unable to appreciate this kind of knowledge and regarding its associations with an indiscriminating hostility, the return of prisoners to their tribes will be hailed as an escape from violence and injustice, the recollections of which will retain their power over the mind only in a feeling of intense hostility; still this kind of knowledge will be softening and humanizing when disassociated from barbarism, but not in itself particularly useful, or sufficient to assist the man. He wants something more tangible.

The predominant feature of barbarism in our criminal population, though denying us the right to hope for much benefit to arise from the imperfect acquirements of the lowest rudiments of a school education, and the still more imperfect acquirements of a knowledge of Christianity, left to their operation as isolated principles of knowledge on the conduct of every-day life, has negative features that render it more hopeful. It is debased, ignorant, and savage, but it is not the debased ignorance, systematic brutality, or complicated villany of civilized barbarism, the hard and callous indifference and opposition arising from the systematic perversion of right principles. This it is entirely free from, and has reached the unhappy goal, in many instances, by the violation of laws of which it had at best but an imperfect knowledge, by breaches of a social compact and a moral code which it did not understand, in which it did not participate, and with which it could have no sympathy; and which, according to tribal jurisprudence and morals, is no breach at all, but may by custom have grown commendable, and into a legitimate source of profit, essential to respectability and position in society. Such a class of criminals are by no means sunk to a level of moral degradation with the professed criminals of civilization; nor, when they return to society,

will there be any difficulties of amalgamating, but they are likely to be received with open arms and with congratulations, as martyrs for nationality.

Civilization has come upon this unfortunate race with a crush greater than that of the Roman, the Saxon, and the Dane in the old country, and it should insure to the fallen something practically useful, as well as those higher and sublime truths which a gracious God has given to all mankind, the genius of which is pre-eminently free; but which, from the imperfect state of knowledge acquired in penal servitude, it is feared, are but little understood, and present to the mind of the possessor no very strong feature of use, of beauty, or desire. Far be it from us to argue or to admit that the school teaching and the Christian teaching should be for a moment slackened or remitted, but their insufficiency of themselves to effect all the good required is what we complain of. Christian civilization, after having forced the barbarian from his home to give place to a new race of possessors, and to the spread of knowledge and Gospel truth, should have something better to communicate than bondage and stagnation, the stagnation that leads to death: and if that which it has to communicate is but penal servitude, it ought with it to impart the elements of civilization and usefulness,—of industry and improvement, more varied in its character and higher in its aim than can be imparted in the monotonous labour of road-making.

Our criminal population is becoming every year a more extensive and important element in society. It has reached a maximum of increase of two hundred per cent. since its penal organization in 1844, and this increase is mainly owing to an influx of untaught heathenism, requiring a varied character of industry, carried on for such a length of time as to insure a measure of skill sufficient to meet the wants of our isolated country farms, or the native border tribes, and thus it may be made auxiliary to the great end of civilization. But this varied industry the monotonous and limited character of the operations in road-making can never supply. In a community not raised above a pastoral character, but struggling into the agricultural state, where drainage and farming are almost unknown, where a supply of virgin soil is so abundant that manuring and good tillage is scarcely felt as a necessity, the knowledge of labour acquired in road-making will be very little in request. The men may be good excavators, capital miners and blasters of rocks, and skilful at rubble-work, clever at forming and draining the foundation of a road, and perfect in the minutiae of skill

required in finishing the surface. All this is very beneficial to the public so long as they remain convicts, but of little use to them as free men; not sufficiently in request by the wants of society to enable the man to live, and it will therefore be better given over to the professional predilections of the navvies, whilst the erratic habits of the natives within and without the colony qualify them for forming another link in the chain of colonial progress, of equal importance with, and more neglected and difficult to supply than that of road-making. Under the plan we are in favour of, road-making would still form a part of the prisoner's education, and more hopeful than at present, for, under the present system, if the man has been taught to think (one of the great ends of reform), the hopeful reflections in which we may suppose him to indulge on the near prospect of release cannot but be dashed with a degree of sorrow and of doubtings, amounting almost to despair, at the good intentions and wisdom of society, when he finds that all the better and more hopeful parts of the only form of industry which he has been taught are monopolized solely for the use of criminals, in violation of the rights of free labour.

If we look at the wants of the country at large, in regard to its labour supply, and the very large proportion that criminal labour bears to that supply, as a whole, we shall not fail more and more to recognize the importance of our principle. The civilized habits of European immigrants lead to concentration in towns, as the form of society which constitutes their usefulness and strength; but this concentration can never meet the wants of our isolated farms. Unless it takes an itinerating form of labour, which is really to destroy it, or to fritter away half its usefulness, it can only supply a want in the neighbourhood of towns. And it is here that we may find the usefulness and strength of that substratum of society, combining so many mixtures of race, often sunk into the lowest and most degrading state of wretchedness in the midst of surrounding plenty; where our cornucopia is overflowing with oil and wine, where our fields are bright with crops of yellow grain, and our hills studded with droves of full-fed cattle and white with flocks of sheep,—they are to be found frequently dwelling under bushes and in rocks and caves of the earth, and whose pilfering habits often find a comparative resting-place in penal servitude. It is to this class of men, as well as to those of barbaric border tribes, that an industrial education, embracing such mechanical arts as are in request in that particular phase of civilization which our communities occupy, should be

strenuously applied; and if we can convert them into mechanics of even a low degree of skill, we have raised them very much above barbarism; and, if this acquirement is properly used, we have placed them above poverty and the necessity of thieving or begging, have given them a capital which will make them esteemed for their usefulness, and from their itinerating habits they have a particular adaptation for filling a void in colonial industry scarcely to be filled by any other means.

Our remarks apply to the native element only. The Europeans are a different class, and ought to be subject to a special mode of discipline. The social habits of barbarism are so revolting in their character that compulsory contact forms a large measure of punishment, and if barbarism and civilization are to be associated and sleep in contiguous berths, it ought to be known that this is a part of the suffering which penal servitude in the public works entails, and which the judge has the power to inflict. The objections are greater on moral grounds, but they lie mostly the other way. It is injurious in all respects to bring the mistaken criminals of barbarism and the systematic criminals of civilization into continuous contact; or even the sailor committed for a short time for a breach of the maritime laws, who, having nothing to gain or lose, takes revenge on his race by a wanton indulgence in every kind of capricious and malignant temper and passions.

Our convict system, to meet the requirements of society, must bear the character of a penal training school of industry, varied in its character to meet the wants of society after the criminal is liberated, a matter which is really of more importance to us than the return for his labour whilst in imprisonment, with such subdivisions as will enable it to assume as much of a penal character as the nature of its crime may require to assert the supremacy of the law. The elements are workable and teachable. Crime in a large number will be found to be an unspeakable misfortune,—ignorance of the requirements of the law and of the relation they are expected to hold towards the absorbing and overwhelming elements of civilization with which they are brought into compulsory contact, rather than of complicated and systematic vice; their future progress will be rendered more clear and free from aggression, and their position improved by putting them in possession of a capital which society within the colony and the border tribes very much require the use of. The possession of industrial power will enable a man to feel that its exercise is more profitable than idleness, and add

to his importance. The variety of work opened up to us by the Table Bay Breakwater, in connection with roads, facilitates the operation by the extension of the field of labour; *it* must be the school of industry for penal reform, and road-making the intermediate stage, in lieu of the present good-conduct-ticket class as preliminary to discharge. The number of criminals have reached a maximum strength of from eleven hundred to twelve hundred, and although they have now fallen much below this, they can hardly be expected to continue at a minimum strength for any length of time. Five hundred or even six hundred under penal industrial training at the Harbour Works would still leave two hundred or three hundred men for roads, in a probationary position. The training should be so far industrial that as a rule no man should find a mitigation of sentence, whatever may be his conduct otherwise, who had not acquired such a character for industry as would afford a reasonable prospect of his supporting himself on release without having recourse to thieving or begging. Only so much solitary confinement should be used as is necessary to reduce the prisoner's untamed, aggressive, and marauding spirit to the teachable, workable point. But let this reduction be done by work, not by idleness. Do not seek submissiveness by physical prostration and suffering, and the destruction of health, and by this means plant the germ of valitudinarian pauperism in subduing the criminal; health is of too much importance to be tampered with,—the prisoner is wanted for work; and we hardly know a worse purpose to which a working man can be put than to shut him up in a state of idleness in a prison, particularly in a community where his services are so much required. In the probationary period on roads, the prisoner would be placed in the position and subject to the rules and privileges now in force for the good-conduct-ticket class, and the increased extent of the parties would afford the means of efficient supervision, training, and care, which the present want of means denies to the isolated unsettled handful of men located for this purpose.

If we had, or could have, pursued a plan similar to this for the last eighteen years, and had only succeeded in making ten per cent. of the number of criminals that have passed through penal servitude in that time useful mechanics or agricultural labourers fit for distribution among the isolated country farms and the border tribes, we cannot overrate its importance to the colony. The cost of that number of immigrants in the tangible money form presented to us year by year would by no means represent its value, because immigrants are not suited to meet our wants in this

particular way; it has a moral and social value appertaining solely to a race that is fast passing away, the want of which would be to us a grievous want, not to be supplied by European labour, except by a degenerating process,—whilst among the border tribes, as one means of preparing the way for a further reception of civilization, its beneficial effects would have been very great. A man who has learnt a craft or mechanic art, even in a very low degree, is far removed from barbarism. If he has learned to weld two pieces of iron together, or to fabricate or repair an implement fit for the purposes of agriculture, or a piece of furniture, no matter how rude it may be, he has taken his stand among the civilizers of his race. But civilization is a slow process, not merely one of years, but of generations; and if we intend to turn the border tribes to the best purpose, it will not be as domestic servants; their marauding habits will only submit to this so long as want and famine compel them, and they will leave us with a strong sense of their own importance and of our wants. Training them in the more practical and useful parts of mechanical knowledge is what they and we require,—to qualify them for becoming the pioneers of progress, opening the minds of their countrymen to the reception of greater truths, and forming the vanguard of civilization to the *terra incognita* of this continent. We would not wish to overrate penal servitude, but from the number of natives that find a compulsory home there we cannot overlook it as a means to this end without injury.

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## THE WORKS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE year 1857, pregnant with national disaster, witnessed also the removal from amongst us of the brightest of our English wits. In the month of June, all that remained of Douglas Jerrold was borne to his last resting-place by the friendly arms of his country's choicest writers; and, amidst the mourning of the sympathetic crowd which stood around, his dust was committed to the dust from which it sprang.

His loss is one not soon to be repaired in this practical age. We possess humorists and satirists of no mean rank, even as compared with those of past ages, who charm us with the expression of their genial spirit, or silence us by the truth of their representations,—and we are thankful for them; but a genuine wit, a real flashing joker, an impromptu creative genius is rare; and whilst such an one is dearly to be trea-

sured when found, so he is most deeply to be regretted when lost.

While, then, we for a short time ask the reader's attention to a sketch of Jerrold and his writings, we must leave the extracted passages to unfold much of their own inherent beauty and power. We can only trim the lamp which is to illuminate his pages: the light must spring from the pages themselves.

It is strange how much clearer the writings of an author appear when the history of his own life is unveiled before the eye of the reader. When we inspect a historical picture, we may admire the accuracy of the painting, and the life-like character of the forms portrayed, and our imagination may seek to divine the persons of the individual portraits, and the reasons for the grouping; but let a key to the painting be placed in our hands, and a new light dawns upon us. We see living, acting characters before us, we observe the meaning of their several positions; and our satisfaction at this intelligent inspection is only marred by feelings of wonder that what was at once so obvious and true should not have instantly suggested itself to our minds.

No one who has read "*Jane Eyre*" since the publication of the life of its gifted authoress can have failed to experience a similar feeling of satisfaction; and now that death has laid his hand upon Jerrold, and we for a moment are permitted, through the communications of his friends, to gaze upon part of his inner life, we feel that we, too, possess a talisman, without which our former perusals of his writings were comparatively fruitless. His infancy, passed in the atmosphere of footlights, accounts for the dramatic air of all his writings; his youth at sea is apparent in the unsurpassed delineation of nautical scenes; his struggling maturity is visible in every page.

Douglas William Jerrold was born in London on the 3rd January, 1803. He was early removed to Sheerness, where his father was engaged as manager of the theatre; thus a theatrical taste may be said to have been his birthright. But his thoughts were in early youth turned into a different channel. The country was resounding with the tales of heroism which marked the progress of the French war; and, as frigate after frigate was built and manned, and sent forth in all pomp and pride from the docks near the town of his home, the mind of the boy became partaker in the popular passion. He entered the navy as a midshipman, under Captain Austen (the brother of the novelist). He did not long continue in this mode of life; as he himself

tells us, "the cockpit of a man-of-war was, at thirteen, exchanged for the struggle of London." Between this period and his twentieth year his intellectual growth must have been immense. We are told that at nine years of age he could scarcely read; nevertheless, after a few months of his settlement in London, as assistant in a printer's office, he began in earnest to contribute to the cheap magazines and the newspapers. He devoted night, and as much of the day as he could honestly save from his employment, to the acquisition of knowledge; and, self-taught, he is said to have mastered many languages, ancient and modern. But his great lesson-book was Shakspeare, whose works, it is said, he knew by heart. Upon such solid foundation and out of such sterling materials did he proceed to erect his literary repository. What wonder, then, that this building should have withstood the blasts and buffets by which it has been assailed! Before the age of twenty he had written a play, which made the fortunes of two managers; and from this time his position as a writer was determined.

In entering upon a short examination of his works, we must ever in our journey bear in mind the form in which most of them appeared. Excepting his plays, we are not aware that Jerrold ever presented to the literary world a full-grown offspring. His compositions were made up of numerous instalments, admirably joined together it is true, yet sometimes showing the joint. The writer of a serial always labours under a disadvantage, unless his work be completed before the first portion appears. Jerrold wrote from month to month, and as his method was thus disjointed, his writings occasionally bear the same aspect. What he might have done for literature had he patiently elaborated a consecutive tale is not a question for our determination; we are concerned about what he did, not about what he might have done. Every man has his mode of writing, and Jerrold's, from necessity often we fear, was to write in "serials." Yet, tried in this severe fire, he was not found wanting: each part presented is, in fact, a whole: and when the parts are united by the common law, the whole is perfect. We shall consider him as the teacher, the novelist, and the dramatist. On the last, which, in effect, includes the other two, reclines his fame.

The series of papers called "Men of Character" originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. At that time the pages of that serial were plenteously supplied with the genial wit of Wilson in the "Noctes," the stirring interest and thrilling incidents contained in the narratives of the

"Diary of a late Physician" (albeit of a morbid nature), and the sweet melodies of "Delta." Amongst such competitors for public applause, Jerrold's sketches fell; nevertheless, it was not long ere they were recognized as unique. Those persons who would be troubled to read with their understandings soon found matter in his columns which, although presented in an unpretending form, was big with truthful meaning.

"Job Pippins," the barber "who couldn't help it," how ludicrous his adventures! First winning his way into the confidence of Sir Scipio Mannikin, and "reaping new laurels with his beard, as his hand swept softly as the sweet south along the stubbled chin," and then promoted to dress Lady Scipio's hair, wantonly stealing an embrace from her ladyship, sitting below him and his powder puffs. Enter Sir Scipio. Here is an opportunity for a grand effect:

"Imagine, most imaginative reader, a woman, young and lovely starting at some loathsome thing—say a boar at once: her arms flung up, her lips wide apart, her eyes full of horror, her bosom indrawn by a loud, loud shriek, about to come! Such is Lady Scipio. Next behold a very comely young man at her feet, his hands clasped and shaking, his jaw dropped, his eyelids down, and his knees grinding the floor, in the desperate hope of falling through. Such is Job Pippins. Now, attentive reader, look to the right, and you will see at the door a portly gentleman of fifty—his face generally a lightish purple, now a tolerable black. Such is the knight—such is the outraged spouse.

"One eye, and only a part of the nose, of the footman are visible between the arm of Sir Scipio and the doorpost. Though but fragments, they speak volumes."

"The Knight," after being extricated from the unpleasant embrace of a huge pair of antlers which, in the excitement of raising a stick with intent to do Job some grievous bodily harm, he has brought tumbling down upon him,

"With his clothes in very strips, fell into what was called his easy chair. Pippins, with unheard-of stupidity, for he had not taken to his heels, dropped upon his knees, and the spectators, their ears opening like hungry oysters, formed in a ring. Sir Scipio seemed for a moment to borrow the orbs of his man of business; and, heavily turning his knightly head, as though a weight had newly fallen there, he looked with very green eyes at his crimsoned wife, dyed that hue with fear, with agitation for her spouse. And then the knight turning to Job Pippins, and lifting up a forefinger——. Had Sir Scipio been the spirit of ague, his forefinger the little wand with which he shook the bones of nations, Job had not trembled more violently as he looked upon it. People may judge somewhat of his emotion when we state that the three shillings and sixpence in his left waistcoat pocket jingled audibly. The man himself might have acted hypocritically, but who can doubt the feeling declared through gold and silver?

"And Job trembled, and his voice rattled in his throat; and at length, shaking with compunction, yet sharpened to a scream by the intensity

of its penitence, it cried, 'I—I—I couldn't help it.' And Job Pippins could *not* help it."

Although infinitely weaker as a sketch, yet more pointed in its avowed moral, is the "History of Christopher Snub, the man who was born to be hanged." The scamp of his birth-place, so black that all other boys were as white as snow, he early began with the "stocks." Taken there on a false charge he arrives at the conclusion, after mature deliberation, "that character is like a Sunday hat, which wears longer with some people, though they don't take more care of it, than with others." Tempted from custody, indirectly by the promise of a goose for supper, and directly by the friendly offices of the wandering gipsy, who, with ready skill, unloosens the bolts which confine him, unawares he enters into the society of a party of thieves. In the act of commencing his meal off stolen ducks he finds himself again in the hands of justice. Having thus brought his hero into the power of the law, an opportunity is afforded to the author of inveighing against the principles which that law expounds. Like most men who labour under the disadvantage of a defective education, and who affect to discourse upon a jurisprudence of which they are ignorant, finding the law imperfect in some details, as all human laws must be, he proceeds to make it ridiculous. This tendency in his writings we cannot pass over; and when better writers than he have fallen into the same error from the same cause, it is no great wonder to find him treading the same footpath, although it must ever be a matter of regret.

We gladly, however, pass away into a more congenial and cheerful atmosphere in our journey; the most beautiful scenery must often be approached by a rough and stony road.

Of the "Caudle Lectures" how shall we speak? Who does not remember the shop-fronts filled with endless delineations of the happy pair, and the glazed cards of all sizes and colours? Caudle, always in a gigantic nightcap, coiled up and shrinking under the clothes; his attentive spouse perched high upon the pillow in a state of utter wakefulness.

*Punch*, ever lively and amusing, was never so funny as when its weekly number bore a fruit from Jerrold's vine. From its establishment as a periodical down to his latest writing hour, Jerrold continued to be its faithful contributor. But of all his pieces no series of papers maintained so long and unwearying a reign as the "Curtain Lectures." The daily *Times* was not more eagerly looked for than the weekly "Caudle." Let us take a glimpse at some of these discourses.

Mr. Caudle has been spending the evening at his club, and

comes home a little late. Mrs. Caudle has been sitting up for him.

"Upon my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it is a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minnte. *Why did I sit up then?* Because I chose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me then?* That's quite a different matter; you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? No, Caudle, it's no such thing.—I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it—and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long (and it will soon come to that, sir, no doubt), still I'll never go to bed—so don't think it. . . . Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married. . . . Going and staying out, and—What! *You'll have a key?* Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle—I'm not going to bed with the door on the latch for you or the best man breathing. *You won't have a latch,—you'll have a Chubb's lock?* Will you?—I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say?—*You'll have the lock put on to-morrow?* Well, try it, that's all I say, Caudle—try it! I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is, try it!"

Or shall we listen to the jealous breathings on the evening of the day whereon Mr. Caudle, whilst walking with his wife, has been bowed to by a younger and prettier woman?

"It's mighty fine; I never can go out with you (and goodness knows it's seldom enough) without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts—a set of bold minxes! *What am I raving about?* Oh, you know very well—very well indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife. Don't tell me it's Miss Prettyman. Oh! *you've met her once or twice at her brother's house!* I always thought there was something tempting about that house, and now I know it all—a bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh too, when she nodded to you! . . . *A good, amiable young creature, indeed!* Yes, I dare say—very amiable, no doubt.—Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court-plaster about her face. *You didn't see 'em?* Very likely—but I did. What do you say?—*I made her blush at my ill-manners?* I should like to have seen her blush.—'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to come through all that paint. . . . I know what colour is—and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, I once had a complexion, though of course you have quite forgotten that. I think I once had a colour, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and the Rose—but what are you laughing at? I see nothing to laugh at. But as I say—anybody before your own wife."

Passing over several weeks of exertitions, and especially that eventful night when Caudle persists in reading "Paradise Lost," and refuses to put out the candle, notwithstanding the taunts of his wife—"a nice book to read in bed, and a very respectable person who wrote it. *What do I know of him?* Much more than you think. A very pretty fellow, with his six wives! *What! he hadn't six—had only three?* That's nothing to do with it; but of course you'll take his

part. Poor women! a nice time they had with him, I dare say. Do you hear me, Mr. Caudle? Won't you answer? Where are you? *In the Garden of Eden*, are you? Then you've no business there at this time of night"—we bring the reader to the discourse delivered when Mrs. Caudle, suspecting that Mr. Caudle has made his will, is "only anxious as a wife" to know its provisions:

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not: I shall not be alive, Mr. Caudle, to want anything. No, Mr. Caudle, I shan't survive you; and though I know it's weak of me to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again. No—never.

"But I'm glad you agree with me, that the man who'll tie up his widow not to marry again is a mean man. It makes me happy that you've that confidence in me to say that. *You never said it?* That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it! No; when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been to him; and how, after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money as long as she keeps a widow, why she's aggravated to take another husband. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, that you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you; still mark my words, and don't provoke me with a will of that sort, or I'd do it: as I'm a living woman in this bed to-night, I'd do it."

But, little as Mrs. Caudle meant it when she said "I shan't survive you," she was, like other mortals, destined to wear thin shoes and take cold thereby. So she passes off the stage before him. How exquisitely touching her farewell words on departing:

"And after all we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault if we've ever had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating—nobody can help their tempers always, especially men; still we've been very happy, haven't we, Caudle?"

And Caudle, in his manly grief, moved beyond measure, wipes his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief, and puts out the matrimonial candle for ever.

The principles to be deduced from the writings which we have hitherto been discussing lie chiefly beneath the outward covering which encloses them. The reader who would taste the kernel must bestir himself to crack the shell. More direct in their teaching are the "Letters" addressed by Mr. Punch "to his Son."

The "Son" is naturally anxious to have his course in life prescribed for him. Listen to his sagacious parent's advice:

"Be nothing, my beloved child. Consider what a thing is a bricfiess

barrister—a spider without an inch of web! What would be your fate, if you go into the army, at seventy? Why, the pair of colours, and, if you have served in India, a face of orange-peel and piece of liver no bigger than your thumb. Glory, my boy, is a beautiful thing at Astley's Theatre. If you have military yearnings, take your shilling's worth of it. The curate, alas! poor man! has been to college, and is a gentleman. Thus, by virtue of his gentility, he must not soil his orthodox hands with vulgar task-work. He must be satisfied with daily bread in its very literalness, nor dare to hope the luxury of butter. Be nothing. Nothing, when a successful nothing, is the Nabob of the World."

But, although the father thus cautiously warns his offspring from the shoals of a professional life, he does not wish him to be an ignorant nothing. Even a "nobody" must read, and, as every respectable individual in this society of our's must shave, if even but his chin, he proceeds to show how a fair amount of learning may be acquired—by shaving. We commend his hint to those aspiring youths who have just been examined touching their knowledge of the great lawyer's works:

"My son, you shave once a day. Well, purchase a cheap copy of Blackstone's 'Commentaries on the Laws of England.' Tear off a leaf and whilst you are stropping your razor, carefully read it. This is so much time saved, and by this daily practice you will, in due season, digest the whole of the Commentaries. I know a Lord Chancellor who happily blessed with a very stubborn beard, lathered himself at least thrice every morning; on each occasion getting by heart three leaves of legal wisdom. I have known him declare that as a lawyer, he was confident he owed all his prosperity in life to 'close shaving.'"

We can find nothing finer than this in the whole body of his writings; in fact, among his didactic pieces, we are inclined to yield the palm to these "Letters." Abounding in the brightest flashes of wit, fresh from his fertile brain, they at the same time contain so much of sagacious thought and kindly feeling. They also are rich in illustration. Few writers have been more happy in the art of developing their meaning by a pertinent story. Jerrold's wit was eminently allegorical. One example will suffice. Professing to enjoin the necessity of hypocrisy, he tells the story of the lemon merchant—strangely explanatory, as has been publicly pointed out, of much of the writer's professional career. Jerrold complains, in one of his prefaces, that, whatever the fare which he lays upon the public table, some persons will be pleased to pronounce it "bitter." May not the reason be found in this allegory?

"There was in a certain city a man who sold lemons. From boyhood until forty, he had dealt in no other fruit; and with those who needed lemons his stock was in good request. Throughout the city he was known by no other title than The Lemon Merchant. At length, but how it came to pass I know not, lemons ceased to be in demand. . . . Want, starvation, threatened our lemon merchant. It was plain the

fashion had turned from lemons, and had set in for nothing but oranges. Selling all that he had in the world, he invested in a box of magnificent oranges; they were the finest in the market. Since the oranges that wooed the lip of Eve in Paradise, there never had been such oranges. It was a grand holiday when, for the first time, our henceforth orange merchant, took his customary stand at the steps of the Church of Saint Angelica. His eye twinkled, and his heart swelled with honest pride, as he looked at the passengers who thronged by him, and then again looked at the golden fruit piled in his basket at his foot. It was very strange, but although all the orange dealers about him sold their stock in a trice, no one, albeit seeking oranges, offered to buy the fruit of him. At last the man took heart, and cried to the people as they passed, 'Oranges! sweet, sweet oranges! Buy my oranges!'

"'Oranges, fellow,' cried the passengers, 'what impudence is this? Isn't it clear that their isn't an orange in your basket? isn't it certain that you deal in nothing but lemons?'

"It was in vain for the man to bawl 'oranges' for there was no one who heard him who did not laugh and sneer, and answer, 'Pooh, pooh, lemons!'

"My dear son, once get a reputation (as you have done with Alderman Bilberry) for the acidity of truth, and though your lips shall distil honey, the world will not believe in the sweetness. Offer what oranges you will, the world will repay the offering with the cry of 'Lemons.'"

From the time when Jerrold dropped his first contribution to the world of letters—"a criticism on an opera"—into the box of a newspaper editor, and suffered the burning alternations of hope and fear which ever accompany such a daring act, down to the last hour of his life, he knew well the crosses which an unknown man of letters has to undergo—the exciting labour of composition—the confident pride at the achievement—the light step, almost run, to the door of the publisher—the frigid reception and return of the manuscript—the lingering journey home; and, when at length promoted to the dignity of a "hack writer," the wondrous fruit expected at all times to spring from the squeezing of the brain—to order. All these features of the author's life Jerrold knew from his own experience; and deeper than fiction are the letters, an extract from which will serve as a specimen of "Punch's Complete Letter-writer." A publisher writes to an author:

"Upon my word, this is too bad! We have been standing for copy two days! Really too bad! It does appear to me very strange that gentlemen authors are the only sort of people with whom there is nothing like regularity. It is never so with other tradesmen. If I want a coat or a pair of boots by a certain day, the tailor, the bootmaker, never disappoints me, and yet men who write *will* take such liberties."

How affecting, and we feel how true, the author's reply:

"Dear Sir,—With this you have the last of my writings, thank Heaven! It is very true that I have not the punctuality of either your tailor or your bootmaker, but then I am punished for my iniquity,

for neither have I anything like their banker's account. It is very true that for the last fortnight I have had a certain sickness of the brain from, I believe, over-work. It is, perhaps, possible that even one of your horses, if made to carry double, might require the repose of the stable. Not that I would think of comparing my brain to the horse-flesh which calls you master. Indeed, an author may be likened to an elephant, seeing he frequently has to carry a house upon his back, filled with a numerous family. You are pleased to say I have a great deal of meat upon me. I can only say, in answer, that it shall be my especial care that for the future, none of the said meat shall be transferred into your mutton chops. With this determination, I remain, &c."

Our space compels us to leave, with a passing notice, the rest of his purely didactic writings—the satisfying feast to be obtained from "*Cakes and Ale*,"—the intensely national "*Sketches of the English*,"—the quaint "*Chronicles of Clovernook*," and with a few words upon his general functions as a teacher, we pass on.

He combines the liveliness of the companion with the profundity of a pedagogue; cheerful, and yet stern; bitter, yet also sweet; most tender and pitiful towards the sorrows of the poor and weak, and justly severe at the selfish neglect of the rich and strong. If he reminds the latter at times somewhat too closely of their duties, it should be remembered that as one of the "*people*," his sympathies were ever most lively in their cause, for he partook of their sufferings. A teacher, at whose feet all may sit and gather some fresh information, it was more especially the people's mind which he instructed, the people's heart which he touched.

Different as is the talent which can jot down snatches such as we have hitherto mentioned from that which can elaborate a consecutive narrative, our author was as great a master in the one as in the other. Of his powers as a novelist we now proceed to speak. From the three tales which appear in his works—"The Story of a Feather," "*The Man made of Money*," and "*St. Giles and St. James*,"—we select the last as a specimen of his powers, because it excels the rest by far in the skilful development of the characters, the touches of quiet description, and the interest which its subject naturally awakens.

"*St. Giles and St. James*" originally appeared in "*Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*." As it progressed, no small dissatisfaction was expressed by the critical world at what it was pleased to call the "*spirit*" of the book, and strong opinions were passed as to the unhealthiness of its tone. None can dislike or deprecate more than ourselves all works, whether of fiction or otherwise, which tend to widen the space which separates class from class. Surely the line of demarcation is distinct enough already, spite of the noble efforts of

some men—aye, and women—to wipe it out; and he is a pitiable object, not to say a plague spot upon the face of society, who tries to widen the breach or increase the yawning gulf by inflaming misstatements. To such criticisms Jerrold was not an inattentive listener, and now in his preface to the new edition of this work he throws himself with confidence “upon the country,” as to their truth. Obedient to his wish, we have subjected the tale to a “new and dispassionate perusal.”

His subject was a good one. St. Giles, the neglected child of sin; St. James, the noble born. The one spoiled, caressed, fondled: the other reared under the gentle tuition of Tom Blast, a notorious thief. The one at seven years of age knowing no world save one full of battledores and humming-tops; the other, at the same time of life, thinking it “prime” fun to go and see Bill Filstee hanged.

St. James is taken to the play; as he is lifted into the carriage at the close, his hat falls off—one minute in the gutter, another in a small boy’s hands, who vanishes down the street. Then follows a smart pursuit and capture of the thief—it is St. Giles. And now brought to the bar of justice for the first time, all unabashed, he waits his trial. Thanks, however, to the timely interference of Bright Jem (his adopted father), and honest Capstick (the muffin-maker), the little heart of St. James is moved, and no charge is made against him. Discharged, St. Giles hurries from Bow-street, free as air:

Jem and Capstick followed him into the street. The muffin-maker, seizing him, roared, “You little rascal, what do you say for your escape?” “Say?” answered young St. Giles, “why, I know’d it was all gammon—I kow’d they could prove nothin’ agin me.”

We have mentioned Bright Jem. We must stop and pay our homage to his honest worth. Kitty, the palace kitchen-maid, comes in to tea, bringing her usual parcel, pilfered from the palace store. She is about to consign some of the treason to the tea pot, when Bright Jem snatches up the vessel,—

“Much obliged to you Kitty, all the same; I don’t make my bowels a place for stolen goods, I can tell you.” “Stolen goods, Mr. Aniseed,” cried Kitty, “why, it was only taken!” Jem, inexorable, shook his head. “Well, you are a strange man, and have such strange words for things.” “No, Kitty,” answered Jem, “it’s having the right words for things which makes ’em strange to you.”

Leaving the tale to run its course, we pass on to St. Giles’ second great offence. Accident places him in the street where St. James alights from his horse to make a call. He offers to hold the animal, and his offer is accepted. He

does not think of theft until, in an evil moment, Tom Blast, his old instructor, turns the corner of the street, and sees his pupil thus employed. At first the boy turns a deaf ear to his suggestions, and having taken a short walk with Blast, returns with his charge. But St. James is not ready to mount. Oh! St. James, did you but know the workings in this lad's mind, you would come out and mount, and thus save him from sin. But no, the master does not appear. The time when honesty had for a short space held sway over his mind is gone, and the second walk is to the horsedealer's, and yet another short walk to Newgate—guilty—death!

Frequent as are the author's bursts of wit, there is a wonderful mass of solemn and kindly thought under the mask of the joker. Bright Jem and Capstick are once more on their errand of mercy. It is a Sabbath morning—fit morning for such an errand! As they walk, the Church bells pour around their gladsome peal.

“ ‘There's something beautiful in the church bells, don't you think so, Jem?’ asked Capstick in a subdued tone. ‘Beautiful and hopeful. They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice. Yes, Jem, there's a whole sermon in the very sound of them, if we have only the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every belfry, Jem, that cries, Poor, weary, struggling, fidgeting creatures—poor human things! take rest—be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings. And, you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colours, ye are the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come! cries the church bell, and learn to be humble. Come, Dives, come! and be taught that all your glory as you wear it is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus.’ ”

To return: the mission of the two good men is blessed, and once more St. Giles is saved, and again St. James is his saviour. The prisoner at last is touched with a feeling of gratitude; the heart which hitherto had resisted every appeal from the chaplain, in its sullen determination to be “game” to the end, now melts at the proclamation of mercy; no longer do words of prayer seem uncongenial to his spirit, but, falling upon his knees, the tears streaming from his eyes, “he cries in broken accents to the ordinary, ‘Pray with me, pray for me,’ and the ordinary knelt and rendered up humble and hearty thanks for the mercy of the king.” St. Giles is transported to Botany Bay.

Meanwhile, St. James rides easily along the high road of life, but not without his troubles. His early love is sold to an aged purchaser—Ebenezer Snipeton. Clarissa gives him her hand, but not her heart; and drawn by the strong attachment which she bears to St. James, she watches for an opportunity

to release herself from the chain of her oppressor. In a moment of depression she reveals this determination to her housekeeper, Mrs. Welton, of whose history she is ignorant, but whose jealous care for her had often been cause for wonder. To warn her from the step she is about to take, the attendant cites her own tale of woe in a passage unequalled as a specimen of condensed dramatic power:

"It is a brief tale; and I will tell you. I knew a maid, sold like yourself—sold is the word—in lawful wedlock. The man who purchased her was good and honourable. He would not, in his daily bargains, have wronged his neighbour of a doit. An upright, a most punctual man. And yet he took a wife without a heart. He loved the hollow thing, that, like a speaking image, vowed in the face of God to do that she knew she never could fulfil—to love and honour him. . . . He would look in his wife's face—would meet her cold, obedient eyes—and sometimes wonder when a heart would grow within her. . . . And so they lived for three long years together; the chain of wedlock growing heavier with every heavy day. She became a mother. Even that new woman's life—that sudden knowledge that opens in the heart an unimagined font of love—failed to harmonize her soul with him who was her child's father. I will hurry to the close. She left him; worse, she left her child. That silver link, that precious bond that should have held her even to scorn, unkindness, misery—with sacrilegious hand she broke. She left her husband for one who should have been her husband. For a few months she lived a mockery of happiness. A year or two passed, and then her lover left her. It was then, indeed, she felt the mother. The look, the voice of childhood—with all its sweetness, all its music—was to her as an accusing angel, that frowned and told her of her fall."

"And she never saw her child?" asked Clarissa.

"For years she knew not where to seek it. At length, accident discovered to her the place of its abode. And then the babe had become almost a woman."

"And then the mother sought her?"

"No; her husband still lived; she did not dare attempt it. Her child!—unknown she watched her; and like a thief stole glances of the precious creature of her blood—her only comfort and her worst reproach. The girl became a wife; her father died; and then—"

"And then?" repeated Clarissa, as the woman paused in the fulness of her emotion.

"And then the mother dared not reveal herself. As servant she entered her daughter's house, that, all unknown, she might feed her daily life with looking at her.' The woman paused; and, with imploring anguish, looked in the face of Clarissa. That look told all. Clarissa, with a scream, leapt to her feet and hung on her mother's neck.

"Be warned—be warned!" cried the woman; and, like a dead thing, she sank in a chair."

The mother's appeal was not in vain, and for a time Clarissa strives to conquer her unlawful wishes. Under her tuition she learns patience; she strives to learn how to speak the word "husband." Listen to this healthy teaching, touching this same word "husband:"

"Oh, yes, Clarissa. Make that name the music of your life! Think

it a charm that, when pronounced, makes all earth's evils less—doubling its blessings. A word that brings with it a sense of joy ; a strength, a faith in human existence. A word that may clothe beggary itself with content, and make a hut a temple. You may still pronounce it. Oh, never, never may you know what agony it is to forego that word. The living makes it a blessing ; the dead sanctifies and hallows it.”

At length St. Giles returns to his native land, escaped from prison. Lying one night upon a country road, a horseman in passing, pities and relieves him. It was St. James. That night the latter is waylaid and well-nigh murdered. St. Giles is arrested on the charge, but no one appearing against him, he is merely committed to prison as a vagabond. There a stranger calls upon him, and offering him a place in his service, urges upon him to lead an honest life. He gives the grateful outcast his card, and leaves. A glance at the name inscribed thereon discloses to him that of St. James—twice before his saviour ; and now, filled with hope, the convict pursues his way to London. Surely the dawn of honest liberty is come ; once in those crowded streets, he will pass unheeded. His first day in the metropolis destroys his hopes ; he meets Blast, his early preceptor in crime—the real horse-stealer—who recognizes his old pupil, and ever afterwards dogs his steps.

Meanwhile, St. James, yielding to temptation, is party to a plot to carry off Clarissa. St. Giles, his servant, is employed in the enterprise. Blast, ever at his heels, divines the scheme, and quick guides Snipeton to the house whither his wife had been conveyed. St. James, repentant of the scheme, and anxious to make atonement by restoring her unsullied to her lord, already has his hand upon the door of the room where he hears she is confined, full of virtuous resolution, when from out a hidden corner, Snipeton springs upon his prey. St. James, unwarned, receives him on his sword. He falls while blindly firing in the direction of his assailant. His informer, Blast, upon the staircase, receives the charge ; when, maddened with the pain, he openly discloses St. Giles' guilt, and the whole terminates with St. James, the homicide, and St. Giles, the escaped convict, as companions in the county gaol. The trials come on—St. James is acquitted, St. Giles condemned ; but Blast's dying confession to the chaplain of the latter's innocence in the original offence, coupled with St. James' influence again used for good, procures for him a pardon. Thus the story ends, the narrator merely noting the happy marriages of both the heroes.

And now the reader asks for the moral. If there be any special moral at all—for there are many in the book—it may amount to this—“How much St. James in his brocade may

profitably learn of St. Giles in his tatters!" It aims at no higher point than this; and this it, in the main, attains. No jealous jurist, now-a-days, can cavil at the chapter upon the king's drop, and the fifteen candidates thereon, charged with theft. Our goddess of justice has long since shaken herself free from such pollution. The wily apothecary, the ostentatious attorney, Bright Jem—a rich waif from the annals of the poor, are they not all living characters? As such we are thankful for their portraits, animating and warning us, and if a bright gleam be thrown upon the poor side of the alley, shall we begrudge it, provided the rich side be left in no unnatural darkness? Difficult as it is to give the true nobility of both within the compass of a tale—tempting as is the delineation of the depravity of the "wicked lord," and the angelic purity of the cottager in his humble home—we think Jerrold has here steered clear of both these quicksands, on which so many "people's" authors have made shipwreck, or touching on them, have, with sudden effort, escaped before destruction overwhelmed them. Thus we gladly acquit him of making Hog-lane the treasury of all the virtues to the moral sacking of May Fair.

We now approach the porch of the temple which contains his fame. All Jerrold's writings are summed up in his plays—they form the central force, about which the best revolve. To keep up this force, he gathered from every corner of his brain. Here we behold his didactic power combined with the richest flow of his imagination—the kindest, most touching thoughtfulness, the raciest comedy, the intensest incidents, all united, and the result—the rarest plays of modern time.

One of our most comic delineators with pen and pencil playfully ascribes his turn of mind to the fact that his first breath was all but drawn in one of the boxes of Convent Garden Theatre. If Jerrold was not born in a theatre, his infancy was passed in its closest neighbourhood. It may be truly affirmed that the first music which fell upon his baby ears was the tuning of the instruments in the Sheerness Orchestra. Nature and necessity—two useful twins—found him an apt scholar; the former opening his intellect to receive its impressions, the latter constraining him to retain and embody them for his own future benefit. As he has himself said, he was a man before most children have laid down their primers.

But, although reared in the artificial atmosphere of a playhouse, he did not omit to breathe the pure air of heaven. If at night he was introduced to the actor on the wooden stage, by day he did not pass unobservant amongst the abodes of the

poor; and hearing of and witnessing their trials, how could he fail to observe their most trying time, the "Rent-day."

"[MARTIN HEYWOOD sits desponding in his cottage home. RACHEL and their children, with his brother TOBY, crowd around him comforting him].

"Enter CRUMBS, the collector.

"Crums. This is a disagreeable business.

"Toby. I should know that by your looking so pleased.

"Crums. I want my due.

"Toby. You'll have it some day. I wish the law allowed me to give it you now.

"Crums (to Martin). You owe a twelvemonth's rent; and instead of money, you give blustering words. Rent-day passes lightly with you.

"Martin. Lightly! Farmer, as I am a man I have lived a whole year in torment. Day has been all misery to me, and bed no bed. Still, as rent-day would come, I have lain awake whole nights, and every night was more dreadful than the last. There appeared a something hanging over me, about me—heavy and stifling it seemed—and my blood would run hot and cold—and so I've lain and watched, and prayed the daylight in. The next night was worse, for it brought the time still nearer. And when at last the rent-day came, and I without one groat, I've crossed yon door, not with an English farmer's tread, but with a thief's pace crawling to the gallows. This is to pass the rent-day lightly!

"Crums. Why not give up the farm? For my part I can't see why one house shouldn't be as good as another.

"Martin. Likely you cannot. But I have crawled a little child upon this floor—the very doorstep is worn with my feet. I have seen my mother—father died here! I—I tell you here I first saw the light, and here I'll close my eyes.

"Enter BULLFROG and BURLY.

"Crums (to Bullfrog and Burly). You know your duties [Exit.

"Bullfrog. Business is business (taking inventory). One bedstead—

"Martin. Let me come at them.

"Toby. Nay, nay, brother.

"Rachel. Husband!

"Children. Father!

"Martin. Rachel! my poor babes! Take all—take all! (Sinks into a chair.)

"Bullfrog. One bedstead—one table—

"Neighbours. Shame, shame.

"Toby. Bloodsuckers!

"Bullfrog. One toasting-fork—one bird-cage—one baby's rattle—

"Martin. God help us! God help us!"

In the course of the seizure, a purse of money is found (the legacy of Martin's grandfather), and his grandson is once more free. Meanwhile, Grantley, the owner of the land, the employer of Crums, comes down *incog.* to watch his agent's work, suspecting some oppression. Rachel, overhearing a plot to rob his house, and him of life, reveals it, and the drama ends with the downfall of Crums and the restitution of Martin to his home and happiness.

"Martin (to Grantley). I have now, sir, to ask your pardon. Can you excuse the passion of an oppressed—

"*Grant.* Nay, it is I who have to ask forgiveness of you and of all my tenants, that I have suffered them to be the victims of a mercenary agent. I will henceforth reside on my lands, and, by my future care, endeavour to remedy the injuries committed by my servant. The farm has, I believe, been in your family for sixty years: may it remain so while the country stands. To-morrow shall give you a freeholder's right to it.

"*Neighbours.* Huzza! huzza!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR WODEHOUSE.

WE are assured that each and all of our readers will be gratified by the portrait of his Excellency Governor Wodehouse which graces the pages of the present number of the Magazine, and will agree with us in pronouncing the photograph to be an excellent one.

When, two years ago, we presented our subscribers with the portrait of Sir George Grey, it was accompanied by a brief memoir of his life. Indeed, the task was comparatively an easy one, for long and familiar acquaintance with the man and his work enabled us to sketch in rapid succession and with accurate fidelity the most noteworthy events of his public career. So with the notices of others,—less illustrious, indeed, but better known in our community,—whose position and past history seemed to mark them out for a conspicuous place in our portrait gallery.

With, regard, however, to our new Governor, so little interest has been taken by Cape colonists in those parts of the world where he has earned honour and experience, that it should not very much surprise his Excellency to discover amongst us many who will watch his acts with equal curiosity and anxiety. In many respects it may be an advantage to any one placed in so responsible a position to bring with him the *prestige* attaching to past services; but we frequently find that from many who have successfully steered the ship of state through political and financial dangers, too much is expected; and consequently, under circumstances less intricate, and involving fewer interests, failures and shortcomings are judged with a severity proportionate to the exaggerated anticipations of an unreflecting public.

It is better, on the whole, far better, that we should have a ruler comparatively unknown to us; who has been unidentified with our interests, commercial or political; who will feel that in the Cape he is on untried ground, where he will

be judged on his own merits alone. He will then feel that "To follow right, because right is right, is wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

It would be impertinent in us to appear even to dictate to his Excellency the mode by which he may become a good Governor and a popular man. We have every confidence in his tact and taste. Nor do we think for one moment that the political horizon is so clouded as to induce any fear that extraordinary complications of native affairs will demand an unusual exercise of sagacity. We hope and trust that the Governor is the herald of the ten years of plenty, and that when he leaves us he may be as much regretted as he was cordially welcomed, and that he may take with him the good wishes of every grateful colonist, and the approbation of every honest man.

Apologizing to his Excellency himself, and also to our readers, for the very curt commentary which alone we are enabled to give upon the subject of our portrait, we would state, to use a diplomatic phrase, for "general information," that Philip Edmond Wodehouse is the eldest son of the late Edmund Wodehouse, of Sennow Lodge, in Norfolk, of which county he was for many years M.P., and in which the family have been resident for centuries. The Governor's father was the eldest son of Thomas, the third son of Sir Armine Wodehouse, the fifth Baronet of that house.

This family traces its descent to a very remote period in English history, one of its ancestors having been knighted by Henry I. The crest and supporters now borne by his descendants were won by John Wodehouse in 1415, at the celebrated battle of Agincourt, and were granted as the reward of his valour by Henry V.

Born at Norwich on the 27th February, 1811, he entered the civil service in the colony of Ceylon in March, 1829, and after filling the principal offices, including those of Auditor-General, Treasurer-General, and Colonial Secretary with distinction; he was, in the beginning of 1851, appointed by Earl Grey to be superintendent of the settlement of British Honduras. All those who are familiar with the history of Central America, and the treatment offered by more than one republic to Great Britain in connection with her claims, will at once understand that such a post could only have been offered to one in whom great faith was reposed. We are therefore prepared to find that the office of Governor of British Guiana was bestowed on him by the Duke of Newcastle, in 1853, as a mark of the appreciation of the services which he had rendered to the nation.

We gather from those who have enjoyed the honour of the Governor's personal acquaintance, and from others who derive their knowledge of his private worth and public virtues from documents already published, that he has been deservedly esteemed wherever he has represented his country.

In the Cape of Good Hope, many opportunities will be afforded him of showing himself a wise statesman, a sound financier, and a profound diplomatist. The harvest truly is plenteous; work in abundance there is to do.

His Excellency, after a very superficial study of colonial character, will speedily be familiarized with our peculiarities. With a light touch, but a firm hand, he may guide us whither he will; and it is our unfeigned desire that, with our prosperity, may grow his popularity, and that the efforts which he makes for our advancement may, in attaining their end, conduce to the elevation of his own position among those who have, by strengthening the hands of the mother country, and by consolidating the foundations upon which colonial commerce has been raised, proved themselves apostles of the truest civilization, and exponents of the most single-minded patriotism.

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## SONNET.

### HEAVEN'S HEIGHT.

O Heaven, how high thou art! how low am I!  
 As one who, roaming 'neath the jewelled night,  
 Fixeth on some bright star his captive sight,  
 Most strangely fascinated, by-and-by  
 Turning again to earth, which seems to lie  
 In deeper darkness, doth perceive with pain  
 His aspirations impotent and vain;  
 So when my spirit's gaze is fixed on high,  
 And Heaven's exceeding glory I behold,  
 Of some fair virtue I enamoured grow;  
 Then come the world's temptations manifold,  
 And I my newly plighted troth forego.  
 Worm that I am, alas! of earthly mould,  
 Bright Heaven is still on high, I still do grovel low.

C. L.

THE  
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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E L S D A L E .
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CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT a gloomy, almost awful solemnity there is about a broad river in the darkness of night! At sea, even in the murkiest midnight, there is always life and motion, and phosphorescent brightness beneath the heaving bows of the ship. There is a pleasant freshness in the air laden with sea salts, which speaks of a wide horizon, which quickens the blood, and braces the nerves, and exhilarates the spirits. Afloat on a river, when no moon is up to cast her witchery over the scene, the accessories and associations are of a character calculated to create only dejection and gloomy foreboding. The scene so fair at sunset becomes invested with a certain nameless horror in the dark. The black waveless water seems to be of unknown depth as it sweeps past in broad unbroken volume, or swirls in dark treacherous eddies. The stream sighs along the sedgy banks, and laps in broken sobs against the boat, and sends up a dark, earthy, deathlike steam from the sodden shore. The senses are strained to a painful degree of tension. The eye in vain seeks to penetrate the surrounding gloom, through which the objects so familiar by daylight loom dim and huge. Mysterious sounds are echoed faintly from a distance. Strange weird voices, sighs like the last gurgling breath of a drowning man, mocking whispers and gibbering laughter, seem to reach the straining ear out of the darkness.

The excited imagination of Maurice Johnstone was keenly alive to impressions of this nature, and even Warren's steady nerves were not quite proof against them, as they pursued their search for the body of Henry Thornton.

Inaction became unendurable; and Johnstone, taking the torch from the man who held it, assumed to himself the task of examining by its light the water's edge beneath the overhanging banks, as the boat moved slowly forward. The eager excitement of the search was intense; but it was almost a

relief to find even this occupation for the overwrought mind and strained faculties. His sight soon became better accustomed to the flickering light cast by the torch, and he caused the boat to be rowed more quickly, feeling that time might be of the last importance. He saw the black hollow bank with the dark water lapping at the base, and the green grass on the summit lit up by the gleam of the torch as he raised it on high above his head. He saw the brown rat hurry along the well-worn gallery to his stronghold, and stare from the entrance with bright bead-like eyes upon the unaccustomed light. Once, in rounding a little projecting headland, he saw the grey form of an otter slide into the water, and dive beneath the boat, while the light glanced upon the silvery scales of a half-eaten springer that lay upon the bank. But no sign, as yet, of the ghastly object of their search.

Then they entered a little cove, the shores of which were strewn with driftwood: trunks and branches torn from the forest by the winter storms and torrents, and floated down the flooded river.

"This would be the most likely place," said one of the men in a low voice.

Warren shook his head. "The likeliest place to find him," he said, in the same hushed voice; "but not to find him alive. Any man who was washed under that driftwood would have but a poor chance of getting out again. But we must search it very carefully along the edge."

The oars were shipped, and the men passed the boat slowly along, holding on to the pieces of drift, and peering anxiously into the gloom. It was a weird and ghastly place. A sort of charnel-house of nature. The air was close and heavy with the dark steam of decay. The torch made a little circle of unsteady light, round which the darkness closed in thick and heavy as the folds of a curtain of black velvet. Overhead the light streamed upwards on a vaulting of dense far-reaching boughs of trees that grew to the very water's edge, and fattened in the black tenacious ooze. Below, it flashed feebly and fitfully [upon] fantastic forms, the tangled wreck of gigantic trunks and limbs. Some lay black and slimy with the perpetual wash of water, like alligators, or huge hydras slowly unwreathing their monstrous coils. Some reared uncouth and threatening heads, from which the bleached sea-grass streamed in horrid clf-locks. The water moaned and sobbed among the drift as if wailing for the dead. Not a word was spoken; scarcely a breath was heard. Slowly, silently the boat was drawn forward, each man with sight and hearing strained to the

utmost; now turning his head to catch some sound out of the darkness so like a choking human breath that it seemed as if what they sought were within a few yards of them; now holding on for a moment to make sure that the object dimly revealed by the torchlight were not indeed a hand, or an arm, or a waving mass of hair. Johnstone sat in the bow leaning over, with torch held high above his head; and Warren, kneeling beside him, shaded the light from his eyes with his hands, and eagerly scanned the edge of the mass of driftwood. Suddenly, with a rushing sound, the torch was struck out of Johnstone's hand into the water; and a peal of eldritch laughter rung out in the darkness above their heads—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

There was not a man among them whose heart did not beat thick and fast—whose blood was not for a moment chilled with superstitious horror.

"In Heaven's name, what was that?" exclaimed Johnstone, whose excited and overstrung nerves were very susceptible of such a shock.

Nobody replied for a few seconds. Muttered ejaculations in Dutch and English were heard among the men. Then there broke out again above their heads the rushing flapping sounds, and the fiendish peal of laughter was echoed back from one unearthly voice to another—Ha! Ha! Ha Ha! Ha!

The sounds had not died away before Warren sent back an answering peal.

"The rascals!" he said. "They gave me a regular fright! You know what it is, Tom?"

Tom growled out the imprecation by which he was accustomed to express anger, pleasure, surprise, or any other affection of the mind to which he was liable.

"Why, a' course I knows. It's them *hadadas* as have took to roosting here again."

And Warren explained to Johnstone that the *hadada* was a large bird of the ibis tribe, so called from its loud and peculiar cry. "They used to roost about here two years ago, but Tom and I made their night's quarters uncomfortable to them, and so they took themselves off. They must have come back again, and when we disturbed them they naturally flew towards the light."

The sound again repeated, at a greater distance, confirmed Warren's account, so far as Johnstone was concerned; but it was plain that the coloured men were too much frightened to continue the search. Search would have been vain, however, without a light; and their only torch had been rendered useless, even if it could have been found. Warren's order

to pull out into the middle of the stream was obeyed with an alacrity which evinced the readiness of the rowers to escape from the scene of their fright.

"Do you know whereabouts we are?" asked Johnstone, after they had pulled some distance down the stream.

"Oh, yes. It is all plain enough now. We shall have the moon up before long. Can't you make it out for yourself? Look across now at those trees against the light sky. That is the landmark I pointed out to you this afternoon. We are now on the drift, and there must be over four feet of water on the bank now, though the tide has turned about an hour ago. I never saw the water so high with a neap tide. The rains in the mountains have filled the river; the flood tide dams all the water back for two or three hours, and when it begins to turn it runs out like a mill-race."

"Then you suppose that it must have happened in one of the holes you pointed out to me?"

"I should say that the most likely thing to have happened was this. He must have got to the drift when the water was high, and the night closed in. It was past seven when I crossed, and the drift was getting deep then, and that must have been before he came up. Nobody that did not know it would have ventured across. But he was very bold, poor fellow; and it was not a little matter that turned him back. And so I suppose he determined to risk it. In fact, his horse could have waded across without swimming, so long as the stream was dammed back. But I think he must have got a little out of his track in the dark, and his horse stepped over the edge of the hole, which is very steep. The sudden fall would pitch him forward, if he was trying to keep his legs out of the water, and the horse would throw up his head in trying to recover himself, and he might be stunned by the blow. That is how I should say it happened."

There was a long silence, during which the boat was rapidly approaching a group with lights, who were searching the shore below the ford. Johnstone was dwelling in imagination upon Henry Thornton's sudden and untimely end. He pictured to himself his fine, brave, warm-hearted, though self-willed friend, alone in the darkness, struggling against his terrible fate. Within a step almost of land, and that land his own—his home—yet perishing without a human eye to see him, without a hand to help him, without an ear to catch his despairing cry! It was very terrible, his being cut off thus swiftly in the very flower of his days. And by such a death! Sinking, stunned and bewildered, beneath the dark cold water; the treacherous eddies closing over his head, blinding

sight, stopping hearing, choking breath, yielding deceitful to the desperate clutch! It was dreadful to think of!

Warren leaned towards him and said in a low voice, which he alone could hear,

"What cuts me is this—that he risked the drift because he would not go to my house. If we had been good friends he would have come to me and waited until morning; and this would not have happened. It's a bitter thing, Johnstone, to think that we shall never meet again in this world, and that we parted for the last time in anger."

Johnstone made no reply. His quicker perception had outstripped Warren's more simple apprehension, and in the terrible blow which had fallen upon his friends he saw only another link in the chain which he himself had forged. Had Warren and Thornton had no quarrel, Thornton would not have risked the drift, and would be still alive; and Warren and Thornton would not have quarrelled had not he himself yielded to a blind and wicked infatuation. His mind was, no doubt, in a morbid state—his nerves unstrung, and his imagination distempered—but dwelling upon the circumstances which had led up to this fatal end he began to regard himself as, through his fault and folly, the murderer of his friend!

They ran the boat alongside the little jetty at the mouth of the Els River, where a group was already assembled, and stepped on shore. A few eager inquiries on both sides, answered by brief, sad negatives, told that the search on shore had been as unsuccessful as that with the boat. The news had spread, and the greater portion of the male population of Eastbourne seemed to be scattered along the river's bank, while the dark outlines of several boats could be discerned on the water. One of these drew near the shore, and a figure standing up in it flashed a light upon the group from a policeman's bull's-eye lantern.

"A sad thing, gentlemen!" said a voice, which Johnstone recognized as Mr. Hadley's. "I'm afraid it's too late to be of much use now."

"I fear you are right," Warren answered. "At any rate, we can do no good until the tide has ebbed, and the moon is up. But with such a stream as there is now I doubt whether we shall find him on this side of Assegai Point."

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" was Mr. Hadley's reply in a low voice. He had always liked and admired Thornton. Indeed, there seemed to be none present who did not feel his death as a personal calamity. It is always thus in the face of a heavy affliction. The petty strifes and jealousies of

our common life fade and die out, and leave only the pure light and warmth that belongs to our better nature. All Thornton's faults were forgotten. His harshness and swagger, and overbearing manner were all lost sight of in the vivid remembrance of his manly frankness and freehanded liberality.

"Warren," said Johnstone, taking his friend's arm, and leading him a little apart from the crowd; "Warren, it must be your task to break this terrible news to Mrs. Thornton."

Warren evidently shrunk from it. "I am not at all the sort of person—" he began; but Johnstone stopped him.

"There is no man with a kinder or more sympathizing heart than yourself. No man can take a deeper interest in Mrs. Thornton than yourself, or could discharge such a duty with greater tact and gentleness. I left word with her that I would let her know if I had anything to communicate. You must go and see her."

"But, Johnstone, remember, he forbid me his house only the very last time I saw him!"

"Death cancels all obligations of that sort. You will go to discharge a solemn duty in behalf of the dead; even if there were not reasons which point you out as the fittest person to undertake this duty."

"Johnstone, we have been so much engaged with more important matters this evening, that I have had neither time nor inclination to speak of my own affairs. But it is right you should know that all that we spoke of is at an end. I can have nothing in common with Thornton's family.

"Is it even so?" said Johnstone, pressing his friend's arm with kindly meaning. "Have you assured yourself of this?"

"Yes, it is all over," Warren answered sadly.

They walked slowly and in silence a little further. Then Johnstone said, "It may seem to you—nay, I fear it is gross selfishness in me; but I must again press your going to Elsdale. Both of us, I am sure, would wish to save her any needless pain. Both of us would wish to soften, so far as may be, this heavy affliction to her. One of us two ought to go to her. And Warren," he said, stopping and speaking with earnest determination, "I cannot, I will not go. I dare not trust myself with her in her distress. You know all; ask yourself, ought I to go?"

Warren stood silent for a few moments. "I suppose it must be so," he said at last, with the reluctant tone of a man who yields to what there is no escaping from. "But it is a task for which I have the greatest possible disinclination.

And I will only do it on one condition: that you go back to the Knoll as soon as you can get across the river, and go to bed. I shall be having you laid up again."

Jonstone readily gave his consent; for the agitation and exertion of the last few hours had told severely upon his weakened frame, and promised to avail himself of the earliest opportunity of crossing the river; and Warren was just setting off to Elsdale when they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and the lamps from a covered cart suddenly swinging round the turn in the road flashed upon them. The cart was stopped abruptly, and the voice of Mr. Keane, the magistrate, was heard.

"Just the two men I wanted! Which of you knows anything about this business?"

"I suppose we both know as much as anybody else," answered Warren.

"Then come, one of you, with me to Elsdale, where I must make inquiries. I believe it's only a blunder. It's my opinion that Thornton was not with the horse at all. He broke away from the boy and galloped off, and swam the river on his way home. That's what it is, depend upon it. Come, jump up, we must not lose time!"

Warren was by his side in a moment, the prompt and energetic magistrate pursued his rapid course to Elsdale, and Johnstone was left alone.

He had no inclination to join the group which they had just left, and crossing the bridge he struck along a pathway which would bring him out upon the river at a point much higher up than where they were assembled, and above the fatal drift. The waning moon had now risen over the hills that shut in the Elsdale Valley towards the east, and flooded the landscape with a soft light; and the still closeness of the night was relieved by a cool fresh breath of air. A walk of little over a mile brought him to a point where the hills fell back from the river, and the pathway descended to a broad belt of grassy meadow that lay opposite to the slopes of the Knoll. Turning back again, down the course of the stream, he soon found himself beneath a rocky cliff, in front of which was a shallow shingly beach, and here he sat down upon a piece of rock near the water's edge, and began to think on the events of the night.

It was very still and silent where he sat, in the dark shadow of the cliff. The river flowed on before him with diminished volume; but still with great force and swiftness. Far off, down the stream, a distant shout rose now and then from some party searching the shore; and a torch or lantern

twinkled here and there. In front, beyond the river, rose the slopes of the Knoll; the white walls of the cottage glimmered in the moonlight, and a light shone in one window, just as Warren had left it when he hurried off at the alarm of an accident at the drift.

Poor Warren! So all his bright hopes for the future had faded away! No doubt he had seen Kate Thornton, and had learned his fate from her. He had been rejected, he supposed, in favour of Mr. Monro. And yet it seemed strange. There could be no comparison between the two men. Warren was such a noble, warm-hearted, single-minded fellow! Any woman might have been proud to be loved by him. Any woman might have been proud and happy to have bestowed the whole wealth of her heart's affections upon him! There must be something more in it than appeared upon the surface. Stop! Had her pride been aroused by her brother? She *was* proud, he knew. Had Henry Thornton worked upon her pride, and thus led to the rejection of Warren's suit? It might be so. But if it *were* so? Why, then, he saw himself again the cause—the indirect but prevailing cause of this fresh unhappiness! Why had Thornton and Warren quarrelled—why had Thornton interfered to mar Warren's hopes, but for that which had been the baneful source of so much misery! It was himself—his own fault and folly which lay at the root of it all! He had erred—nay, why call it by so smooth a phrase—he had sinned, and from that one prolific source flowed all this evil. Thornton dead, his wife a widow, Warren's hopes blighted—nothing but sorrow to those who were dearest to him; and all from his own weakness and folly, his own criminal infatuation! Where was it to stop? What fresh calamity was he to see spring from this grievous fault? “*Meâ culpâ, meâ culpâ,*” he groaned aloud. “Why was I brought here to be the means of drawing down so much unhappiness upon others, so much misery upon myself!”

His weakened nerves and his distempered imagination may have painted in too gloomy colours his own part in what had occurred; but no one who has been accustomed to trace events back to their cause will be disposed to deny altogether the general truth which was involved in his self-condemnation. The consequences of our acts flow outwards from ourselves, like the widening circles on the broken surface of still water; and we cannot say how far they may extend, or who may be included within the range of their influence. All that we do know is that those to whom we are linked by the closest bonds will be the first and the most powerfully affected.

From Warren his thoughts passed naturally to Thornton. That he was drowned he could not allow himself to entertain a doubt. He was in too despondent a mood to derive any hope or comfort from Mr. Keane's confident assertion that the alarm was groundless. Viewing the whole chain of circumstances as he did, it seemed too bright to be other than a delusive hope. No, he was drowned! There could be no doubt about it. Hark! there was a loud shout at a distance. Perhaps the body had been found. He shuddered as he thought of it. He knew how he would look. He had himself once found the body of a man of his own college who had gone down in his skiff to a distant and secluded part of the river, and had been drowned—nobody knew how. Quite a youngster he was. Only in his second term. He well remembered the blue congested face, the white sodden hands of the poor lad. So it was that Henry Thornton would look. How awfully sudden it all was! Henry Thornton dead—and his wife a widow!

It shot through him with a thrill that made him start from his seat.

His wife a widow!

He put the thought from him, and walked a few paces up and down: his veins throbbing with the new and powerful sensation. Again it came back to him—his wife a widow!

Then, if it were so, what he felt for her was no longer a sin. He might love her without blame. He might even hope.

The idea was overpowering. Once admitted, he could not force it from his mind. If Thornton were indeed dead, what might he not look forward to! *If* he were dead. But was it so? It seemed to be the conviction of all who were the most competent to pronounce an opinion. He had himself felt convinced of it but a few minutes since. Why should he entertain a doubt of it now? And yet he could not help doubting. Now that this new thought had possessed him, the question was invested with so deep a personal interest to him that he could not keep his mind from dwelling upon it. He could not keep his imagination from following up the train of thought which it had conjured up. A little way he followed it, lost in blissful reverie, and then the same doubt arose again in his mind, and threw a chilling shadow across the bright picture. He could not keep doubting whether Thornton were really drowned. Doubting! Good Heavens! he was beginning to *fear* that he was not!

"Has it come to this?" he said, half aloud. "Has coveting led me even to wish the death of another—and he the man I

called my friend!" He grew cold and shuddered as he caught a full glimpse of the awful moral precipice upon the brink of which he was standing.

He had fixed his eyes mechanically upon a dark spot at the water's edge from which the tide was gradually receding. Unconsciously, while his mind was occupied with the absorbing thoughts that had passed through it, he had watched this dark spot growing larger and more distinct, and assuming more and more of a defined outline. It had a sort of fascination for him; though he was not thinking of it, nor had he any definite ideas connected with it. But as he roused himself to consciousness of external objects, suddenly, as if it had but just then presented itself to his sight, the dark object took a form which made his whole frame creep with horror—that of a human body!

He did not move. He sat as if riveted to the rock: gazing at the object round which the water lapped and rippled. until it seemed to his dazzled sight as if the thing were moving—feebly struggling to crawl to the dry land.

What was it that whispered in his very inmost heart, that if there were a spark of life yet flickering there it must be extinct ere long—that his fate was in his own hands—that he had but to turn away and leave the place, to remove every cankering doubt, and secure what he longed for! What was it that so whispered to him? Johnstone paused not to ask himself whether the temptation came from without or from within; but he flung it from him, and with a rush and a bound was in a moment at the water's edge, and had seized the dark object to drag it to dry land.

It was only a log of driftwood. It had lain there soaking in the flood-tide of many months; and his hands slipped over its slimy surface as he tried to grasp it.

It was a relief to him to find that it was not what he sought; but he cared no longer to be alone. He walked quickly along the shore down the course of the river, and was glad to meet a party of three men searching the bank for what he just now thought that he had found. From them he learned that, so far as they were aware, the search had been unsuccessful.

At the drift he found Mr. Keane, who had returned from Elsdale. He had ascertained that his conjecture as to the horse having broken away from the boy, was refuted by the fact of Thornton's saddle-bags having been found on the saddle, soaked with water. There could be now no doubt that Thornton had been with his horse. Even then Mr. Keane would not give it up. The horse might have broken away from Thornton. It was soon to be decided.

The moonlight was glistening on the white tent of a wagon approaching the river from the other side. The whip sounds sharp and clear, and the driver's voice rings out in the still night air; the yokes clatter, the oxen snort as they splash into the cold water, and fill the chill air with a steam of fragrant breath; the leader appears slowly, barelegged, with his trousers tied round his neck, dragging at the riem. The thong whistles shrill, the wagon is brought up the bank with a run, the wheels and axles glistening and dripping with wet, and with a prolonged "A——h now," is halted at Mr. Keane's summons.

It is too true. Thornton had passed the driver where he had outspanned, waiting for the tide to fall. He had himself seen him, and bidden him good night. There could be no more hope!

CHAPTER XXX.

WARREN was too much dazzled by the glare of the lamps to notice that there were others in the cart besides Mr. Keane and himself. Nor did that active functionary allow him any leisure for dwelling upon other matters than that which lay immediately before them. Notwithstanding his own confident opinion that Thornton had not been drowned, he was too wise a man to refuse to hear all that might be urged on the other side, and he plied Warren with close and rapid questions, with a view to eliciting what he thought on the subject. Warren was, perhaps, the best authority he could have consulted. He lived in such immediate proximity to the river and the drift, and was so intimately acquainted with it in all its varying moods, that nobody was better qualified to give an opinion. He could not concur with Mr. Keane in his idea that the horse might have broken away from the boy. Had it been so, he said, the boy would never have let him go without following him. If he had not been able to catch him, he would at least have stuck to him as far as to the river; and if he was afraid to swim it, he would have gone to the Knoll, or have off-saddled under a bush by the river's side. And if it had been so, he would have turned up before this time.

With reference to the body not having been found, Warren, touching upon the subject with that kind of reverential delicacy of expression which belongs to a well-nurtured man, explained briefly to Mr. Keane what was his own impression. It was, as he had already told Maurice Johnstone, that in wading across the ford his horse had suddenly plunged over the steep edge of one of the deep holes between which

the pathway led, and in throwing up his head in an attempt to recover himself had struck his rider, who had been pitched forward while sitting with his legs drawn up out of the water. He had thus been stunned, and unable to recover himself, and so, he feared, had come by his death. This must have occurred while the tide was still flowing, and therefore he would have been carried up the stream towards the furthest point to which the tide reached. Anything floating in the river at the time the tide turned would be swept down the stream by the rush of water formed by the combination of river and tide; and there would be little chance of recovering it until low water.

The peculiar position in which he had stood with regard to Thornton, the sense of regret at the recollection that they had parted for the last time in anger, the thought of the painful duty which was still before him, all tended to create a sad feeling in Warren's heart, which expressed itself in the tone of voice in which he spoke.

"I fear it is too true," he concluded, "and I am very, very sorry for it. It is a loss which everybody must feel; for though he was not without faults, poor Thornton was a very fine fellow. And it really grieves me when I think of his poor wife and Miss Thornton.

Mr. Keane was rather a man of action than of sentiment. He dropped the point of his thong neatly upon the shoulder of the near-side horse,—one of Bob Ormerod's,—and brought him well up to his bit, as he assented that it "was a sad thing, very sad thing."

But, in the darkness of the cart behind him, Warren became conscious of the rustling of female garments, a choking sob or two, and then a voice, sad and broken, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Warren, is there no hope,—is there no hope?"

Warren felt the hot blood tingling through his veins, and glowing in his face. It was Kate Thornton's voice! But, oh, so changed from her usual firm, rather haughty expression,—so different from the tone in which he had last heard her speak! It was now plaintive and beseeching and timid, as if she half feared to address him, and yet was overpowered by anxiety for her brother. He could not have answered her, if his life had depended upon it. He felt angry and tender, and cold and hot all at once. She had used him shamefully, and yet he did feel for her in her sorrow. He had said farewell to her, and would never see her or speak to her again; but there was something very sweet and thrilling in hearing her speak as she had done. He was much relieved when Mrs. Tokers, who was the other occupant of the cart,

broke in with her genial and boisterous sympathy; and Mr. Keane, eager to get to business, swung round the sweep before the house, and pulled up in artistic style at the door.

The lamps flashed upon a white haggard face, lighted by wide eager glittering eyes, and backed by a profusion of black tresses all tangled and disordered in careless confusion; and as Warren stepped out of the cart, he felt his arm seized with a nervous grasp. It was Mrs. Thornton. One glance at her face told him that there was nothing left for him to break to her. In fact, as he learned afterwards, she had discovered from some of the servants what they feared; and their fears, as usual, had been exaggerated into facts, and the probable calamity heightened by every variety of detail that foolish terror could add to it. The violence and awful suddenness of the shock seemed to have paralysed her intellect. She did not weep. She said nothing. She only stared in a confused and helpless manner at those who addressed her, as if she did not hear, or could not understand. She had wandered about from room to room, sometimes going on to the stoep, sometimes to the porch, and listening, as if waiting for somebody. All this Warren learned afterwards by inquiry from the servants. But when he stepped out from the cart, he was only conscious of a white figure that seized his arm in a nervous grasp, and of a white face raised so as almost to touch his own, and a hollow, unnatural voice that asked—

“Where is he now?”

He gently disengaged her hand, and led her into the house. She went with him quite quietly, through the drawing-room to the library, where the lamp was burning dim, the windows unclosed, the room in disorder, with that air of unwonted neglect by which even the house and the dumb articles of furniture give token of a sudden calamity having befallen the inmates. She took a seat upon the couch to which he brought her, and again turned towards him that poor white face with its masses of dishevelled black hair, and the wide inquiring eyes, and asked in the same strange-sounding voice,

“Where do you think he is now?”

Warren's kind heart ached to see her thus. He had prepared himself for tears and bitter lamentations; and, little able though he was to bear the sight of a woman's grief, he could better have endured that than such a total overthrow and prostration as this. He tried to rouse her to consciousness; or at least to ascertain what she already knew, and to what extent her intellect was affected. He took her hand with an expression of deep sympathy, and looked into her eyes to mark what effect his words produced.

"I had hoped to have been the first to break this sad news to you," he said.

There was no change in her expression. The beautiful dark eyes retained only their look of wistful inquiry, mingled with something of bewilderment and helplessness very painful to behold.

"It was very kind of you," she answered, in a low voice, as if she regarded Warren's words as uttered only for her own ear; "it is very kind of you. You are always kind. Then you knew he was coming? Did he write to tell you? Where do you think he is now?"

Warren turned from her, sad and sickened at heart. Her sister and Mrs. Tokers entered the room, and he paused a moment to watch whether their presence made any change in her. She rose and kissed Kate, and shook hands with Mrs. Tokers. Every movement was natural, and she had a perfect recognition of them both; but the poor eyes never altered their expression. The brain had received a shock which had paralysed it.

"I am very glad you have come back to see him," she said to Kate. "I hope you will think him looking well."

Kate shuddered, and turned for explanation to Warren. He shook his head sadly, and made a motion with his hand to his forehead; and Kate, with a rapid eager glance, saw at once the real state of the case. Trouble upon trouble seemed gathering round the poor girl. She, like Warren, could have borne a more open and demonstrative display of grief. Had she been in her usual vigorous health and spirits, she might even have been disposed to regard that as only the natural mode in which a person of so little strength of character as her sister-in-law would give expression to her sorrow. But there was something in this tearless unconsciousness which smote her heart. As she looked at the white, gentle, expressionless face, and the wide, inquiring, soulless eyes, she felt how terribly heavy must have been the shock which had thus overthrown her intellect. Kate's heart was softened and her spirit broken by her own sorrows, and she was more keenly alive to the sufferings of her sister. A sense of remorse for many an ungentle and unsisterly word and act, of bitter regret that she had not contributed more to the brief happiness of the poor stricken being before her, began to weigh upon her mind. She had a warm, generous, affectionate disposition, only a little warped by pride and self-will; and these flaws in her character had been greatly softened by the silent suffering which she had gone through during the last few weeks. All the more kindly

impulses of her nature asserted their force as she looked with tearful eyes at the poor wreck before her; and she made a vow in the depths of her heart that from henceforth it should be her chief study to make amends for her past faults by devoting herself to the support and comfort of one who so urgently needed it. She sat down on the couch beside her, and, placing her arm round her in a caressing way, said: "My own dear Annie, we are sisters, are we not? We will always love each other, and be with each other!"

Mrs. Thornton responded to the embrace by nestling more closely to her sister's side.

"Oh yes, Katie dear, you shall always be with us, for I know you love him too. But, Katie," she said, looking up into her face, with the wistful look softening into one of earnest pleading, "Katie, dear, you will not take him away from me again, will you? You know he is mine, and he is everything to me. You must not take him away from me!"

A few weeks ago, such an entreaty would have conveyed scarce any meaning to Kate Thornton. She would have thought it silly, childish. Now, what a depth of significance it had for her! She had had her first experience of suffering during that period. Her previous life had been so easy, so happy, all around her had striven to contribute to her enjoyment, and she had looked for it as a sort of natural right. Then had come the sharp pang, when she believed that Reginald Warren was engaged to marry Miss Hadley. It had aroused her to a consciousness of the state of her own heart; and it was only by what she then suffered that she learned how deeply she loved him. Now she knew well enough the import of her sister's words. She had felt, in all its keenness, what it was to have another come between her and her love. No one ever guessed the agony she had endured in secret. Her pride enabled her to bear up in the presence of others. She would have scorned to confess her weakness, or even to let it be suspected. But many a time had she gone to her own room, with her heart aching and swelling as if it would burst, and there, stretched out on the bed or on the floor, or walking up and down with impatient steps, and hair unbound, the hot tears rolling down her flushed face, she would give vent to all the vehemence of her angry grief. It had been a sharp lesson, but a wholesome one. It had done her good. She had learned to subdue herself, and her heart had been softened to feel for the sorrows of others. Her sister's words recalled to her memory many a thoughtless act, and, worse still, many an intentional one, by which she had disparaged her, and usurped an undue influence

over her brother. She had been proud of this once. Proud that she had the power to do so, and proud that her sister should feel and acknowledge her superiority. It all came back to her, bitterly enough now. What would she not have given to recall all that, and make it never to have been! Too late for that now, but not too late to make such amends as were in her power. If she could not recall the past, at least she could make her watchful affection soften the future. She kissed her very tenderly, and said in a low voice,

“Nobody can take him from you now, dearest.”

“Oh no! I hope not. Nobody could be so cruel. I am sure you are not cruel, Katie, though I am sometimes a little afraid of you. And I think *he* will love me better when he knows how hard I have tried to be a good wife to him. Where do you think he is now?”

Mrs. Tokers, with the tears streaming down her honest face, here came forward, and, in her capacity of universal assistant and adviser in cases of illness and distress, assumed the command. Mrs. Thornton, she said, must now go bed; urging in reply to her gentle remonstrances, that she would not be fit to see Mr. Thornton when he came home, if she did not get some rest. Not being troubled with any scruples as to the unlawfulness of pious frauds, and making no doubt that the end amply justified the means, she continued to make use of this method of securing compliance with her directions. She talked to her as she would have done to a very young child, holding out before her the promise of Thornton's return, and talking to her of him in a way which made Kate's heart ache. Whether it were wisely and rightly done, or not, she could not bear to hear it, and slipped quietly out of the room; Mrs. Tokers having assured her that she would not leave the bedside until her return.

In the meantime, Mr. Keane had made all the inquiries which he considered necessary, and had learned, what the reader knows already, that Thornton's saddle-bags had been found on the saddle, and that the probability of his being drowned was greatly increased. He came to Warren in the drawing room, and communicated the result of his investigation.

“I think it is desirable,” he said, “that the bags should be examined in the presence of some of the family. It is not necessary for me to remain; you can do it, but the contents may throw some light upon this sad affair.”

He placed the bags in Warren's charge, and then drove off, to pursue his inquiries at the river-side. With what success we have already seen.

Warren was crossing the hall from the porch door, as Kate came slowly down the stairs, having left her sister with Mrs. Tokers. She looked tired and pale, and there was a dark ring round her eyes, which were sad and heavy. In reply to Warren's inquiry, she said that her sister was still in the same state; and then quite suddenly overcome by the many painful feelings which had crowded upon her so rapidly, poor Kate put her handkerchief to her face, leaned her head upon the banisters, and gave way to a passion of tears.

Warren felt greatly embarrassed. He had resolved to maintain a demeanour of the most reserved and distant coolness towards Miss Thornton; in which a proper dignity of bearing should be dashed by some tinge of hauteur. He had been especially careful to assume this tone when he addressed her, and very likely it was this alteration in his manner—for when the heart is over-charged, a single drop is enough to make it flow over—which finally broke down her resolution, and brought on the paroxysm of weeping which now convulsed her slender frame. What to do, he knew not. He could not stand by and see her cry; he had not the heart to walk away; he felt that he could not, after her recent treatment of him, and in their altered relation to each other, undertake the very delicate office of comforter. But he felt himself fast relenting towards her; he never could bear the sight of any woman in tears, but to see *her* in distress went to his very heart. His embarrassment was ended by Kate herself; who in a few minutes recovered her composure, dried her eyes, shook back the curls from her face, and moved towards the library.

"I was overcome by the recollection of all that has happened," she said. "And I suppose I am not quite well. I am better now."

Warren unbidden, went to the dining room, and brought her a glass of water as she lay back on a couch in the library. Kate was very grateful for the attention; and there was a touching tenderness in her tone as she thanked him. Warren was still cold and distant.

"There is one thing that ought to be done, Miss Thornton," he said, "though I fear you are tired, and must need rest."

Kate declared that she felt no need of repose, and was resolved not to retire until something definite were ascertained respecting the fate of her brother.

Warren went to the hall and brought in the saddle-bags. "Something may be learned from the contents of these," he said.

Poor Kate felt a shudder creep over her as she cast her eyes on the soaked and discoloured bags which had been actually with her brother in the fatal ford. They had been untouched since they had been taken from the horse, and were heavy with wet. Warren unbuckled the slippery straps and began to take out the contents.

There is something very sad in thus coming upon the last traces, as it were, of one who has gone. The mere routine duty of disposing of the little personal effects which are familiar to us as connected with one whom we knew in life is irksome, almost impossible to those to whom habit has not made it familiar. But when life has come to a sudden end, and the tokens of a terrible and violent death are imprinted upon the things we handle, a stronger and more painful interest attaches to them. They seem to speak so plainly of their dead owner, that he is almost brought before the bodily senses. One feels as if by force of some magnetic sympathy the spirit of the departed yet hovered about these last traces of his presence in life.

Warren removed the things from the bags with an almost reverential carefulness. The first which he unpacked contained only clothing shining with wet, and linen soaked and discoloured with brown water. The other was almost filled with little parcels—presents and mementos of kindly remembrance for every member of his family. At the bottom of all was an open letter, so dark and stained as to be scarcely legible.

"It is Henry's own handwriting," Kate said, taking it to the table on which the lamp stood.

Warren brought her a chair, and unfolding the soaked paper as carefully as she could, she spread it out on the table, and endeavoured to decipher the blurred handwriting. It was not an easy task, and Warren had to come to her assistance. It seemed to be part of a letter which Thornton had been writing to his wife at the very time the English mail arrived; and which he had put up with his traps on finding that he should be at home himself as soon as his letter. It was in a very different tone from what they were accustomed to in Thornton's conversation. It abounded with simple expressions of tenderness and affection towards the various members of his family—his wife and children and Kate herself—which she read with a quivering voice. He had never spoken so lovingly as now—as it were out of his very grave. Absence from those who were dear to him seemed to have drawn out all the warmth and tenderness of his nature, which he had been so prone to hide under a mask

of hardness and indifference. One or two slight allusions there were to his abrupt and unkind departure from home and expressions of regret, which coming from him conveyed far more than the most ample admissions from one more ready to acknowledge his faults. His home was evidently the one dominant thought in his mind. He was impatient to return to it, and protested that he never again would leave his dear wife and children. It was not a very long, or in any respect a remarkable letter; only it was like the last words of the poor fellow, and they were words of such unwonted tenderness as caused Kate's tears to flow afresh.

"I never loved him so much as I do now when I shall never see him again," she said, in a voice broken with sobs. "But yet it seems almost selfish to think of one's own loss, when his poor wife—his widow—can never know the blessedness of having her husband restored to her again. Oh, Mr. Warren, tell me, do you think she will ever recover her reason?"

Warren's forced coldness had been very rapidly thawing during the time that it had taken to make out the contents of the letter. He could not sit beside Kate Thornton, so close to her that he could feel her ringlets brush against his cheek as they stooped down to decipher some of the most injured portions, and retain all that stern coldness which he had resolved was the bearing and manner best fitted to express the feelings which rankled in his breast. He could not hear her appeal to him in plaintive tones, as to a trusted friend, and not be conscious of some return of melting softness. He felt that his position was rapidly becoming an awkward one. He could not forget that he was a rejected suitor. He had been too recently scorched, not to have a wholesome dread of the fire. He replied with kindly sympathy to her questions respecting Mrs. Thornton, but refused to allow himself to be drawn into a prolonged conversation.

In a few minutes he rose, and said that he must now return to the river, and if he might presume to advise her, he should recommend her to get some rest, as it was already drawing towards morning. He spoke stiffly and coldly, in set polite phrases, very different from his usual style of speech. Kate rose also, and as he was turning away with a formal bow, he heard her utter his name in a low stifled voice.

"Mr. Warren ——"

He paused, and looked towards her.

Poor Kate! She was looking very sad, and weary, and drooping. She raised her eyes to his with a look so pleading that it went straight to his heart at once. The beautiful hazel eyes were brimming with tears, and as he

looked at her they welled over, and the large drops rolled unheeded down her pale cheeks. Twice she tried to speak, but it seemed as if she were unable to subdue her emotion. With a strong effort she gained the mastery over her feeling.

"Mr. Warren," she said again, in a very low voice; and then there was another pause.

"You spoke of—leaving this country. Are you going away now? Shall I never—see you again?"

She bent her head down, and Warren, who was conscious of a strange tingling sensation in every nerve, and at the same time felt a degree of confidence and self-reliance which he had not usually experienced in Kate's presence, saw two more tears drop on her dress. He paused a few seconds in order to assume perfect calmness and control over himself, and then said, in a voice as low as her own,

"Do you wish me not to leave?"

She made no answer. She only raised her head and looked at him. Warren never could tell how it happened; but the next instant his arms were clasped round her, and Kate's head was lying on his shoulder, and he was pouring out the long-treasured love of his heart in broken expressions of endearment!

They were very happy; but it was with a quiet and subdued happiness. The great calamity which had occurred, and the sad condition of Mrs. Thornton, seemed to forbid their indulging too exclusively in their own enjoyment. Theirs was a very real though a chastened delight, sitting as they were in what they both felt was a house of mourning and death. They did not talk much about themselves. Their thoughts could not be kept long, even by the consciousness of their mutual love, from the sudden and heavy blow that had fallen upon them. But yet it was happiness to talk, even of this, *together*; in the sweet assurance of the full possession of each other's deep affection. And they knew not how the time was passing; and were quite startled by a grey light which seemed suddenly to have found its way into the room, and warned them that it was near daybreak.

And then Warren, with a whispered assurance that he was not going to leave the country immediately, and that she would have an opportunity of seeing him again—at which Kate clung more closely to him, and hid her blushing face—took leave of her, and went off with a strangely lightened heart to the river's side.

And Kate went first to her own room, where she stood at the window, as we have, once before in the course of this narrative, seen her stand, watching Warren's tall form disap-

pearing with rapid and vigorous step down the valley. And then she poured out from a full heart her thankfulness for the great and unlooked-for happiness that had come to her. And then, having refreshed herself with cold water, and changed her dress, she went quietly to her sister's room to relieve good Mrs. Tokers in her watch.

Dr. de Jongh soon arrived, and prescribed some soothing draught for Mrs. Thornton. But he looked grave; and, in reply to Kate's eager questions, said only that her brain had received a very severe shock, and that they could only wait to see what time would effect. The poor lady continued in the same state during the day—not delirious, but in a sort of imbecility. They had persuaded her to remain, half-dressed, on a couch, though she did not sleep or manifest any sense of weariness. Kate and Mrs. Tokers relieved each other at intervals, and brought food to the patient; keeping the chamber darkened and very quiet.

Now and then, in the course of the day, there came up somebody from the river, who still brought the same report that Thornton's body had not been found: the general impression was that the unusual flood in the river had washed it out to sea. Once a little sealed billet was brought to her, the sight and touch of which set her heart beating and her frame quivering with excitement. It was but three lines; but the reading of them made her cheek glow and her eye sparkle with a strange new sense of intoxicating delight. The circumstance of its having been carried up from the river in Cobus' pocket along with his pipe and tobacco, had imparted a certain dinginess and rather overpowering odour of "the weed." But Kate, nevertheless, having read the missive three or four times and folded it up carefully, slipped it into the bosom of her dress; and wondered during the remainder of the day what extraordinary smell that was that seemed to haunt her in spite of bouquets of fresh flowers and libations of eau-de-cologne.

It was with a throbbing palpitating sense of happiness that she went to relieve Mrs. Tokers as the afternoon was drawing in. She had been lying on her bed, as if with the idea of getting some sleep; but the delicious consciousness of loving and being loved, the sense of a heavy load removed from her heart, banished sleep as effectually and evergrief had done.

She dismissed Mrs. Tokers, as took her place in a soft and inviting easy chair. Mrs. Thornton seemed to be dozing; and Kate overpowered by the drowsy influences of the silence, the sense of repose, and the half-darkened room, soon sank to sleep.

A loud wild cry suddenly rung through the room, and Kate sprang to her feet.

Mrs. Thornton was sitting up on her couch, her arms outstretched, her eyes fixed on a distant part of the room.

"I knew you would come back to me!" she cried, "I knew you would come back!"

Kate turned in the direction to which her sister pointed, and a cold tremor seized her. She saw, or fancied she saw, in the dusky twilight a figure standing there. A pale haggard figure, with matted hair, and clothes clinging about the limbs, and a large discoloured bruise on the forehead—just as she had pictured to herself the body of her drowned brother.

She was not a girl prone to nervous excitement. She was healthy, and sensible, and by no means given to fainting. But during the last twenty-four hours she had gone through much that had harassed and agitated her, and she was worn out with fatigue and want of sleep. And startled by her sister's sudden cry, and overpowered by horror at what met her sight, she uttered a faint scream, made a feeble effort to save herself, and sank down on the floor in a swoon.

HITTING AGAIN.

AT the present moment, when the one idea which, above all others, pervades the mind of society is that of war,—when all Europe bristles with bayonets, and every realm arms itself to the teeth,—when from the other side of the Atlantic the echoes of the din and tumult of actual conflict sound in the ears of this far-off land,—when we ourselves stand in the attitude of preparation, and Her Majesty's steamer *Cossack* lies in our bay, ready for whatever may befall, — at such a moment it may not be inopportune to bestow a few brief thoughts on the principle involved in the words which I have placed at the head of this paper. My object is not to speculate on the probability of war between Great Britain and the Northern States of America, or on the consequences that may ensue here in the event of its coming to pass; nor am I a member of the Peace Society in disguise, jesuitically endeavouring to disseminate in the minds of Capensian readers the principles of my sect. Neither am I a parson in mufti, surreptitiously printing, or getting printed, one of my old sermons, and dishonourably stealing a march on the intelligent readers of this Magazine. Nevertheless, I confess I have often thought that if fate had made me a

reverend clerk I would avail myself of type and printer's ink at every possible opportunity; not, perhaps giving the world many volumes of sermons, but using more craftiness, although it is astonishing to see how widely even sermons get read if their authors have a name. Maurice, and Kingsley, and Robertson, and even Cumming, and, descending lower yet, that Transtamesian mountebank, Spurgeon, by the united aid of compositor and pressman, make themselves audible all over the world. It is a fact, and one, too, that no discerning teacher will ignore, that, as a rule, the preachers of the press are, beyond comparison, the most effective, perhaps not so much by virtue of their higher excellence as because of the superiority of the means they use. I think we should not be far wrong in saying that such men as Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray, and Tennyson, if they be not England's high priests, at any rate do vastly more to form the mind of England than the whole bench of Bishops, with I know not how many thousand of the clergy to help them. The truth is, that railways and steam engines and cheap printing have brought about a new era, not always thoroughly comprehended; and still the world rushes on with ever-gathering speed, the gods only know whither. But if our poor limited mortal vision may in nowise discern the ultimate goal to which we tend, we shall do foolishly if we do not all, teachers and taught, clergy and laity alike, try to understand our present position, and be *en rapport* with the times. One fact which, I think more than any other, has brought home to my own mind the stupendous difference between the present and the past is the following: "The power of machinery in Great Britain, in mills, has been computed to be equal to sixty million men, one man being able, by the aid of steam, to do the work which required two hundred and fifty men to accomplish fifty years ago."* Might it not also be said, "The power of printing in Great Britain, in books, has been computed to be equal to sixty million preachers, one man being able, by the aid of printing, to do the work which required two hundred and fifty speakers to accomplish fifty years ago?" For your dead writers, if they have salt in them, are eloquent still, but a mere vocalist is for the most part mute when he dies. Furthermore, it is certain that two hundred and fifty men are readers now where only one read habitually fifty years ago. Not that I am an ardent worshipper of the age, but finding themselves living in a certain period, whether they will or no, it is for wise men

* English Traits. By R. W. Emerson,

to avail themselves of the advantages it may have to offer, eschewing as many as possible of its follies. To be behind one's generation is a thing which I have always accounted pitiable; and now that the hair grows thin on my temples, I sometimes shudder at the thought that perhaps even now I am old and silly without knowing it.

A worshipper of the present time! Ah, no! I have an innate horror of over-fastness, and the dizzy whirl of the world is often an affliction to me. I verily think that, if I could have chosen my own time and manner of living, I should have been one of those quiet old monks who lived long, long centuries ago. How pleasant it would have been to have had no trouble in thinking out what was right and what was wrong,—to have believed just what you were told, without ever having the faintest notion of questioning anything,—to have revolved daily, or monthly, or yearly around your particular sun, or rotated on your own axis with as much regularity as ever had heavenly body,—to have gone day by day to matins and vespers,—to have chanted beneath the groined and vaulted roof the appointed canticles and dulcet psalms,—to have never missed repetition of the due tale of *Aves* and *Paternosters*,—and then to have filled up your time with engrossing breviaries on vellum, without hurry, and with ample leisure to admire your own handiwork! Would not all this have been much more comfortable than the turmoil, and bustle, and noise, and pushing, and squeezing, and sweating of this fast nineteenth century? Just go up to the Public Library, and take another good long look at those manuscripts of ancient centuries which a beloved and most honoured donor has given us; and if the exquisite calligraphy of some of them does not convince you that the penmen had most perfectly ordered minds, why then I'll give up the argument, and join you in glorifying 1862.

Do you ask why I should not in any ease glorify this enlightened age? Well—I'll tell you one great reason, and that is, because I find it brimful of sham and cant, as every man and every age is likely to be that is guilty of self-laudation. The fact that strikes me just now is, that here stands Christendom, with its pretentious millions, South Africa being a part of that Christendom, and it solemnly avows its belief in One who says—"If a man smite thee on the one cheek turn to him the other also." Christendom, I say, *professes* to believe this, but its real creed is—"If a man hit you, hit him again; if he insult you, knock him down." And when Christendom has demurely walked out of church, and done

shaking its head at the "excellent discourse" it has heard, has succeeded in throwing off the feeling of Sunday, and has put on a week-day face, then it avows its real belief, and brings up its children therein. Can an honest-thinking man glorify an age that does such things as this?

Far be it from me to charge the generation whereof I myself am a unit with designed hypocrisy. There be, however, knowing hypocrites; but, thank Heaven, they are comparatively few in number, and those few shall in due time, I trust, be thrust down to the nethermost hell, much to the delight and comfort of all honest folk. But the masses go on in blind ignorance, thinking that they are believing a gospel, whilst in reality they believe something quite other than that gospel.

Some one will tell me I am now treading on sacred ground, and that I had best be wary; and another may charge me with being a setter up of strange gods. My friend, if I tread on sacred ground, believe me it is not with profane feet; and, as to the strange gods, the Church of England, one of whose sons I much rejoice to call myself, has taught me from my youth up to pray against heresy and schism. In days when doubt and mental darkness are imminent, yea at our very doors, if not actually present, should I seek to unsettle any man's faith? I seek not; my desire is to lead reasonable men to build up their faith on the eternal foundation-truths which Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike, professes to believe, and thinks it believes, and, I would fain hope, does in some measure believe, albeit the adamant rock is covered with intolerably huge heaps of human rubbish.

It were easy to name other points on which the professed or supposed faith of Christendom and the faith actually existing and guiding our actions differ as widely as on this matter of hitting again; but, as I have already said, I am not a cleric, nor do I wish to preach a lay sermon. I simply think that at a time like this, when the general voice is for war, we may profitably bestow a thought on the rightfulness and the wisdom of retaliation. As a professedly Christian man, I find myself constrained to listen to the words of the Master of Christians on the subject, believing them also to be the highest philosophy.

Difficult enough it is to believe them. A Briton's heart *will* leap when he hears a regimental band pour forth the National Anthem or some soul-stirring martial song. The faith is so strong in us that it would be cowardly to brook national insult—that Britain's flag, that glorious

old flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, must, like Britain's soil, be ever inviolate—politicians prove so indisputably that there is but one course open,—why not yield and march on bravely with the eager crowd, joining lustily in their “chivalrous battle-songs?” Why, loving mental peace and quietude, struggle a thankless struggle against popular opinion, and get laughed at, and dubbed craven, and be flayed alive by remorseless reviewers?

My answer is because I find Him whom we all profess to revere telling us in His own quiet, wise way, something quite different from all this imposing world-talk; and I would that we all left off quarrelling, and making worse than fools of ourselves by disputations about modes of faith and methods of administration, and just tried hard—aye, and prayed hard too, if so I may say—to believe those simple and infinitely wise words.

It is because they are so infinitely wise and so far above our wisdom that we have difficulty in believing them, and letting them become our principles of action. But men are coming to believe them by slow degrees; at least I hope so. There is terrible war and rumour of war in the world, as we know, at present, and warriors are held in high honour. Not only are new orders of knighthood and Victoria crosses devised for brave military heroes, but the winners in the P. R. receive acclamations and more substantial offerings from the furthest ends of the earth, and what is called muscular *Christianity*, forsooth, is triumphant. Why, then, should I venture to hope that men are coming to believe the plain-spoken words? Because, for one reason, the world goes on by action and reaction; and I reckon that these present days are, in some respects, periods of reaction; which ended, advance will follow. Should there now be a furious war, it would probably beget a longer peace than the world ever had before, and bellicose enthusiasm will of a surety produce its own peculiar reversion. Men have grown out of the folly of duelling, though all, including the leaders of society, believed in it implicitly not many years ago, just as they have grown out of the stupidity of believing that there was manliness in drinking three bottles; and if ever the world is philosophic, it will come to see that the strength of individuals or of nations is not the measure of their rectitude. Civilized men have learned to settle their private quarrels by appeal to the wisdom of the law, and religious men should have faith in an infinitely higher wisdom, knowing unto whom alone belongeth vengeance.

And now, friendly reader, hast thou gone with me thus

far? or, unfriendly, esteeming me a "broad-brimmed hawker of holy things," wilt thou cry "Tush!" against me, and say—

"This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! Cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down, too, down, at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind."

I am not so silly but that I know that the question whether there shall be war or peace rests not with us, but with higher powers,—aye, higher even than some may reckon. "It must needs be that offences come," scourges and chastisements of many kinds, with abundant suffering, for the perfecting of this small-minded world,—this world, with all its fastness, so slow to learn. Heaven will do its part, and that right well, though it should have to do it amidst the wailing of widows, the cruel poverty of orphans, and the groaning, in secret or aloud, of myriads. But Heaven's part is not man's, and man also has his to do. Let each do it honestly and valiantly, according to the light that is in him; let him fight, if it be that high conscience bid him fight, and slay his thousands like a hero. But in the name of truth and consistency let us not in these late days, with the New Testament in our hands, set up the principle of hitting again, and say of it, "This is the Catholic faith which, except a man believe faithfully, let him go to the dogs."

A.

THE FADED PHOTOGRAPH.

TO MY FRIEND, DAVID C——, BATH, SOMERSETSHIRE.

Your portrait hangs upon my wall,
Among my treasures highly classed,
For it is potent to recall
Old days that we have passed
In close communion, heart and mind,
Where Avon's placid waters wind.

And very often, as I gaze,
Bath's noble hills with you I climb,
Or tread the valley's wooded ways
Where we've roved many a time:
Delightful scenes that I would fain,
Before I sleep, behold again.

Our Cape its beauties hath, 'tis true :
 Old Table Mountain 's always grand,
 Our sun is bright, our sky is blue ;
 The Maker's bounteous hand,
 From which all beauty hath its birth,
 Made this far corner of His earth.

Yet must a Briton love his home
 The more for absence, as I ween,
 And greatly do I long to roam
 Through daisied meadows green.
 Perchance made dulcet by the swell
 Of distant chiming village bell.

O for a field of new-mown hay,
 A beech, or elm, or tasselled birch,
 A spring-tide scent of virgin May,
 Or a glimpse of an ivied church !
 To tramp the stubbles of the corn
 Upon a fresh September morn ;
 To thread once more with gladsome feet
 The thronging street, the busy mart ;
 To feel again the mighty beat
 Of England's wondrous heart !
 But, though I long, I murmur not,
 For Heaven appoints each human lot.

You know not how we exiles prize
 This modern photographic art,
 Portraying to our grateful eyes,
 Exact in every part,
 Kindred and friends for ever dear ;
 We gaze and almost think you here.

Your picture 's somewhat faded now,
 But to fond memory it shows
 Your very self ; oft mark I how
 You wear your homely clothes.
 You know what one professor teaches,
 And I have faith in what he preaches.*

And oft I sit by your fireside,
 And share your daily household life ;
 Upon my knees the youngsters ride,
 Or I chat with your blue-eyed wife.
 Give them my love and tell them, pray,
 Not to forget me far away.

Let time and age do all they can,
 And let it fade, if fade it will,
 This portrait of a sterling man
 Shall grace my chamber still ;
 And I its dimmest lines shall trace
 Until I meet him face to face.

C. L.

Cape Town, February, 1862.

* See "*Sartor Resartus*,"—*passim*.

THE WORKS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[CONCLUDED.]

TURNING to his pure comedies, we are divided in our admiration between "Time works Wonders" and "The Housekeeper." If the former surpasses the latter in interesting incident, it does not exceed it in purity of style and execution. "The Housekeeper" was produced in the spring of the year 1833, at the Haymarket, while the success which had attended the appearance of the "Rent-day" was fresh in the public mind. Meanwhile, the mind of the author had been occupied in a historic ramble, and, gathering up the popular facts connected with the gay court of Charles II, he had, in the commencement of this same year, presented to the public the play of "Nell Gwynne." And now, unwilling to leave the romantic tales which adorn the Jacobite period, three months clapse, and again the stage is filled with the courtiers and conspirators of the time of George I.

As specimens of purest comedy, we consider some passages in this play unsurpassed in his writings. Resting upon no external props, they have nothing to recommend them but their inherent worth; stripped of the stage decorations,—the most trying test to which a dramatic work can be subjected—they still shine forth, at once flashing and profound.

Our object at present being simply to exhibit his powers with the pen, we need not to delay upon the working out of the simple plot of this piece, the advent of the conspirators while Father Oliver is confined up stairs; their detention by Felicia, and Sophy, who, as a cousin, comes in to assist, in a separate chamber; the discovery by the former of a treasonable packet, which she consigns from the window to the possession of Simon, who stands all night, suspecting the look of the house, and who at her request, repairs to the guard-house; the entry of the soldiers, and seizure of the conspirators at the proper moment,—are all developed in proper order. The whole winds up in that most cheery and tasteful manner of which the author was master.

"Time works Wonders" was the fruit of twenty years' more experience, and although, as we shall see, the growth of age did not uniformly increase the purity of his taste, yet it did not assuredly impair his genius, or dam up the flowings of his wit. It is a regular five-act play, fixed in its incidents to no certain period, but, like the best comedies of our greatest dramatist, admirably fitted for all time. If

smartness of dialogue alone will insure the success of a comedy, this piece deserves to hold a very high place in the light literature of the stage. The incidents and positions, however, although certainly intricate, are developed in a very masterly manner; and produced by the aid of the principal actors and most spirited manager of the day, it in every way satisfied the most sanguine expectations. The Haymarket was the scene of its presentation, and the success which it achieved was decided.

This comedy, remarkable by reason of its plot, consists of two complete stories, and an amount of amusing by-play. Florentine, a baker's daughter, accompanied by her school-fellow, Bessy Tulip, is induced to elope with Mr. Clarence Norman, an Oxford student. Ere they arrive at the church, through the information afforded by Goldthumb (the trunk-maker who had made some secret boxes for the journey), Miss Tucker, the schoolmistress, is enabled to overtake the guilty parties, and return with them in triumph. Clarence goes abroad. Five years elapse, and the baker being dead, Florentine, with Miss Tucker, her former mistress, but now her pensioner, retires to a country house situated close to Sir Gilbert Norman's (Clarence's uncle) mansion. Wandering through his park, the Baronet sees and loves her; a sudden storm compels them to take shelter in his house; Clarence has just returned from travel, and, unobserved by his uncle, Florentine and he recognize each other. Fired by his new affection, the Baronet rests not until he has waited on her, and asked her hand; she, deeming Clarence faithless, accepts him, but soon repenting of her haste, begs him to release her from her word; he accedes to her petition and Clarence again assuring her of his unabated love, the uncle joins their hands.

The other tale is shortly this: Goldthumb's son, Felix, has long since emigrated,—driven, as Mrs. Goldthumb asserts, by his father from his home. The wretched parent longs for his return. On his voyage out he meets with Bessy Tulip, on her way to India. By mutual agreement making the Cape (our hospitable Cape) their destination, they are married, and return unknown to all. They call on old Miss Tucker, with whom and Florentine a plot is made, by which the father may be appeased; at length, Goldthumb's feelings having been properly excited by tales from Bessy's mouth of his son's success, and from the son himself, who appears disguised, the discovery takes place, and the son and daughter are clasped in their forgiving parent's arms.

The piece is much enlivened by the introduction of Pro-

fessor Truffles, the schoolmaster at Miss Tucker's school, who travelled about with the solar system in a deal box, with whom that aged spinster fell in love, and who carried off her gold repeater. Miss Tucker is delineated with as great power as any in the play,—especially when, fallen into disrepute by reason of the elopement, she becomes a dependent upon the bounty of the truant girl.

"*Miss T.* Allow me to say—though as I'm a dependent, I know I have no right to speak—that your frequent allusions to nature are not decorous. With young women of my time, nature was the last thing thought of. I know I'm only a dependent, and people who live in other people's houses should have no tongues—no eyes—no—

"*Florentine.* I cannot bear this. I will not bear this. You hurt me—wound me deeply. I cannot have my friendship taken as alms; my love thus ever chilled with the cold sense of obligation. It is very unkind of you—indelicate.

"*Miss T.* Indelicate! Such a word to me, who have kept parlour boarders. I know I'm only an interloper; but can gratitude be indelicate?

"*Floren.* It may be mean. True gratitude, in very fulness of its soul, knows not the limits of its debt; but when it weighs each little gift—books down each passing courtesy—it ceases to be gratitude, and sinks to calculation. I entreat you, no more of this.

"*Miss T.* You know I love you—always loved you more than the other girls. And I'm sure you're very kind now. I have, I know, the best bed-room—though yours, no doubt, will be warmest in winter. I have the best side of the fireplace; but then it's not my fireplace. And as for gifts, it was very kind of you, a week ago, to give me this gown;—though if I'd gone to the mercer's with my own money, 'tis the very last colour I should have thought of.

"*Floren.* The fault was in my eyes: next week you shall choose for yourself.

"*Miss T.* I dreamt on Friday of a black satin; but Friday's dreams seldom come true; and then 'tis impertinent in poor people to dream at any time beyond their means.

"*Floren. (softened).* Nay, it shall be your privilege to dream, and mine to turn your visions to realities."

Infinitely more amusing is the interview between the trunkmaker (retired), who, after working thirty years in his trade, would have been ashamed had he not known something of the literature of his country, and the baronet:

"*Goldthumb* (who has recently taken a place in the vicinity of Sir Gilbert Norman's mansion.) So for a time I've come to Hampton; as I'm determined to see every thing at home. For, as the poet says—

"*Sir Gibb.* Poetry. And does the master of Parsnip Hall entertain the divine art?

"*Gold.* For more than thirty years I was up to my elbows in it. (*Aside.* He hasn't heard that I was a trunk-maker.) And the poet says—ha!—I forget the lines, but I remember the paper.

"*Sir Gibb.* The frequent fate of poetry with some people; insensible to its inspiration, they only dwell upon its rags.

"*Gold.* Rags! Oh! ha! the paper. Well, I was going to say, before I

quit England, I want to see all to be seen. For, as you say, in one of your beautiful Parliament speeches—

“*Sir Gilb.* My speeches!

“*Gold.* Ha! Sir Gilbert! they don’t make such speeches now.

“*Sir Gilb.* Is it possible! Have you met with my speeches?

“*Gold.* Upon my honour, you never published one that it didn’t somehow fall into my hands.

“*Sir Gilb.* (*Aside.* This is strange, yet gratifying. Here have I quitted Parliament in despair—valued my efforts as at best pains-taking failures, and still find them touching the public heart and—well, I feel ’tis not vanity to say, this is gratifying.) And have you really dipped into my little orations?

“*Gold.* Dipped in ’em. I’ve hammered over ’em for hours. Ha! yours were beautiful speeches. I’ve always said it; ’twas a disgrace upon the country you sold so few.

“*Sir Gilb.* Sir!

“*Gold.* But you’ve one comfort; they’ve travelled, I can tell you. Ha, ha! You may thank me for that.”

Or do we look for deeper feeling, we are not without a good supply. Florentine repents of having given the promise of her hand to Sir Gilbert:

“*Sir Gilb.* Nay, confide in my affection—truth. Henceforth I’ll think there is no use in time, save what is spent in tenderness, in love for you.

“*Floren.* And what the reward for this devotion? Indifference, or, worse still—a smiling, cold similitude of love. Sir Gilbert, you shall not deceive yourself. Each day, each hour would bring to you new weariness. Full soon the colours that your passion paints me with would fade—full soon would show you the blank, dull, pining creature you were doomed to. No cloud of thought would shade my face—no sigh unconsciously escape me—but that with a pang of heart you’d think was given to another. And would this be life—this marriage? A thousand times more welcome is the grave than such a daily death of truth—than such a life, masked at the best with smiling falsehood. Yet, hear me, Sir Gilbert. I have thought of this till thought has been a chaos. I have wronged your noble nature—sporting with your best hopes. But pity, pardon, and release me. [*About to kneel.*]

“*Sir Gilb.* (*Raising her.*) Rise, madam, you are free. I sought a wife, and not a victim. [*Exit.*]

Happiness marks the conclusion. Clarence and Florentine, Professor Truffles and Miss Tucker join hands. Felix and his wife are forgiven, while their father delivers the epilogue:

Gold. Yes. Time’s work. Time has done it all! Time has taught the baronet here that certain lessons—like certain drugs—are not a bit the better swallowed by the apothecary who deals in ’em. Time, too, has sent back my Felix—it must be confessed, an extraordinary boy—the wild green goose, paired and sobered. Time, too, has matched Miss Tucker and the Professor. (*Aside.* Just as, after a long hunt, we sometimes match an odd China cup and saucer.) Time, too, has made me the happiest old trunk-maker that ever buried an author. And thus, however bitter the draught may be—however dreary the load—

let's swallow it with patience—let's bear it with a smile—hopeful in the belief, that however dark the present—Time works Wonders.

A very imperfect notion of Jerrold's plays could, however, be obtained were we to omit to notice the drama of "*Black-eyed Susan*," his first and most popular production. Produced at the Surrey theatre it "took" at once; and after having enriched the manager of that house, it was the means of restoring the sinking fortunes of Drury Lane. In intensity of interest it exceeds all his writings. Its subject gives him the opportunity of displaying his own nautical experience; and the bold, honest, manly character of "*William*," as a true type of the British sailor, has stamped itself upon the features of our national literature. Even so recently as 1857, we had the satisfaction of seeing the "original" William (Mr. T. P. Cooke) exhibiting a renewed youth before crowded audiences in this character.

A biographer thus describes the success of this piece:

"It was performed without break for hundreds of nights. All London went over the water, and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor, for an after-piece. A hackney cab carried the triumphant '*William*' in his blue jacket and white trowsers from the Obelisk to Bow-street; and May-fair maidens wept over the strong situations and laughed over the searching dialogue which had moved an hour before the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the three hundredth night of representation, the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes thronged the thoroughfares."

In estimating the merit due to "*Black-eyed Susan*," we must remember that it was written before the author had attained his majority. Hence the prominence of the exciting incidents,—a style of writing carefully avoided in his later writings,—and hence, also, the absence of much of that sagacious dialogue of which we have made mention, and of which time alone could render him the master. Comparing the piece with "*Time works Wonders*," some thirty years its junior, it may be readily comprehended that the drama should be more popular than the comedy; for the latter exacts an amount of careful acting only to be attained by a studious artist, which to the former is unnecessary. The drama in its effect may be likened to the flash of forked lightning which during a storm for a moment in its brilliancy illuminates every part of the ocean, and dazzles each beholder,—sudden in its entrance and its exit, and transitory in its stay; while the comedy is like the sheet lightning which plays gently, but lastingly over the quiet waters, keeping its spectators engrossed in a contemplation of its beauty the live-long night.

We do not propose to enter upon an examination of Jerrold's contributions to the newspaper with which he was connected during the last few years of his life. It would have been well for his literary fame had he never so much as touched the office of editor. But regret at the undertaking cannot but be mixed with admiration at the manner in which it was executed.

We are glad, however, that upon far other basis must his fame depend; and if we look at this part of his career as a fresh illustration of his genius, we must refer to his earlier writings when we ask for him the favourable verdict of posterity. In all his works, whether didactic or dramatic, one characteristic is especially apparent—his love of everything English. He was national from the bottom of his heart; hence no writer ever more truly depicted the national character; and, as he wrote mostly from personal observation, his best and truest sketches are taken from the middle class. As one of the "People" he lived, and wrote, and died.

His genius was essentially dramatic; every event in life which passed before his observant eye assumed the form of an "effect;" yet few plays are more pure than his in this respect. Taking Shakspeare as his model, he anxiously studied to avoid what may be called a "catastrophe." Nothing startling or repulsive can be traced in his "*dénouements*." The death-struggles of a hero, or tragedy-queens dying over their pompous old urns, are not to be met with in his spirit-stirring tales. Hence the purity of his style as a dramatist; hence, also, in a measure, his apparent want of success. His writings, to be appreciated, must not be "skimmed;" they must be digested—a process little resorted to by the general reader. It may truly be said of him that the genius of his imagination came like the lightning, and his meaning, like the thunder, followed after it. How many readers, seeing the flash of the lightning, are yet deaf to the thunder!

We believe that we are paying the highest possible tribute to the character of his plays when we say that they READ well; they are independent of the acting and the "properties." To understand and enjoy them we are in no need of processions, and music, and dancing. Jerrold's plays can stand alone. And may we not predict that, when that golden era shall again arrive (if at all for ever!) when the passion for all that is external shall have given way before the love of the internal, and we again can look upon a work of art, careless of its robings, then these dramas, and comedies, and writings will maintain an exalted position amongst the literature of the nineteenth century?

SIR G. GREY'S LIBRARY.

It is our intention from time to time to give a description of some of the manuscripts and rare books presented to the South African Public Library by Sir George Grey.

A very small portion of this valuable collection has as yet only arrived; and if even of these we do not give at once a description of the most valuable portion, it is in order to do this the more accurately after the arrival of the critical apparatus and the books of reference, which may, we hope, soon be expected with the bulk of this library.

We give, first, a description of some manuscripts of the fifteenth century, beginning with those of two Latin historical authors, namely, Valerius Maximus and Justinus.

LATIN AUTHORS.

1. A small quarto volume, bound in green morocco, with gilt ornaments, bearing on the back the title (in Latin capitals) *Valerius Maximus M.SS.*, contains a manuscript on vellum, with gilt edges, of 275 leaves or 549 pages, with 26 lines on the full page (besides the headings). The text is written in a fine Gothic hand, the headings in red, with numerous red and blue illuminations. The initials of the different books are most beautiful and tasteful pieces of art.

There are marginal notes from the hand of the writer of the manuscript, indicating omissions, at pp. 110, 196, 228, 301, 304, 349, 361, 376, 402, 406. More numerous are marginal notes in a cursive hand of the eighteenth century, giving headings to the chapters and paragraphs, particularly of the second and tenth books.

The heading of the first page *Valerius Maximus* is by the same modern hand. The original text begins with the word *Prologus*, painted in gold Roman capitals on an orange brown ground.

Then follows, in red Gothic letters, the following superscription: *Valerii Maximi romane urbis iuris peritissimi in librum factorum et dictorum memorabilium ad tyberium cesarem praeformatio feliciter incipit.* It is to be remarked that this title is almost identical with that of the Mayence edition of 1471.

Regarding the writer of this manuscript, we find at the end of the tenth and last book (p. 524) the following notice, also written in red: *Scriptus est presens Valerius per me, Johannem Bruneval in artibus magistrum et in theologia baccalarium, et finitus anno domini millesimo quadringentesimo octogesimo die xvii mensis marcii pro venerabili et circumspecto viro magistro Guillelmo Brisset in artibus magistro et in*

theologia baccalaureo scolastico et canonico prae bendato insignis ecclesiae suess (?) collegii Laudunensis (?) Parisiis fundati magistro nec non curato ecclesiae parochialis de bohain (?), quibus anno mense et die idem Brisset erat Rector Universitatis Parisinae. Prosperetur ipse semper in melius et vivat feliciter. Amen.

We learn, therefore, hereby that the writer, one John Bruneval, M.A. and Bachelor of Divinity, finished the manuscript on the 17th March, 1480, for the then rector of the University of Paris, William Brisset, M.A., &c., &c.

Besides the nine books of Valerius Maximus (and the epitome of a tenth, wrongly ascribed to the same author) preceding the above note, there are written by the same hand also the *Tabula* at pp. 525—541, giving an alphabetical index to the books.

But the table of contents at pp. 522—549 is evidently considerably later. The contents of the second book, which were omitted, have been added on the margin by another hand, a little later, and were supplemented by a hand of the eighteenth century, in accordance with the marginal notes by the same writer.

Regarding the history of the manuscript, we find at the bottom of p. 541 (the original end) the autograph *P. de Flamigny*, in the style of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; whilst at the bottom of the first page there are the signatures *B. Huydecoper* and *Tc Fricque Medecin*, in the handwritings of the eighteenth century.

The illuminated letters were probably painted by an artist, and not by the scholar who copied the manuscript.

It is to be remarked that, at the time when this manuscript was written, already several printed editions of Valerius Maximus were in existence; as, for example, the Mayence edition of 1471 (by P. Schoyffer de Gernsheim), the Venice edition of the same year (by Vindelinius), the Cologne edition of 1473 (by J. M. de Gherretshem), and the Paris edition of 1475 (by Petr. Caesaris and Joh. Stol).

Why, therefore, one might ask, did they go to the expense and trouble of getting up a manuscript copy, whilst a printed one could probably be procured at much less cost? This may be explained on the same principle as the fact that a long time after railways were constructed, the aristocracy disdained to use them. In fact, there was probably a great deal of prejudice against printed books at the beginning, as there is still against printed copies of the Koran amongst the Mohammedan believers. On the other hand, the rector of a university might find himself called upon by his station to

employ in this manner a poor scholar, whose chief means of subsistence was perhaps derived by copying manuscripts.

Yet there may be another reason to account for this most carefully got-up manuscript. The printed editions may give a text inferior in critical value, or less complete than the original from which the present manuscript was copied; and such a fact would, even at the present day, be a sufficient motive for procuring a manuscript copy.

That the printed editions of the time were indeed less complete than this manuscript seems evident from a note in the present volume, on a leaf bound in at the beginning. We read here, in a hand of the nineteenth century: *In hoc MSS. etiam ea inveniuntur capita, quae invenisse sibi gratulatus est Aldus. Vide in Torrenii editione Vorstii notas, pag. 36.* The first Aldine edition being of the year 1502, none of the editions anterior to our manuscript may be concluded to contain those new-discovered chapters; and, therefore, the Codex from which it is copied must have been more complete than those from which the editions of Valerius Maximus of the fifteenth century were made.

Regarding the critical value of the readings of this manuscript, it is impossible to come to any fair conclusion, before an edition with a full "apparatus criticus" can be compared with it. We may, however, remark that it begins with *Urbis Romæ exterarumque gentium*, just as the folio edition without date, which is said to have been printed at Brescia by Th. Ferandus (Bibl. Spencer. vol. 2, p. 458), whilst the Amsterdam edition of 1747 (cum J. Lipsii notis) begins *Populi Romani, exterarumque gentium*.

Valerius Maximus lived at the beginning of the Christian era, and dedicated his work to the Emperor Tiberius. It consists of short stories and anecdotes taken from various writers. The chapters into which each book is divided have their appropriate headings, under which the subdivisions of each chapter are arranged, such as (lib. i) on religion, on simulated religion, on foreign religion rejected, on auspices, on omens, on prodigies, on dreams, on miraculous things, on luxury and lust, on cruelty, on anger and hatred, and so on. Each head is illustrated by examples. The collection has some value, as the author has preserved some facts which would be otherwise unknown. There is appended to the work of Valerius in its present form a fragment of a work entitled "*De Nominibus, Prænominibus, Cognominibus, Agnominibus*," which is on a different subject from the other nine books. It professes to be an epitome or compendium by the same Julius Paris. This is clearly an extract from some other work than that of Valerius Maximus, and it has been conjectured that it is an extract from the "annales" of Valerius of Antium, but on what this conjecture is founded is not clear.

2. A volume in quarto, bound in wood, covered with old brown leather, with ornaments impressed upon it, and marks

of former clasps, inscribed on the back *Justini Historia*, contains a manuscript on vellum of 127 leaves or 254 pages (besides one blank leaf at the beginning and another at the end), with 30 lines on the full page.

The latter is written in a cursive Italian hand of the fifteenth century. The initials of all the forty-four books are most tastefully illuminated, the illuminations extending in a rectilinear way along more than half of the page, and not rarely along more than three fourths of it. The initial capital C of the preface is illuminated in a peculiar style, with gold laid on.

The headings of the different books are written in red, and the first line of every book and of the preface is rubricated.

The first page is headed (in red letters), *Justini abbreviatoris Trogi Pompei Liber primus incipit*, though the preface follows; and on p. 2, the heading *Liber primus incipit* is repeated.

The subscription on the last page (also written in red) is: *Liber Justini abbreviatoris Trogi pompeii xliiii et ultimus feliciter explicit*.

There are no headings to the pages given, nor any chapters and paragraphs marked, in this manuscript, but there are not unfrequently marginal notes, some of them stating omissions, but the majority referring to the chief contents of the text, &c. Some of the latter are written in red. Some of the marginal notes are in a different handwriting from that of the text, but none of them seem to be very much later than the original manuscript.

Trogus Pompeius, who lived about the time of Augustus, was descended from a Gallic family of the Vocontii. He was the author of a universal history from the time of Ninus, King of Assyria, down to the year 5 B.C. The original work is now lost, but an abridgment, made by Justinus, is still extant. When Justinus the epitomator lived is entirely unknown, but it must at all events have been before the fifth century of our era.

ITALIAN AUTHORS ON SURGERY.—IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

3. A small folio volume, bound in wood, covered with calf, with brass ornaments, contains a paper manuscript of altogether 314 pages with double columns. The leaves are numbered as follows: 2—9, 11—101, 103—160. The 1st, 10th, and 102nd leaves are, therefore, missing. The 1st and 102nd were evidently torn out on account of the illuminations which they contained, and the 10th fell out as counterpart of the 1st. At the end there is a leaf in parchment, written over with various writings by different hands, in Italian and Latin.

The manuscript is ornamented with numerous illuminated capitals, the decorations extending over the margins. All the headings, subscriptions, &c., are on yellow ground.

Folio 2 contains beautiful illuminations covering the whole margin, and three large illuminated letters, on gold ground. Another similarly illuminated capital letter begins folio 123, with beautiful decorations extending over the margin.

The manuscript consists of three books, the first of which ends with folio 101. The missing first leaf must have contained the beginning of the table of contents of this book, as far as to the fifty-fifth chapter inclusive (fol. 48). Folio 2 indicates the contents of the remainder of this book from the fifty-sixth chapter (fol. 49) to the end (fol. 101).

At folio 3, this first book begins in the following manner :

In Christi nomine. Incipit super
cirugiam pratica doctoris medi-
cinarum eximii atque fulgidi
Bertepalie omni quidem virtute
praestantissimi.

In the name of Christ. There
begins on surgery the practice of
the eminent and celebrated doctor
of medicine Bertepaglia, who ex-
cels in every virtue.

Then follows an invocation by the author :

Alti tonantis auxilium inplorabo
quo praeter misso nullum rite fun-
datur exordium, nec ad medii
finisque alicuius bonitatem ullam
sane quis pervenire potest, ut
intellectus mei dilucidare dignetur
ingenium ac valeam ut ego Leon-
ardus plura mei canonica cyrugie
experimenta in scriptis ad aeternam
memoriam redigerem. Quae vero
experimento ac ratione theoricæ
humeris Avicennae prosequendo
vestigia et ordinem super tertia
fen.* 4ti canonis et primo ut ipse
princeps a flegmone exordiamur.

I shall invoke the aid of the
high Thunderer (by the omission
of which no beginning is rightly
founded, nor can any one in truth
arrive at any goodness of the middle
part and the end) that my under-
standing be held worthy to make
plain my mind, and that I keep
health, so that I, Leonard, may
put down in writing for eternal
memory some of my canonic experi-
ments in surgery, which following,
however, by experiment and theory
on the shoulders of Avicenna the
traces and the order over the third
division (?) of the fourth book of
the canons and at first as the
leader himself, let us begin from
the hot tumour.

We see from this that the book contains a sort of exposition of a portion of the fourth book of the celebrated Canon of Avicenna, or Ebn Sina, by Dr. Leonard Bertapaglia, who was professor at Padua, during the first part of the fifteenth century. A folio edition of this work was published at Venice, 1546.

As contained in our manuscript, Dr. Bertapaglia's book

* This *fen* is the abbreviation of some feminine noun which indicates a subdivision of the books of the Canon of Avicenna. But what the full word may be, we are unable to say. It is, however, subdivided again in Treatises and Chapters.

consists, besides a short introduction, of ninety-one chapters. The first of these treats, as stated above, of the *phlegmons* (hot tumours).

Then at folio 22 recta begins the twenty-sixth chapter the *Tractatus de apostematibus frigidis* (Treatise on the cold tumours). Further, after chapter thirty-seven (at folio 33 reversa), we read: *Finis 3ae fen. 4ti canonis Avicenae. Hic incipit fen. 4ta quae tractat de solutione continuitatis in carne, in nervis et in ossibus.* (End of the third division [?] of the fourth book of the Canon of Avicenna. Here begins the fourth division [?], which treats on the solution of continuity in the flesh, in the nerves, and in the bones.)

And after chapter forty-nine (at folio 44 recta): *Tractatus 2ndus de casu et de offensione, de contusione, et de attritione et de excoriatione et punctura et fluxu sanguinis.* (Second treatise on the fall and stumble, on contusion, and on attrition, and on the excoriation, and the puncture, and the flowing of blood.)

The third treatise of this fourth division (?) is not marked in the book, nor in the table of contents; but we must suppose it to begin (at folio 57 recta) with the sixty-first chapter, which treats *de ulceribus in universali et definitiones ulceris* (on the sores in general and the definitions of a sore).

At folio 78 recta, after the seventy-fourth chapter, *Incipit tractatus quartus de solutione continuitatis nervorum.* (Begins the fourth treatise on the solution of the continuity of the nerves.)

But this treatise on the nerves goes only to the eightieth chapter inclusive (folio 85 reversa), after which there come chapters on diseased bones and broken bones and fractured skulls, closing with the ninetieth chapter (folios 97 and 98), which contains then advices and warnings (*iudicia et cautela*) for surgeons, particularly in cases of broken skulls.

The last (ninety-first) chapter, beginning at folio 98 reversa, has the following heading:

Sequitur capitulum 91 de iudiciis vulnerum significantium mortem per singula membra habendo remedium siderum duodecim signa celestia aut salutem et hoc est cum maxima difficultate aut talia vulnera remanebunt semper laesa ulcerantia (?) cum debilitate illius membri. Primum signum est aries et est quando sol regnat in ipso a medio mensis martii usque ad medietatem mensis aprilis.

Follows chapter 91 on the advices of wounds indicating death (regarding the single members, whereby one has as a remedy the twelve heavenly signs of constellations,) or recovery—and this is with the greatest difficulty, or such wounds which remain always hurt, breaking out into sores with a weakness of that member. The first sign is the ram, and that is when the sun rules in it from the middle of the month of March to the middle of the month of April.

This last (ninety-first) chapter is thus divided into twelve smaller chapters, according to the different signs of the zodiac—the surgical treatment depending here evidently to a great extent from astrological notions; and at the end comes a statement of the times of the year at which those astrological signs rule.

Second book (on Ophthalmology).—The first leaf (folio 102) of this second book being missing, its title can only be made out from the subscription at the end (folio 122 reversa), which states :

Explicit summus et uobilis ocu-	Ends, luckily, the very excellent
lorum tractatus foeliciter.—Amen.	and noble treatise on the eyes.—
&c., &c.	Amen. &c., &c.

Folio 103 begins with the third chapter of this Treatise on Ophthalmology. The heading of the third chapter is, however, missing, together with the preceding first and second chapters. As far as to the thirty-fifth, the chapters of this treatise are regularly numbered. They are of very unequal length. Then follow twenty-six chapters which are not numbered.

The author of this ophthalmological work was probably mentioned in the superscription contained on the missing first leaf (folio 102).

The fourth chapter (the first of which the heading is preserved) treats “on those who have naturally black eyes” (*de his qui habent naturaliter oculos nigros*). The last chapter is *De morsis in oculo ab animali venenoso* (on the bites in the eye from a venomous animal). The book is probably also based on Avicena.

Third book (Mafei's Surgical Problems).—It begins with an exposition in which the author states that, on the instance of his associates, he is going to write some problems with reference to the third division (? *fen.*) of the fourth (book of the) Canon of Avicena, and with regard to other divisions. These problems, which give a sort of catechism by which the text of Avicena is explained, follow, therefore, mainly the same order as Dr. Bertapaglia's Practice of Surgery, which forms the first book of our manuscript.

The first question is : *Quot modis potest apostema generari.* (In how many ways can a tumour be generated.) There are fifty-seven chapters (most of them beginning with *propter quid est*), till we come to a general heading (fol. 132, recta) : *Nunc digeritur de materia frigida.* (Now is treated of the cold matter, *i. e.*, tumour), with forty-six problems under it.

At folio 139 (reversa) comes : *Sequitur problemata super 4ta fen. 4ti.* (Follows the problems on the fourth division

[?] of the fourth, *i. e.* book of the Canon of Avicenna), followed by thirty problems.

Then at folio 144 (reversa): *Sequitur de ulceribus* (follows on the sores), with twenty-four problems; and at folio 149 (recta), *de nervis tractatus* (treatise on the nerves), with eighteen problems; at the end of which (folio 152, rev.): *Expliciunt quaedam problemata 3ae et 4tae fen. Canonis Avicennae.—Amen.* (There end some problems of the third and fourth division [?] of the Canon of Avicenna.—Amen.)

Immediately under this subscription there follows the heading: *Incipiunt quaedam problemata super capitulo de fractura cranei cum septem regulis.* (There begin some problems regarding the chapter on the fracture of the skull, with seven rules), followed by seven problems.

Lastly we read, at folio 155 (recta): *Incipiunt quaedam bonae regulae super eodem capitulo.* (There begin some good rules on the same chapter), being nine rules on the fracture of the skull.

The subscription of this third book (at fol. 157 rebta.) is:

<p>Expliciunt problemata magistri Mafei de laude doctoris solemp- nissimi super cyrurgia Avicennae. Deo gratias.—Amen. Finito libro referamus gratiam Christo.—Amen!</p>	<p>There end the problems of master Mafei on the praise of the most solemn doctor,* regarding the sur- gery of Avicenna. God be thanked. —Amen. Having finished the book, let us return thanks to Christ.</p>
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Then the book itself is made to say:

<p>Expletus fui anno domini mil- lesimo quadringentesimo septua- gesimo tertio tempore sanctificati in Christo patris domini domini Sixti divina providentia papae quarti, die uno xviii mensis martii, et die jovis horis tribus noctis. Magister Marioeti St. Pauli de Gallesio scripsit in urbe Romae, &c.</p>	<p>I have been filled up in the year of the Lord 1473, at the time of the sanctified father in Christ, the Lord Lord, Sixtus the Fourth, through divine providence Pope, on Thursday, the 18th of March, at three o'clock at night. Master Marioeti of St. Paul de Galliesio wrote me in the city of Rome.</p>
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Here ends the original manuscript; and, from the evident similarity of the style of writing, it may safely be concluded that all three books were copied by the same scribe, Master Marioeti, at Rome, before 18th March, 1473. St. Paul de Galliesio is probably some public institution,—a cloister, perhaps, or hospital,—to which the scribe belonged.

Then follow, in a little more modern handwriting (written with much paler ink), prescriptions, &c., in Italian, intermixed with some technically barbarous Latin, filling up the reversa of folio 157 and both sides of folios 158—159.

Of Master Mafei, the author of this third book, no further notice has been found by us, but he lived probably in the middle of the fifteenth

* We can hardly doubt that Dr. L. Bertapaglia is meant hereby.

century. Regarding Dr. Leonhard Bertapaglia, we refer to what we have said above, and for further account to Sprengel's History of Medicine (vol. ii, p. 632). He hated thoroughly the barbers, who were at that time the only operative surgeons, whilst he thought it far beneath his dignity to undertake any operations. He had, however, seen several dissections of dead bodies, and even undertaken some with his own hand. In cases on cancer he was afraid of operation, instead of which he recommends a *raptorium*, &c., &c.

Avicenna, or, as his full name is, *Al Hussain Abu-Ali Ben Abdallah, Ebn Sina*, an Arabian philosopher and physician, who lived at the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. Of him it is said that hardly any man, with the exception of Aristoteles and Galen, has in the realm of science exerted for so long a time so oppressing a despotism as this so-called Sheikh Reyes, or prince of physicians. His system retained its dominant influence for nearly 600 years. Avicenna's writings are very numerous, and they treat chiefly of philosophy, mathematics, and medicine. Among them the *Kânûn* acquired the greatest celebrity. This was mainly the case on account of its judicious arrangement and the comprehensive view which it afforded of the doctrines of the ancient Greek physicians at an age when knowledge of the Greek language was very scanty—(Sprengel, vol. ii, pp. 401—423).

A Latin translation of the canon was made by Gerardus Cremonensis at Toledo, and was at first published at Milan in 1473.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

WE are told that in war time three fourths of the dead, wounded, and missing fall not by the sword nor at the cannon's mouth; and we drop a sigh over their untimely graves; and, as we close the book or fold the "paper," shake our heads, and mutter some half inaudible murmur of sympathy at the sad tale of wasted life. We only mourn over those who die of pestilence, while we glory in the midst of our grief over those to whom death comes with volleyed thunder or the flashing sabre stroke, "beneath the war clouds rolling din." But we forget—if we ever knew it—that there is a pestilence well nigh as deadly as cholera, that mows down our gallant soldiers in peace-time, and whose ravages spread from barracks and camps to high-born beauty, and princes sprung from untold generations of kings. That plague demon is "ennui." Forgive the French, ye ardent lovers of Saxon, if any such should read this page; but there are no two syllables in our own tongue that so well tell the tale and sum up the feelings of an aimless, profitless life, whose whole course has been the search for pleasure or pastime, till that search has become from mere habit the one business of life, and that pleasure when found the most irksome of labours. But what is one to do? The poor drudge goes round and

round like a horse in a pugmill or a dog in a spit. A weary round, a round of toil that cannot be told, that when he has reached the last of one range of steps rewards him by presenting the first as a resting place for his weary feet. Fortune, wealth, social position, cannot save him. Nay, they are often at once both the gaolers and the chains that bind the hapless bond-slave to his heavy task. Ah, dear reader, pray to be saved from such a fate, and judge not too harshly those who lose themselves in the wild rush of despair that is to save them from the demon *ennui*. What shall we do, then, to pass the time? *Chacun a son gout*. The only specific remedy is that each undertaking should have an object in it; and that each should be so linked to the rest as to give to life a goal and an aim, whereby energies and thoughts may be led ever onward in a clear, bright, stream, flowing sometimes through the gardens, sometimes through the wilds of existence, on and on to the broad ocean of accomplished hopes.

"Time was made for slaves." True enough; but what is a slave? Oh, a bondman, we suppose. Granted. Then time was made for us all, for we are all bound morally or of necessity—it matters not how, or why, or where the bond was tied; but tied it has been, and bound we are; therefore, time *was* made for us. Now, what to do with it while we have it. To use it or kill it. The latter course, certainly, won't do, though some insanely take to it; labouring it may be under the vain hallucination that as it is sure to kill them they had better be beforehand in the affair. But to use it is the rub. Shall we follow our own notions thereon or see what others did or do? Let us see. Here is a page turned down where a certain student, not very famous, so we need not name him, gossips about the way he spent his time. He was an odd fish, and had some odd ideas, to which we may refer more at large hereafter; but, for the present, we will turn to his book, though first, we must premise that he was somewhat quaint, had now and then a smattering of old world ideas, with a sort of notion that the world ought to go a-head, if it didn't, and yet very much doubted whether it had got half so much better as it pretended. He didn't believe, for instance, in the golden days of Good Queen Bess—that is to say, he did believe that she was "*good* Queen Bess," despite all maligners; but then he could not quite make up his mind that were such a course open it would be at all wise to exchange the present for the past. Perhaps his ideas of past and present, which ran through and tinged his whole course of soul—life, as the Germans would say—may best be summed in the words "*laudator temporis acti*," "*presentis amator*."

Now, a truce to prefaces—and such like literary weeds—here is the passage:

"It is no small wonder to me," he says, "as it was to the good old carpenter in the tale of 'The Little Merchants,' why a man should find time hang heavy on his hands. I don't know, quoth good Carlo's master, why a man should not amuse himself with his rule and his compasses, and spend a quiet hour over his trigonometry. I fancy he must have a very empty head or a very weak will that cannot find some occupation for his leisure moments. All that I have seen who complained of this sort of disease had one or the other complaint. I have come across stont young fellows, aye, and old ones too, that had lots of sinew in their limbs; but it seemed that nature had spent all her power on that part of their composition, and had no more energy left wherewith to endow their minds, so that their powers of mind played second fiddle, or, as one might say, acted as sort of attendant page to their lordly physical strength. It was glorious to see them mocking danger—riding the wildest horses at breakneck pace, over all sorts of country, hunting, shooting, fishing, seeking the maddest adventures, and by sheer skill and address coming off unscathed, though there seemed but a hair's breadth between them and death. It would make my heart bound to see it, and the excitement of joining in such sports is an ecstasy akin to madness. The wild cheer rises unbidden to the lips as the gallant courser bounds into the fresh morning air. I have felt my chest expand, my frame grow erect, and the fire kindle in my eyes as they wandered over the bright green sward and vainly sought the limits of the broad flower-scented plains, and tried to dive into the purple depths of air. The mountains and woods, and rivers and plains, all seemed to join us in inspiring a feeling that can only be compared to that of a bird escaping from its cage. Our gallant horses knew it too, and as we rose in our stirrups to cheer the hounds over the dewy grass they would bound as though they trod on air. Then, when the strong hand, the firm seat, and the eagle eyes were all called into full play—when there were restive steeds to be curbed and daring deeds to be done—their powers called forth admiration, and perhaps from some a touch of envy. This was their hour of triumph, and a triumph not mean nor contemptible, and I wondered that such men could ever feel *ennui*. Yet I have seen those frames that seemed made of iron listless and burdensome. Their eyes, that in the chase flashed with a wild, almost terrible joy, heavy and leaden. While the quarry was in front I bowed to them as my superiors—how reverently I need not say—but when it was over the spell was broke, and I might say as Addison said of a great talker, 'I yield to him in the drawing-room, but he surrenders at discretion at the top of the stairs.' In the rush of the chase their practised eye could more swiftly and surely track the flying game, and could more accurately mark the moment when the death shot was to be given, or the panting steed to be launched for the last desperate burst; but in the sultry afternoon, when the quarry had been laid under some hoary rock or moss-decked tree, and we lay beside him amid our browsing horses and panting dogs, their day's campaign was over. The bucks age, his horns, his hide, his teeth, the number of miles he had run, and the number of balls he had taken before he fell, were fully discussed over our simple fare; and then the bourne of all their thoughts seemed to have been reached, languour crept over them, and sleep came to their eyes to save them in pity from the labour of gazing on that which it was no pleasure to behold. So I pitied them,

too, as much as or more than I had admired them before, and strayed away to pick flowers or drink in some sweet prospect, or resigned myself to musing on the bright glimpses of nature that had crossed our headlong path that day. I counted up the sweet flowers and the winged beauties that had flashed a moment before our eyes and were gone. I recalled to my eyes their varied colours and graceful movements, and to my ears the song of the birds in the leafy covert, the rustling of the leaves, or the echo of the deep-baying hound, and of our horse hoofs as we galloped over the stony bed and through the rushing water of some stream that flowed under thick woodland arches. A thousand remembrances came crowding in. Ah, this branch of sweet-smelling *kueur* was torn from its parent bough by such a fenny burn, and this tangle of *elematis* came from the steep bank where my horse and I slid down together, and I twined it round my hat while he was scrambling on to his legs again. Or I would watch the horses plashing in the vlel, and catch between times the far booming of ocean and the faint roar of the dark water of yon stream tumbling over the rocky crags. These things they neither saw, nor heard, nor heeded, and so I came to know how they, so strong in all animal life and buoyant with animal spirits could, when there was no exercise for such qualities, felt the terrors of an enforced idleness. And I dreamt that none who had intellectual power and vigour could be the prey of such a tormentor. Ah, vain delusion! I had not seen many more changes of the changeful moon ere it was my fate to behold those who enjoyed both health and talent, and that talent cultivated and cared for, dawdling out a wretched existence—the victims of that which I had fondly dreamed could never touch them. I saw them living for dress and for society, for frivolity, and even for debauchery. I saw them give their strength to pleasure and their talents to vanity. In a word, they wasted their substance and themselves in following a world that they scorned and scoffed at, and yet, had they but roused themselves to use the power they half consciously possessed, they had ruled the world they were now content to ape, and it had followed at their chariot wheels with incense and pæans of victory.”

“For my own part,” he continues, “I am at a loss to see how time can hang heavy while there are hands or heads to labour and to think. I find it only too pleasant to get a rest now and again, for my time is well filled up. At early morning the lark and the sun can scarce anticipate the moment of my falling to my studies. Then, while the fresh breezes blow sweet and clear through my open casement,—when I have drunk in some delicious draughts of their freshness, and scanned the beauties of the skies above, and the budding sweets in the gardens below, I turn to the severe beauties of the exact sciences, where nothing but a truth as perfect and often as subtle and deep as that in nature’s own heart woos my soul and nerves my mind for the daily conflict with wrong and falsehood. This over, comes the daily round of work: with much of toil and much of trouble, and also, in truth be it said, often much of pleasure. I would not miss it, though it rarely passes without its vexations. It has as much of satisfaction as of alloy. It gives food for thought and lessons of wisdom, deep, practical lessons, to ponder over in one’s silent study, or, as I prefer to muse, far up on some green hillside, when the day’s toil is done, in the warm flush of the setting sun, canopied in saffron and crimson clouds. Then, indeed, those lessons come home and are felt in a deeper love for the beauties of nature that grows and grows, till, as I wend through the gloaming homeward, an inward light breaks through the outward darkness. It is very dim, so

dim that I cannot tell whether it be the twilight of a departing evening or the dawning of a golden morning. But, dim as it is, it yet serves to show, vaguely it is true, and more as a shadow than a substance, some part, at least, of that eternal bond of truth that binds together in one the material and the ideal, the visible and the invisible, and is, in one word, the soul and the harmony of God's universe. When such thoughts have sway, I can find no pleasure in trifling, but my whole delight is in converse with the mighty dead. I feel, but cannot realize or speak of the truth that pervades all nature, and, at such times, oh, how I love to sit at Shakspeare's feet and linger and linger there, hanging on his revelations of the mysteries of human hearts, and catching by snatches the harmonies of the truth I seek as it echoes through his sounding lines."

Reader, we will no more. It is enough, "Go, do thou likewise." The surest cure for this disease, the best, the noblest, and the most fruitful of all devices, *pour passer le temps*, is the search for truth. Seek it out and apply it, whether it appear, as it does to some, in the storied page or in the result of profound reasoning, or daring discovery and invention, or as to others, in the

"Life exempt from public haunt" that "finds
Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything"

However it comes, it is the richest of treasures, and they who possess it had never need to sigh for pastime.

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BAHADUR SHAH, THE EX-KING OF DELHI.

THE last mail from Burmah told us that the ex-King of Delhi was dying fast at Rangoon. Thus perishes, in a miserable hut, on a bare pittance of a few shillings a month, the last of the Great Moghuls, Emperors of all India. He came of a long race of kings sprung from Timour the Tartar and Zenghis Khan. He numbered among his great ancestors such wonderful men as Zehir-ed-din Muhammed, surnamed Baber; the great Ukber, Aurungzebe; and Shah Jehan, that king who lies buried with his chief wife in the grandest tomb in the world, the "Taj Mahal" at Ukber-a-baad, the now fine town of Agra in Upper India. This man, Muhammed Bahadur Shah, enjoyed a pension of £150,000 sterling a year from the old East India Company's Government. He was treated with only too much consideration, deference, and respect by all that Government's officers; and he had a superb palace on the Jumna's bank at Delhi, in which, when on his peacock throne in that "Paradise on Earth," as

Tom Moore called it, he lorded it over his own ten thousand people, the denizens of his town-like palace, played the king to his heart's content, and was quite "The Great Moghul." But in May, 1857, he allowed English women and children to be murdered in his own palace. He was tried and condemned, and is now a prisoner at Rangoon dying.

They who have read what Dr. Leyden has written of the great Emperor Baber, and of all the illustrious deeds and sage writings of that most wonderful man, who lived between 1480 and 1530, and is still the admiration of even our own time, must feel some interest in the fate of this miserable creature, the very last of that great race. While all who had any friends in India in the fearful year of 1857 will be curious to know something of the trial of the misereant who joined our mutinous sepoys, and who aided and abetted the foul insults to, and the murders of, our sisters and their young children.

The India official blue-book detailing the evidence taken before the court of English officers at the trial of the ex-King of Delhi, for rebellion, treason, and murder, in January, 1858, is now before us; and we purpose giving such extracts from its voluminous pages, as we deem likely to interest our readers. That there was a Mohammedan conspiracy, and that the Mussulmans were our most inveterate and cruel enemies all through those sad times of mutiny, is quite clear from the evidence adduced; as is also the fact that the Hindoos all, other than the sepoys, bitterly regretted what had taken place. Four years have passed since this wicked old man was convicted; but the Indian mutinies have made so terrible an impression on our memories that we can hardly expect that so important a trial of so conspicuous a criminal for deeds so foul and dastardly will not still be read with much interest. Although time and facts have shown quite clearly now that the fearful Indian mutiny had no political or civil cause whatever, and that it sprang simply, though so seriously, from a wrong desire on the part of our overpaid, over-indulged, and pampered Hindoo and Mohammedan sepoys of the Bengal section of our large Asiatic army, to do what Eastern history shows us all Asiatic soldiers everywhere have always done, namely, to dictate to the Government that paid them, and to strive to obtain for themselves the undue advantages and immunities they coveted,—to appropriate the taxes they collected to their own use, and to coerce and dictate to, instead of serving, the State employing them. But still, some unthinking and obstinately ignorant men will talk great nonsense as to "the outraged

nationality of the Indian," "the oppression practised by the East India Company's Government," "the merited punishment for that Government's supposed lukewarmness in not proselytizing more, in its undue indulgence of native prejudices, and its non-enforcement of Christianity on its native servants and subjects."

Those who know anything of that vast empire of India, which is more than two thousand miles long, and as many miles wide, with its two hundred millions of people, its forty dialects, and its very many distinct nationalities, know full well that Asiatics have no nationality or patriotism of sentiment whatever, in *our* unselfish acceptance of those terms.

All who have read the history of the great East India Company's rule for the last hundred years, know how easily it always got the different races of India to fight against each other, for merely good pay, and how cheerfully our Mohammedan sepoys have fought against their own co-religionists; how even brave Seikhs, for *our* rupees, in 1848, stormed their own cousins' towns and villages, and how often Hindoos have willingly coerced for us their fellow-Hindoos, will know how very little the "patriotism and the nationality" of our Indian mercenary sepoys were ever worth. All who have associated much or conversed freely with Hindoos as to our rule as contrasted with that of the Moghul empire, or even with that of the Rajpoot and other independent princes now ruling in Rajputana, Gwalior, Puttiala, &c., know quite well that the millions of India have enjoyed under the old East India Company's Government a freedom and independence, a safety to life and property, with an amount of civil and religious liberty, and a generous consideration never even dreamt of by their ancestors in any former age.

They who recollect that the Government of all India was always administered by the East India Company's officers and servants only under express and peremptory orders from London; that our whole policy, civil and religious, came from Leadenhall-street and Cannon-row, without any discretionary power whatever being left to the local officers, who simply carried out their masters' orders, will, we think, see very clearly that the Englishmen serving the state in India, were not in any justice punishable for the acts or policy of the Home Government as pursued towards the natives of any of the states of India.

And even if heaven had decreed and determined that England's views of Indian religious liberty had merited the awful punishment and insults inflicted on our innocent women and children in 1857, it surely is but reasonable to

suppose that the families of the twenty-four Directors and the Board of Control, who alone were responsible, would have been in fairness selected for foul insult and cruel murder, and surely not those of the irresponsible public servants who were doing the State's hard work in India at that time.

We have nearly completed the whole circuit of India; we know Madras, have passed through Bengal and Bahar up to Agra and Delhi; thence on through Sirhind, Lahore, Peshawur, up to the Khaiber Pass; we have lived for two years among the hill people of the Himalayas at Simla, eight thousand feet above the sea; we have passed six years among the Rajpoots, Bhels, Mhaies, and other aboriginal tribes, and have travelled through Guzerat down the western coast of India, by Surat, to Bombay; we presume, therefore, to think that we have some little knowledge of Indian character and principles, and that we are in some measure qualified to form an opinion on the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857, which was to us so very serious a calamity, nationally and socially.

This belief, then, is our apology for delaying the promised extracts from the proceedings of the trial of Muhammad Bahadur Shah, in that very audience hall of his fathers in which he had so often sat as king and Great Moghul, surrounded by all his minions, parasites, and flatterers.

The court was composed of five field-officers, and had the services of an able and learned interpreter.

The Judge Advocate prosecuted.

The prisoner was aided by his attorney, Ghulam Abbas.

Extract from "The Charges" against the ex-King:

"4. For that he did on the 16th May, 1857, did at Delhi, cause and become accessory to the murders of forty-nine persons of European descent, and did, moreover, between the 10th May and 1st October, 1857, abet and encourage soldiers and others in murdering English officers and subjects, including women and children, by giving and promising such murderers service, advancement, and distinctions; and, farther, that he issued orders to native rulers having local authority in India, to slay and murder Christians and English people."

Extract from Sir John Lawrence's letter to the Commissioner of Delhi:

"I have to inform you that the life of the ex-King having been guaranteed to him by Captain Hodson, it will not be in the competency of the military commissison to pass any sentence," &c.

The following are selected from the numerous petitions and papers of all kinds found in the Delhi palace and the public offices of the town, and laid before the court. They were part of the records of the ex-King's rule, as established

directly after the outbreak at Delhi, and the murder of all the English and other Christian people.

"Petition from Moulavi Mhhammad Zohur Ali, Police Officer of Najaf Garh, dated 18th May, 1857.

"To the King! Shelter of the World!

"Respectfully sheweth,—That the orders of the royal missive have been fully explained to all the Thakurs,* Chowdaries,† Kanungoes,‡ and Patwaries§ of this township of Najaf Garh, and the best arrangements have been established. Further, that, agreeably to your Majesty's injunctions, steps are being taken to collect horsemen and footmen; and it is explained to them that their allowances will be paid from the revenue of this division of the district. Your slave's assurances on this point, however, will not be believed till some Ghazees,|| recently engaged, shall have arrived. As regards Nagli Kakrowla, Dachao-Kallan, and other adjacent villages, your slave has to represent that, unrestrained by the dread of consequences, and bent on all sorts of excesses, the inhabitants have commenced plundering travellers. Two petitions regarding the conduct of these lawless disturbers of the peace have already been submitted, and I am now in hopes that some royal prince, of reputation and capacity, may be deputed, with a sufficient force of cavalry, infantry, and Ghazees, to settle the portion of the country constituting your petitioner's jurisdiction; your slave will then point out these lawless villagers, and will be able for the future to preserve order and prevent crime. If delay or indecision is allowed to occur, many lives, it is to be feared, will be sacrificed. Some of the establishment at this station were very much straitened in pecuniary means, and had no choice but to go away. If with kind consideration, therefore, some funds are granted, a portion will be given to the men here referred to, and horsemen and footmen will be entertained to preserve order. But your Majesty is the lord and master.¶ This petition is forwarded to your Majesty by the hands of the cartmen who were recently subjected to lawless treatment. I would beg that your Majesty's orders may be sent by these men. (Prayers for the King's prosperity.) Signed and sealed, the slave Muhammad Zohur Ali, Police Officer of Najaf Garh.

"Autograph order by the King, in pencil.

"Mirza Moghal will quickly send a regiment of infantry, with its officers, to Najaf Garh."

"Joint Petition of Jogal Kishwar and Sheoprashad, Merchants:
No date. **

"To the King! Shelter of the World!

"Your Majesty,—Paying, agreeably to your majesty's orders, 1,200

* Thakur—Principal landed proprietor.

† Chowdary—Head man of trades or professions.

‡ Kanungo—Registrar of landed proprietary rights.

§ Patwary—Village accountant.

|| Ghazi—Fanatic pledged to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, in fighting in defence of the Mohammedan faith.

¶ A form of expression with which petitions are frequently closed, implying that the petitioner has discharged his duty, and that it remains with the party petitioned to exercise prerogative, and determine what should be done.

** Date of final order, the 1st July 1857.

rupees into the royal treasury, we obtained a document under your special signature, assuring us that we should for the future have full immunity from all vexation and annoyance at the hands of the functionaries of the state, the princes royal of illustrious descent, the soldiers of the army, and all others. Notwithstanding all this, however, some troopers, bent upon plunder, still come daily to your slave's house in the name of the princes, and wish to take our lives, or carry us prisoners. Left without other choice, we have been sitting concealed for the last three or four days, and our servants and retainers being subjected to every grievance and hardship, have not known what to do. Denied ingress and egress to and from our house we have been rendered houseless as it were, and the privacy of our families has been completely ruined. If the princes royal, delegated to protect the subjects of the state and the poor begin themselves to plunder and oppress, where then can there be any safety for the subject? From your Majesty's goodness, clemency and justice, equal, to Nowsherwan's, we expect that a written order will be addressed to each of the royal princes of illustrious ancestry, namely, his Highness the Lord of the World, Mirza Muhammad Mogul Bahadur, Mirza Khair Muhammad Sultan Bahadur, Mirza Muhammad Abulbaki Bahadur, Mirza Muhammad Abdulla Bahadur and others, to the effect that for the future no soldier of the cavalry or infantry be permitted to go to your slave's house and commit acts of aggression there; and that the military guard at present stationed there be removed, because lawless characters of the city take advantage of the guard being changed to plunder your slave's property. We further expect from your Majesty's kindness and consideration that a guard of militia from the chief police station of the city may be placed at our house, that we and our servants may not be hindered in going in and out, and may be protected from the ill-conducted characters of the city; and we pray, moreover, that a written order may be sent to the chief police officer, that none of the ill-conducted characters above alluded to may be permitted to get up disturbances with your petitioners. (Prayers for the prosperity of the reign.) Petition of the slaves, Jugal Kishwar and Sheoprasad, merchants.

"No date. Autograph signature of the firm in Hindi.

"Autograph order by the King, in pencil,

"Mirza Moghal Bahadur will station a guard at the house of the petitioners."

"Translation of a Firman from Delhi, addressed to Muhammad Khan, Nawab of Najibabad.

"Amir-ud-dowlat, Zia-ul-Mulk, Muhammad Mahmud Khan Bahadur, Muzaffar Jang, our own special servant, worthy of kindness and protection, the object of our favours.

"Know! The petition of that special servant, containing full particulars respecting the disturbed state of all the pergunnahs of that zillah from the acts of plunderers and rascals, and the method adopted for putting a stop to the same by entering as many footmen and horsemen as possible, and calling to mind the hereditary services of that faithful one towards our royal house, and requesting that your royal attention may devolve upon that zillah as of old, has been perused, and all has become known. Of a truth the forefathers of that especial servant have ever been the objects of favours to former emperors; but that especial servant has always been looked upon by us with particular

favour, inasmuch as you left me no service which was becoming, unperformed for Mirza Shah-Rukh, deceased, the light of our royal eyes. (This is an allusion to civilities rendered on a shooting expedition, which Mirza Shah-Rukh, the emperor's son, made some ten or twelve ago years to Rohilkhand.)

"Therefore you are entitled to our especial kindness.

"If you, in addition to your former good acts, render still more efficient service, then will the royal favour be increased, and your request that the arrangements of the whole zillah be made over to you shall be complied with. Until a perfect sunnud be issued, you are to keep in deposit the revenues of the district, after paying the troops and the revenue officers, and you are to remit the balance to us.

"With reference to the large amount of treasure, chattels, and horses which came into your hands after the flight of the British officers, you must send them at once with an account-current by the hands of Mathura Das* and two of the royal sowars, in order that the real value of your professions may be at once tested, and that you may obtain promotion.

"28th Zu'l Kâdat, 21st year of our reign, corresponding with the 21st July 1857.

"Address from Mirza Moghal, on the part of the King, attested with the official seal of the Commander-in-Chief, rambling and unconnected, and, from the style, appearing to have been written from the King's dictation, dated 9th August, 1857.

"To the officers of the Bullumtair (Volunteer) Paltan, 36th† Regiment of Native Infantry.

"The orders of the royal presence are to the following effect.

"In the first place, it is to be observed that setting aside all regard for my own life even, I have done all in my power to satisfy and please the soldiery in every matter. The reason was, I had assured the army that I should regard them as my own children. The petulance of one's own child has to be borne with, and so I have borne with yours, indulging you in all your wishes. But it is to be deplored that you have, notwithstanding, shown no concern for my life, and have had no consideration for my old age. It is incumbent on you now to reflect on my infirmities, and the changes my health is momentarily undergoing. The care of my health was altogether in the hands of the physician, Ahsan Ulla Khan, who kept himself constantly informed of the changes it underwent. Now, there is none to care for me but God, while the changes in my health are such as may not be imagined. All the soldiers and officers ought now, therefore, to gratify me in this matter, as I have even indulged them in every wish of theirs, and should remove the guard at present over the physician, and release him from arrest, so that he may be at liberty to come and go, whenever he may think it necessary to examine my pulse. Moreover, if my enemy is instigating you, you should not heed his insinuations. Should any one insinuate suspicions against the physician, you should tell him to intercept some letter attested with his seal, and bring it to you, that you may have proof that he is an enemy, and that you will then yourselves punish him. Furthermore, the property that was plundered from the physician's house belonged to the king. It is therefore proper that it should be

* N.B. This is the name of the old treasurer, and father of the present Bijnore treasurer.

† This appears to be a mistake. The 36th Regiment Native Infantry was called the Bullumtair Paltan.

traced and collected, and should be sent to our presence, and that the people, through whose instigation it was plundered, should be adequately punished, agreeably to the decision of the Court. If you are not disposed to comply with these requests, let me be conveyed in safety to the Khwaja Sahib.* I shall there sit and employ myself in the occupation of a Mujawir,† and, if this even is not acceded to, I shall relinquish every concern, and go away.‡ Let those who think they can detain me, attempt to do so. Not having been killed by the hands of English, I shall be killed by yours. Further, the oppression that is at present being inflicted on the people is not inflicted on them, it is inflicted on me. It is incumbent on you all to take measures to prevent it. Or let me have my answer,§ and I shall swallow a diamond and kill myself.|| Moreover, on the plunder of the physician's house, a small box containing our seal was carried away. No paper, of a date subsequent to the 7th August, 1857, bearing the impression of that seal, will be valid."

"Petition of the Rajah of Ballabgarh, dated 31st July, 1857.

"To the King! Shelter of the World!

"Respectfully sheweth,—That your Majesty is fully aware how entirely my former officials had the most complete authority in every matter, and how unreservedly every business was confided to their care. These men, in their short-sighted cupidity, embezzled and made away with property worth lacs of rupees. When the secret of their misconduct became disclosed, and I took steps to compel them to render their accounts, and to make restitution for the deficiencies, they one and all, upon one plea or another, went off to Delhi, where they are now residing in their respective homes. So little do they dread being brought to account by your Majesty's officers, that they have prepared themselves for further acts of ingratitude, and use their worst endeavours, to the prejudice and injury of all cases connected with this State, which happen to come before your Majesty's government. Thus, for instance, your Majesty having been more than ever graciously disposed towards this slave, these men have succeeded, by their false and unfounded representations, in making me the object of your aversion and anger; for they have made you believe that while I am professedly a servant of the State, in heart I am a friend of the English, that I am collecting stores of lead and powder with traitorous designs, and that I have closed the high road to all travellers and traffic. So completely have your Majesty's feelings of gracious kindness been changed to those of anger, displeasure, and resentment, that Ahmad Ali, who was the trusted agent of your distrusted slave, and who remained in attendance at your royal court, feeling himself in utter disgrace, has come away to this place, at the same time that Kalandar Baksh Kahn Risaldar, who had been in attendance according to your Majesty's own orders, has received his dismissal. Your exalted Highness, all that my enemies have alleged adverse to my interests are lies, which must, in the end, fail of their object. They trust by such conduct as they have

* A shrine of great reputed sanctity near the Kutb.

† Mujawir, sweeper of a mosque.

‡ In the original "I shall jump up," as one giving up an undertaking thoroughly annoyed and disgusted.

§ That is, tell me plainly that you do not intend to heed my wishes.

|| In the original, literally, I shall swallow a diamond and go to sleep. It is a prevailing idea in India that swallowing a diamond is an effectual means of suicide.

been pursuing to impress your Majesty with a firm belief of their own zeal and devotion, hoping by this means to secure immunity from all question or inquiry on the part of the officers of your Majesty's government, and the quiet and unmolested enjoyment of the immense riches they have amassed by their frauds against this State. My ancestors and I have ever been the ancient and hereditary devoted slaves and servants of this exalted dynasty, and have never entertained an idea of disloyalty against you, who dispense mandates to the six cardinal points,* and the seven kingdoms of the world. For unalloyed gratitude and fidelity, I am as silver which has been thoroughly tried. If you test me a hundred times I shall not fail in the test. The proof of this profession and statement is this: Before the present disturbances I was staying at Delhi on some business. If I did not cherish the most heartfelt devotion and fidelity for your Majesty even then, how was it that I made proposals, through the superintendent, Mir Fattah Ali Sahib, that I might be allowed the honour of an interview? If the obligations of fidelity and loyalty were not impressed in their brightest colours on the tablet of my heart, how was it then that this secret and long-cherished wish should have been disclosed, and should have received expression in words? Let my enemies do what they please. I, your ancient slave, shall still, under all circumstances, continue your devoted well-wisher.

“My eyes will not take the impression of any face but yours,

“My mirror will not reflect the countenance of a stranger.”

“Moreover, although I, your ancient slave, profess the Hindoo religion, having observed the conduct and behaviour of those who say that God above is supreme, I have remained in subjection to the guidance of the leaders of the Mohammedan faith, in so much that, although from the first existence of the town there had been no Mohammedan mosque either in the fort or outside in the market, I have caused a lofty one for congregational prayers, built of stone, to be erected within the fort itself. I have, moreover, had an eedegab, a place set apart exclusively for prayers at the festival of the Eed, built near my garden, called the dilkhusha, to encourage and conciliate the Mohammedans. I, your ancient and eternal well-wisher, have ever desired that the Mohammedan faith should be extensively proclaimed. Your Majesty! let your displeasure now be changed for feelings of graciousness, and let me, who am an expectant of your kindness, be, as before, regarded anew with eyes of favour and benevolence, and let not your Majesty give credence to the false allegations and absurd statements of my enemies and adversaries.

“Be watchful against your associates in position,

“For water, though pure by nature, is the rival of the mirror.”

“Moreover, in your unbounded favour and graciousness, let orders be issued to the servants of your Majesty's government, to seize the above enemies and inimical characters, and to make them over to me, so that their villainies may come to an end, and the cloud of your Majesty's displeasure and anger may be dispelled; and that I may bring them to an account for my losses, amounting to lacs of rupees. As regards the petition presented to the Lord Sahib Bahadur by Rustam Ali, a resident of Kuraoli, that Gairdah and others, eleven persons, were taking two carts laden with wheat and wheat-meal, as supplies to Delhi, and that the Rajah's police officer seized and sent them to Ballabgarh, where the freight of the carts were confiscated, I urge that the statements of

* The six cardinal points are the East, West, North, South, Zenith and Nadir,

the petitioner are altogether false, and contrary to facts. The true features of this business, without reserve or exaggeration, are, Gaindah, who is a leader of ill-conducted characters and highway robbers, had, in the first instance, accompanied by some desperadoes, residents of his own village, plundered the village of Nuglee, in the Bhadrapur jurisdiction, and conveyed the booty to his own and adjoining villages. Subsequently, bent on plunder, they made a raid on the village of Mugrowlee, in the Ballabhgarh jurisdiction. By the merest chance the police and revenue officers of Farridabad happened in their patrolling excursion to come to the Magrowli boundary, and saw what was going on, when these plunderers and highway robbers immediately consulted their safety in flight; but the revenue officer, acting with decision and promptitude, seized some of the miscreants, and, having pinioned their arms, forwarded them to the criminal court of this place. The file of papers compiled in this case is forthcoming. If, in proof of what is here stated, it be so ordered, the original, or a copy, as may be required, shall be submitted for your Majesty's inspection, when you will be thoroughly informed of all the facts. The case of the buggy and Nabi Baksh Merchant is similar. The particulars of this matter are, that my servants had purchased the buggy which has been attached from a Brahman subadar of the 11th regiment of Native Infantry, and Nabi Baksh Merchant was proceeding in it to Ballabhgarh. So pray your Majesty! certainly inquire into this case. As one or two English letters were found in the buggy, I solemnly swear by God that I or my servants have no knowledge of them whatever as to who is the writer, who the addressee, or what their purport. It accordingly appears evident that some enemy of this State has had these letters written surreptitiously, by some one acquainted with English, and has had them concealed in the buggy. Let your Majesty certify yourself of the truth of all that is here submitted, by the testimony of the priests at the shrine of Muhammad Shah Nizam-ud-din. May he ever be blessed! I beg I may be honoured with a favourable reply to this petition. (Prayers for the prosperity of the reign.) Petition of the slave, Rajah Nahar Singh Bahadur, chief of Ballabhgarh. Seal of Rajah Nahar Singh Bahadur."

"Order under the Seal engraved in the King's special Cipher, dated 15th July, 1857.

To Mirza Moghal.

"Son,—The illustrious and valiant Mirza Muhammad Zohur-ud-din, otherwise Mirza Moghal Bahadur. Learn! That, just now, we are under the necessity of raising a temporary loan, at an interest of one per cent. per mensem, from the merchants of the city, to defray the allowances of the army. Many of the merchants paid up the amounts that were claimed from them. Others, however, on the ground of non-payment, were apprehended, and brought to the palace by the soldiers of the royal levies, and are now detained as prisoners in the captain's guard, attached to the office of the court chamberlain. We have just heard that with the collusion of some infantry soldiers, the relations of the merchants have devised plans to liberate them from custody. Even just now a private of the infantry coming from the direction of the guard at the Lahore Gate of the city, which is included in the Tamakuka-kutra, entered the captain guard; and on the instigation of one Lakshmiram, said he would take away Lakshmiram's son. The officers and men of the guard interposing, the private in question used much violent language towards them, and even threatened to shoot them, and liberate the lad. From the representations of the officers

it is further ascertained that he will return in the afternoon, accompanied by 18 or 20 other soldiers, in order to raise a disturbance with the men of the captain's guard. You, our son, are therefore directed this instant to send a reinforcement* to the captain's guard for the effectual custody of the prisoners confined there, and you will direct that no soldier be allowed to take away any prisoner. Do not allow the neglect or delay of a second to occur in this matter, for if such things be permitted, our authority must be deranged. Be assured of our kindness.

"Note on the reverse by Mirza Moghal probably, but without signature or seal.

"A guard has been stationed, agreeably to the orders of the royal presence, at the captain's guard. Dated 15th July, 1857.

Let our readers contrast this sad picture of the everyday life at Delhi, as portrayed in these complaints and petitions, with the former story of the comfort, ease, and security enjoyed for the half century prior to 1857, by all classes, castes, and creeds of our East Indian subjects, and say whether any Hindoos or Mohammedans had any reason to prefer the rule of the Moghul to that of the East India Company, or if any section of the community were in any degree happier or more prosperous.

"Order from the King, without signature, Cipher, or Seal, evidently an Office Copy retained for record, dated 7th August, 1857.

To the ever faithful, Rao Bhara, the Ruler of Kutch Bhoj.

"Consider yourself receiving the royal favour, and know! That Girdhari Singh, subadar of the Grenadier company of the 16th regiment of the Bombay Native Infantry, being introduced by the adviser of the State, the honoured of the country, the special slave, Muhammad Bakht Khan, Governor-general Bahadur, has come into the royal presence and affirmed that you, ever faithful one, having put the whole of the infidels to the sword, have thoroughly cleansed and purified your domains of their unclean presence. We have been extremely gratified to hear of such conduct on your part, and you are therefore honoured with this address, to the intent that you will institute such arrangements throughout your territory, as that none of the creatures of God may in any way be aggrieved or oppressed. Further, should any numbers of infidels reach your dominions by sea, you will have them slain. In doing this you will act entirely in accordance with our pleasure and wishes; and all such desires as you will entertain and all such request as you will make to our presence, will in every point be acceded to. Be assured of our kindness. One copy and extract transcript. To the ever faithful Rawal Ranjit Singh, ruler of Jasalmir. Dated 11th August, 1857."

"Translation of a Petition from Muhammad Darwashi to his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, North-Western Provinces, dated 24th, posted at Delhi 25th, and received at the Agra post office, 27th March, 1857.

Nourisher of the poor! May your prosperity continue! Your High-

* The word used in the original is "Pahara," which means a Guard, but indefinite as to strength.

ness! The arrangements for the dispatch of letters from the King of Delhi to the King of Persia, through the Pir-zada Hasan Askari, have been stated in a former petition, and must have come to your knowledge. I, who am a mendicant of itinerant habits, have since learned, for a certainty, that two men with letters from the King of Delhi through the said Hasan Askari, proceeded about three or four months ago towards Constantinople, in company with a caravan going to Mecca. Hasan Askari has now assured the King of Delhi that he has certain information that the prince royal of Persia has fully taken possession of and occupied Bushire, and that he has entirely expelled the Christians, or rather, has not left one alive there, and has taken many of them prisoners; and that very soon indeed, the Persian army will advance by the way of Candahar and Cabul towards Delhi. He told the king also, that his Majesty was altogether too careless about corresponding with the King of Persia. The king then gave Hasan Askari 20 gold mohurs, and requested him speedily to dispatch letters to Persia, and directed him to give the gold mohurs to the man who should take the letters, for the expenses of his journey. Hasan Askari accordingly took the money, and returned to his house, and has prepared four men to carry the letters, making them assume the coloured garments of religious mendicants: and it is reported that they will leave for Persia in a day or two. The petitioner has not been able to ascertain their names. In the palace, but more especially in the portion of it constituting the personal apartments of the king, the subject of conversation, night and day, is the early arrival of the Persians. Hasan Askari has, moreover, impressed the king with the belief that he has learned, through a divine revelation, that the dominion of the King of Persia will, to a certainty, extend to Delhi, or rather over the whole of Hindustan, and that the splendour of the sovereignty of Delhi will again revive, as the sovereign of Persia will bestow the crown on the king. Throughout the palace, but particularly to the king, this belief has been the cause of great-rejoicing, so much so, that prayers are offered and vows are made, while at the same time Hasan Askari has entered upon the daily performance, at an hour and a half before sunset, of a course of propitiatory ceremonies, to expedite the arrival of the Persians and the expulsion of the Christians. It has been arranged, that every Thursday, several trays of victuals, wheatmeal, oil, money in copper coin, and cloth, should be sent by the king in aid of these ceremonies; and they are accordingly brought to Hasan Askari. Some of the higher functionaries of the government, drawn into a faith in this man by his frauds and deceptions, are in the habit of visiting his house, and consider his words and actions entitled to the greatest reliance. Where would be the use in my naming these traitors? May the Almighty God confound the enemies of the Government! Your petitioner keeps learning these matters from certain of his friends who have admittance to the presence of this King of Delhi, and who are, moreover, in the habit of visiting Hasan Askari also. Actuated by good will, I have communicated the above particulars. It rests in the province of the ever-enduring Government to make necessary and effectual arrangements. Petition of the well-wisher Muhammad Darwesh. Dated 24th March, 1857. 'Seal of Fakir Muhammad Darwesh.'

“ Witness examined by Judge Advocate.

“ *Question.*—Did the annexation of Oudh by the Company cause much feeling of dissatisfaction among the Mussulman population of Delhi?

“Answer.—No, it caused no dissatisfaction whatever : on the contrary, the Mussulmans of Delhi were very much pleased with it, as the people of Lucknow being Shiah, had killed Monlavec Amir Ali, who was a Syad and a Suuni.”

“Jat Mall’s Evidence.

“Question.—When did you first return to the palace after the 11th of May ?

“Answer.—I had heard a report in the city that the Europeans were to be slaughtered : I don’t know the exact date, but it was some seven or eight days after the outbreak ; and I got into the palace among the crowd. This was about eight o’clock in the morning. On my reaching the first court-yard of the palace, I saw the Europeans seated in a row, with their hands tied behind their backs along the edge of the square reservoir, and also along the small canal leading to it ; there were men, women, and children. Shortly after I arrived one of the Meerut cavalry mutineers fired a pistol at them ; he was standing at the same distance on horseback ; the shot missed the Europeans, and hit one of the king’s sepoy, who was standing some way off behind them ; this man died in consequence, and owing to this accident, the crowd decided on killing the Europeans with swords. The king’s retainers, as well as some of the mutineers, drew their swords to carry out this resolve ; but I had not nerve to stay and witness the execution, so went home, and subsequently heard that they had all been slaughtered by the king’s servants and the mutinous soldiery.

“Question.—Where any guns fired as a token of joy on the occasion ?

“Answer.—No, I heard none.

“Question.—Did the prisoner give his consent to the murder of these Europeans ?

“Answer.—On the first day of the soldiery making a request that the Europeans should be executed, the king refused his sanction ; but it was said that on the day following, Basant Ali Khan, a personal attendant on the king, and a man notorious for his savage disposition, went among the soldiers, and instigated them to insist on the murder of the Europeans. They did so, and the king ordered the Europeans to be given up to them ; at least this is what I subsequently heard at my own house. On the morning of the massacre, Basant Ali Khan is stated to have stood in the court-yard of the hall of special audience, and to have called out loudly that the king had sanctioned the slaughter of the Europeans, and that the personal armed retainers of the prisoner were directed to go and assist in carrying it into effect.

“Question.—In your opinion, could the king, had he been anxious to do so, have saved the Europeans, especially the women and children ?

“Answer.—I heard in the city, that the king did wish to save the Europeans, particularly the women and children, but that he was overruled by the violence of the soldiery, and had not the firmness to oppose them.

“Question.—Was there not ample room for the women and children in the apartments occupied by the females of the king’s establishments, and would not the European women and children have been safe there ?

“Answer.—Certainly there was abundance of room ; 500 people might have been concealed and been safe there ; there are also several secret recesses and crypts, which, had the rebels even dared to violate the sanctity of the women’s apartments, would have escaped all search.

“Question.—Were you present in Delhi during the whole siege by the British ?

"*Answer.*—I continued in Delhi for three months and a quarter after the outbreak, when the king's people began to search for servants of the British Government on suspicion of sending intelligence to the English. I then made my escape from the city, and did not return till some time after the city had been re-taken.

"*Question.*—Are you aware whether any other Europeans were murdered after the massacre of those in the palace?

"*Answer.*—No, I don't know that there were any left to be murdered; but before the massacre above described, I heard that some 38 or 40 had defended themselves in some underground recess, and being starved out, were killed about two or three days after the outbreak.

"*Question.*—Did you ever hear the sepoys allege any other ground of complaint besides that of the greased cartridges?

"*Answer.*—No, I never did.

"*Question.*—How did the sepoys generally speak of the Company's Government during the siege?

"*Answer.*—The soldiery generally talked of the Government with bitter complaints of the attempt on their caste and religion, and always avowed their intention to kill Europeans whenever they met them. Those, however, who were wounded, contrasted the neglect with which they were treated in Delhi with the care they would have experienced under similar circumstances had they been fighting for the English.

"*Question.*—Do you think there was any difference between the Mohammedans and Hindus, in regard to their feelings for or against the English Government?

"*Answer.*—Yes, certainly; the Mohammedans, as a body, were pleased at the overthrow of the British Government, while the merchants and respectable tradesmen among the Hindus regretted it."

"Evidence of Absan Ulla Khan, the Physician.

"*Question.*—Look at this leaf, and see whether you can recognize the handwriting on it?

"*Answer.*—Yes; it is the handwriting of the man who kept the court diary, and this leaf is a portion of it.

"Translation of an Extract from the Court Diary, for the 16th of May, 1857.

"The king held his Court in the Hall of Special Audience: 49 English were prisoners; and the army demanded that they should be given over to them for slaughter. The king delivered them up, saying, 'The army may do as they please;' and the prisoners were consequently put to the sword. There was a large attendance; and all the chiefs, nobles, officials, and writers presented themselves at the court, and had the honour of paying their respects."

"Copies of Circulars addressed from the King to Rao Bhara, the ruler of Kutch Bhoj, and to Ranjit Singh, Chief of Jaisalmer.

"To Rao Bhara, Ruler of Cutch.

"It has been reported that you, ever-faithful one, have put the whole of the infidels to the sword, and have thoroughly cleansed and purified your dominions of their unclean presence. We have been extremely gratified to hear of such conduct on your part, and you are therefore honoured with this address, to the intent that you will institute such arrangements through your territory as that none of the creatures of God may in any way be aggrieved or oppressed. Further, should any number of the infidels reach your dominions by sea you will

have them slain. In doing this you will act entirely in accordance with our pleasure and wishes."

"To Ranjit Singh, Chief of Jasalmir.

"It is clear to our belief that throughout your dominions the name and trace of these ill-omened infidels, the English, must not have remained; if, however, by any chance or possibility some have escaped till now, by keeping hidden and concealed, first slay them, and after that, having made arrangements for the administration of your territory, present yourself at our court with your whole military following. Considerations and friendliness a thousand fold will be bestowed on you, and you will be distinguished by elevation to dignities and places which the compass of your qualifications will not have capacity to contain."

There can be no doubt that all the Hindoos of Oude were very glad to get rid of the effete Mohammedan king, and the hosts of fools and fiddlers who had for years so oppressed their country and screwed such enormous taxes out of the idolaters of all grades and classes. And as to our own numerous pensioners resident in Oude, and the families of our Poorbeah, Brahmin, and other sepoys, their position under our rule could not possibly have been worse than it was under the yoke of the foreign Mohammedan king.

And even after our annexation of Oude, the scores of lads, sons of our Poorbeah officers and sepoys, still flocked in from their village homes in Oude to our various cantonments, and underwent regular drill and training, unpaid, that they might, as recruits, be quite ready for vacancies in our most popular service, just as they had done for years and generations before.

On the question of the greased cartridges having brought about this terrible mutiny, so high an authority as Sir John Lawrence did think so certainly, but very few other men of Indian experience believed that any sepoys, except the most ignorant and stupid, ever thought that the Company's Government had any intention of doing anything opposed to either their religious or caste prejudices. On this subject what fell from the Judge-Advocate is well worth our attention.

"The bitter zeal of Mohammedanism meets us everywhere. It is conspicuous in the papers, flagrant in the petitions, and perfectly demoniac in its actions. There seems, indeed, scarce any exemption from its contagious touch. The Prince Mirza Abdulla robbing his confiding visitor and former friend, and then sending his uncle to compass her death, seems no exaggerated instance of it. It is again represented by the Mohammedan officer, Mirza Taki Beg, at Peshawur, who while in high employment and pay by the British Government, complacently quotes from his books that a change will take place, and that the British rule will soon be overthrown. It finds a still more unmistakable disciple in Karim Baksh, of the Delhi Magazine, who, while draw-

ing English pay, avails himself of his scholarship and knowledge of Persian, to send cirenlars to the native regiments to the effect that the cartridges prepared in the magazine had been smeared with a composition of fat, and that the sepoy's were not to believe their European officers if they said anything in contradiction of it. It will be recollected how active in his enmity this man proved when the king's troops were attacking the magazine; how he kept up a secret communication with them, and how completely he identified himself, from the commencement, with the conspirators. Can there be a doubt that he was one of those who had been successfully tampered with; that, while ostensibly serving the English, he was, in reality, in the pay and confidence of those seeking their destruction?

"In the course of this address, I have dwelt, long and frequently, upon those circumstances which appear to demonstrate that to Mussulman intrigue and Mohammedan conspiracy we may mainly attribute the dreadful calamities of the year 1857. I have endeavoured to point out how intimately the prisoner, as the head of the Mohammedan faith in India, has been connected with the organization of that conspiracy either as its leader or its unscrupulous accomplice. I have alluded to the part taken by the native press and Mohammedans, in general, as preparing the Hindus for insurrection, and the native army, in particular, for revolt; and perhaps, in further corroboration of such facts, it may be as well to advert to the share that may be assigned to the Mohammedans in getting the cartridges refused on the parade ground of the 3rd Light Cavalry. Out of these 85 troopers the far larger moiety was Mohammedan. These men had no caste, and to them it could not possibly have mattered whether pig's and cow's fat was smeared on the cartridges or not. Captain Martineau tells us that at the Ambala depôt, as far as the cartridge question was concerned, the Mohammedan sepoy's laughed at it; and we thus perceive that these men initiated open mutiny without one pretext for so doing, or the shadow of an excuse. They had not even the extenuation of a pretended grievance; yet they at once leagued themselves in rebellion against us, and induced the Hindus to join them, by speciously exciting them on that most vulnerable of points, the fear of being forcibly deprived of their caste. I say, induced the Hindus to join them, for such is the evidence before us, and this too on a pretext in which the Mohammedans could have had no possible sympathy with them. Nor, indeed, were the Hindus long in discovering this, for as a witness, who has been frequently quoted informs us: 'Immediately after the battle of the Hindan, they spoke with much regret of the turn that affairs had taken, reproached the Mohammedans for having deceived them, and seemed to doubt greatly that the English Government had really had any intention of interfering with their caste. Great numbers of the Hindu sepoy's at this time declared that, if they could be sure their lives would be spared, they would gladly go back to the service of the Government; but the Mohammedans, on the contrary, used to assert that the king's service was much better than that of the English; that the nawabs and rajahs would supply the King with large forces, and that they must eventually conquer.' If we now take a retrospective view of the various circumstances which we have been able to elicit during our extended inquiries, we shall perceive how exclusively Mahommedan are all the prominent points that attach to it. A Mohammedan priest with pretended visions and assumed miraculous powers—a Mohammedan king, his dupe and his accomplice—a Mohammedan clandestine embassy to the Mohammedan powers of Persia and Turkey resulting—Mahommedan prophecies as to the downfall of our power—Moham-

medan rule as the successor of our own—the most cold-blooded murders by Mohammedan assassins—a religious war for Mohammedan ascendancy—a Mohammedan press unscrupulously abetting—and Mohammedan sepoys initiating the mutiny. Hinduism, I may say, is nowhere either reflected or represented; if it be brought forward at all, it is only in subservience to its ever-aggressive neighbour.”

“The arguments in reference to a Mohammedan conspiracy are now closed. I do not mean that many others might not be deduced from the proceedings before us, for I have selected only those that appeared to me the most prominent. I would wish, however, before sitting down, to quote one question and answer from Captain Martineau’s evidence: ‘Did you ever hear any of the sepoys speak complainingly of the efforts of English missionaries to convert natives to Christianity?’ *Answer*: ‘No, never in my life; I don’t think they cared one bit about it.’ I believe there is no officer whose duties have given him much experience of the sepoy’s character or any insight into his feelings and prejudices, but will readily confirm the correctness of this opinion. There is no dread of an open avowed missionary in India. It is not the rightful conversion to Christianity that either sepoys or natives are alarmed at. If it be done by the efforts of persuasion, of teaching, or of example,—the only means by which it can be done,—it offends no caste prejudice, excites no fanatical opposition. A candid undisguised endeavour to gain followers to Christ has never, that I am aware of, been viewed with the slightest sign of disapprobation by any portion of the natives, and were it more constantly before their eyes, who can doubt that it would remove this present dark and debasing error that Christianity is itself a caste, and its only distinguishing tenet the privilege of eating everything. If this degrading idea were removed, the chief fear of the Hindus would vanish with it. Let them see that it is impossible to make converts to Christianity by force, and you deprive the seditious of their most potent weapon of mischief. Christianity, when seen in its own pure light, has no terrors for the natives. It is only when kept in the shade, that its name can be perverted to an instrument of evil. But I may, if I proceed further, be trenching on questions of State policy.”

Thus concludes this very important trial of the chief of all the Mohammedan conspirators. Much of its details must strike many of our readers as picturing a condition of things and of thoughts entirely new and strange. In fact, men whose experiences of life and general society have been confined to only European and western communities, must necessarily experience very much difficulty in realizing to their own minds, and in entering into the principles, sentiments, and motives of conduct by which Asiatics of any creed are swayed and biassed.

In countries where women enjoy no religious and no social position, where polygamy, polyandria, and all their very many concomitant evils prevail generally; amongst men who deem perjury no crime, and bribery a justifiably smart proceeding; with whom forgery prevails in an organized form and system, truth and simple honesty meet with but little respect or admiration, and are but slightly cultivated.

We have known a highly-educated and well-paid Moham-

medan civil officer detected in accepting a large bribe from a Rajpoot prince, urge, in palliation of his offence, that as the temptation had been so very strong, and the chances of his ever being detected so very few and small, he should have deemed himself very culpably negligent of the interests of his family if he had refused that bribe. Here, he actually converted what we deemed a crime into a virtue.

Again, a learned and devout Brahmin pundit has told us that our unswerving truth and strong ideas of abstract justice were very admirable and even godlike qualities; and, as such, worthy of very high commendation; but that Hindoos could not consider such high and lofty principles really human, and that, therefore, they could not be expected to sympathize in them, be swayed by them, or act up to them.

Again, within this year, a petition has gone home to the Queen, signed by a large number of the princes, nobles, landholders, bankers, merchants, and educated Baboos of Lower Bengal and Behar, praying that the second Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Justice may be removed from the bench, because "he punishes perjury and forgery as if they were serious crimes!!"

If such, then, be the result of the teaching of the Koran since the days of the Hegira, on the minds of accomplished and thoughtful Mussulmans; and if such be what the Shastries, Vedas, and Purans, as propounded for the last five thousand years to mild Hindoos and astutely philosophic Brahmin priests and pundits; how gigantic and appalling are, and will be for years to come, the difficulties under which we must labour as we strive to teach them our notions of what are right and wrong, or to apply to idolatrous Hindoos and fanatic Mussulmans our ideas and theories of what is good, honest, and true. When, as Englishmen of all grades, we have learnt to live, daily and hourly, a practical life of Christianity; when we shall have shown the Indians what pure fruit our sublimer religion bears, in our deeds, motives, and words, then may we expect all, Hindoos and Mussulman, to esteem and respect us; to admire our truth and honesty, our high sense of duty and straightforward manliness.

But this consummation so devoutly to be desired can hardly be looked for while our Englishmen of all classes drink and swear, and live the immoral lives they do. When Christian missionaries have really Christianized our seventy-three thousand soldiers and others now in India, they may hope to begin upon the grand work of evangelizing the millions of Hindostan, but hardly before!



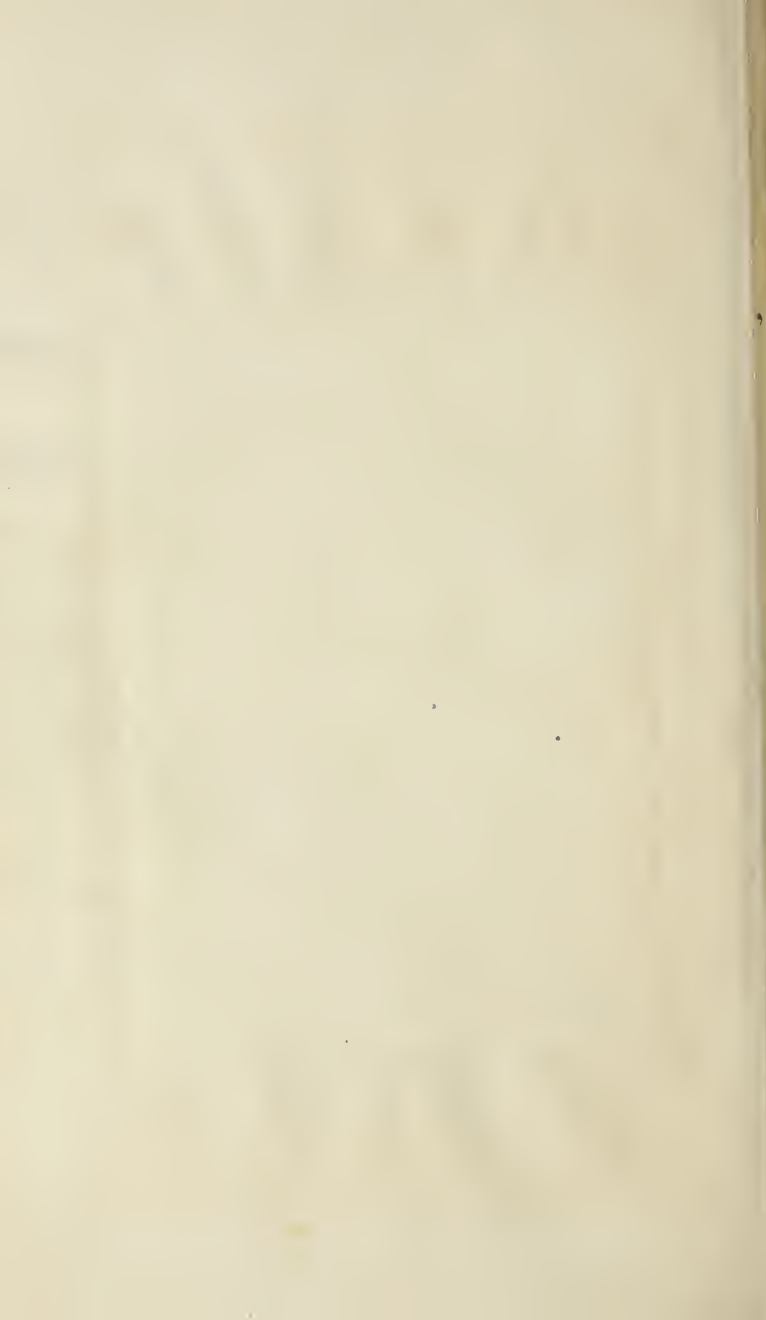
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THE
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E L S D A L E .  
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CHAPTER XXXI.

ALL the following morning the search for Henry Thornton's body was continued without success. Some traces of him were found: enough to confirm, if confirmation were needed, the conviction which had impressed itself upon all, that he had been drowned. A knotted stick, grotesquely carved by an old Bushman, and which Thornton was known to have had in his hand when he went away, was found floating on the water far down towards the Heads. And when the tide ebbed, there was left on the shingly beach near the drift, a hat, soaked and shapeless from the water, but quite new; the one he had on, in all probability, when he met his death. It was the opinion of all who were competent to judge, that the body had been floated down by the ebb tide and the strong stream, and probably carried out to sea. There was still a chance that it might be deposited on the shore somewhere near the Heads: and during the day the search had been carried on at the more distant part of the Mersey. Mr. Keane, who had been incessantly occupied, riding from point to point, directing the operations, resolved that if nothing were found within the Mersey basin during this tide, he should have the sea coast outside the Heads examined, as being the most likely point on which the body would be thrown up.

Maurice Johnstone had kept his promise to Warren; and had been to the Knoll, and tried to get some sleep. From sheer weariness he sank into a deep, heavy slumber, from which he did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens. He awoke to the recollection of the new position in which he was placed by the tragical occurrence of the previous night. With the first glimpse of returning consciousness there rushed into his mind the feeling that he was free from the gnawing sting of shame and self-reproach which for so many weeks had haunted him. A crushing weight seemed

to have been lifted from him. A sense of ease, lightness, relief from pain and suffering pervaded his whole nature, and imparted to him a sensation of happiness and enjoyment to which he had been long a stranger. Let him not be judged harshly. He was not a heartless, or an unfeeling man. But there is a kind of selfishness which is inherent in the nature of the very best among us. And while Johnstone strove to repress a bounding sense of rejoicing happiness which, under the circumstances, would have shocked him had he been able to analyze his own feelings; yet it was not possible for him to be unconscious of a freedom from personal suffering which was of itself enough of happiness for him. It was true that Henry Thornton was drowned, that his wife was a widow, and his children fatherless,—that a whole family had been involved in one common affliction; but, strive as he might to impress all this upon himself, it was not in human nature to feel no inward thrill of gladness, to know no quickening of the pulse, no exhilaration of the spirits at the sudden and unlooked-for removal of what had been so long a source of so much bitter misery to him. So the warp and woof of joy and sorrow make up the chequered web of our life. The woe of one is the weal of another; and the blessings of Providence are equalized among us by a perpetual system of balance and mutual compensation.

Johnstone had ample leisure for thoroughly considering the circumstances of the new position in which he found himself placed. The Knoll was silent and deserted, save by old Doortje, the Hottentot cook. Every hand that could be spared in the whole neighbourhood was helping at the search along the shore, or on the lake. After breakfast, he paced up and down the rude stoep before the house for a long time buried in deep thought. Now and then he paused and looked abroad on the landscape,—the green slopes, the bold circling sweep of the dark river, the cliffs and hanging woods on the further bank, beyond which lay the Elsdale valley. But though he looked long and earnestly, it was with the gaze of a man whose mind was pre-occupied. The scene made no impression upon him. His thoughts were engrossed with deeper, more absorbing matters. At last it would seem that he had come to some final conclusion. Casting off his thoughtful aspect and manner, he entered the house and returned with his sketch-book and small japanned drawing-box; and with these he set off at a rapid pace up a steep winding path which led to the summit of the heights behind the Knoll. Along the edge of the high ground he made his way, until he came to the spot from which he had

gained so good a view of Elsdale a few days before. And here, sitting down at the foot of a huge yellowwood tree, whose hoary branches festooned with long trailing tufts of green and white lichen formed a canopy above his head, he began with skilful hand to transfer to the paper the scene before him. The outline was quickly laid down; the bold foreground, the softly swelling hills in the distance, the house with its many gables crowning the terraced height in the centre of the picture, backed by its dark sheltering woods, with its bright green stretch of meadow land before it. No need for him to study the various features of the scene. They were imprinted only too deeply on his memory, and his work went on rapidly, for it was a labour of love. Johnstone had all the enthusiasm and much of the manual skill of an artist. And before he rose from his seat he had completed a bold, and somewhat rough, but very effective sketch of the well-known scene. He did not pause to put in any finishing touches. One more long look he took at the spot which had exerted so strange a fascination over him. Once more he compared his sketch with the original. And then, as if satisfied that nothing was wanting to recal it all to his memory, he inserted the date in the corner of the picture, closed and fastened the book, and with this farewell to Elsdale returned rapidly to the Knoll.

Tom Bowline had returned, and gave it as his opinion that Thornton's body had been carried to sea, and would never be found. And, impressed with this conviction, he had ceased from further exertions in the search for it, as being a mere useless waste of time. Johnstone availed himself of Tom's assistance to put his baggage in perfect readiness for travelling, and gave him instructions to have it all conveyed on board the *Maid of Mersey* in the course of the afternoon; and then, saddling his horse, he set off to Eastbourne to seek Warren, who, he learned, had been down towards the Mersey Heads in his skiff.

He left his horse at Mrs. Tokers'; and from thence walking along the grassy shore, he soon discovered Warren sculling leisurely with long, slow strokes, up the lake, with the flowing tide. A hail from Johnstone brought him alongside the wooden jetty; and a few words of inquiry and answer confirmed the report which had reached Johnstone already, that the body had not been found.

"And I fear," Warren added, "that we shall not find him now until he has been horribly disfigured or mutilated."

Johnstone got into the boat, and lay down in the stern. Warren shoved off, and again pulled slowly up the stream.

Neither spoke for a time, though the same thought was uppermost in the mind of each. They had not met since their parting at the bridge the night before. Johnstone was eager to know how Mrs. Thornton had borne the shock; while the sight of the poor white face and wistful eyes haunted Warren's memory, in spite of the bright visions that had filled his mind since. Both shrank with instinctive delicacy from entering upon the subject; and Warren rowed on in silence, broken only by the faint splash of the sculls in the water, and their muffled rattle in the rowlocks.

At last Johnstone said, "I have told Tom Bowline to bring down my traps to the steamer in your large boat."

Warren looked hard at his friend. "You mean to go then?" he asked.

"Yes, Warren," Johnstone answered, glad of an opening that enabled him to say what was in his mind. "Yes; I shall keep to my original intention, and leave the Mersey at once."

He paused awhile: Warren still rowing on slowly and silently, and watching his friend's face keenly.

"I will not disguise from you," he said again presently, "that I have been strongly tempted—by what has occurred—to remain here longer, and perhaps I might have found reasons for doing so, sufficient to have satisfied my conscience. You will not need that I should tell you how very deeply this—this event has affected me. You can understand, without any explanations from me, in how totally different an aspect things now present themselves to me."

He was lying in the boat all this time, not looking at Warren: gazing up into the sky. Suddenly he sat up, face to face with his companion.

"Warren," he said earnestly, "I have confided all to you, and you have proved yourself a staunch friend to me. I will conceal nothing from you now. There was a time last night, after you had left me,—as I was alone by the water's side,—when I actually wished that Thornton might be drowned: when I actually hoped—God forgive me!—that he was dead; because he stood between me and what I coveted! I did, Warren; I saw into myself as I had never seen before, and I knew of what depths of wickedness I was capable. I was only one step from a murderer! My mind is quieter now, thank God! and this morning, turning the whole over in my mind, quietly and deliberately, I have come to see my way clearly to several conclusions. In the first place, it is very certain that this sudden and terrible affliction which has befallen Thornton's family, was not intended in any way for

my private advantage; and I feel that it would be nothing but the most gross selfishness and presumption in me—to say nothing of its being totally unworthy of a man and a gentleman—to make any attempt to turn it to my advantage. Then, I feel that, under the circumstances, there is a certain indelicacy in my remaining here just now, after what has occurred. Even if she should—if nobody, I mean, but you and I know all: yet you and I do know what will satisfy you, I think, as it has satisfied me, that I ought not to be here just now. Don't you agree with me?"

Warren nodded, without speaking, and Johnstone went on, though with greater hesitation:

"You will naturally conclude, after all I have told you, that this event has made the present very different from what it was, and has opened a totally new future to me. I won't attempt to disguise from you that hopes and expectations have presented themselves to me, to have entertained which yesterday would have been sin, but which now inspire me with new life. I will confess frankly, that the attainment of the most intense, passionate longing I have ever known, is no longer utterly hopeless to me. You will readily understand that to a man who has felt—who does feel—as I do, even this shocking occurrence can bring with it only one prominent idea; and that, in spite of every effort to the contrary, I can see only the possible—the probable—results as regards myself."

Again he paused, as if lost in reverie. Warren had ceased rowing, and the boat was drifting on very slowly with the flood tide. Something in the peaceful stillness of the afternoon seemed to exercise an influence over them both. After a while, Johnstone resumed in a lower tone, and with a softened voice, as if loth to break the soft, dreamy silence,

"Its soothing, hallowing influence seems to be around me already," he said. "The mere dwelling upon the blessed hope seems to purify and elevate my whole character. I feel a better man,—a more devout, humble, chastened man. She sheds her influence upon me from afar off, and it makes me feel how selfish, how impure, how all-unworthy of her I am! No, Warren, I have learned thus much from the knowledge I have gained of myself,—that until I have striven more earnestly to subdue the evil that is in me, I am unfit to offer myself to her. For a year, at least, I will absent myself; and during that time I will spare no effort to become more and more what the man who shares her lot ought to be. I will do what I can alone: and trust to perfect the work by the light of her example, and in the sunshine of her presence."

He stopped and lay back again in silence, as if allowing his fancy to dwell on the dreams which he had conjured up. Warren, holding down his crossed sculls with one leg, and resting his elbows on his knees, regarded his friend with a look of grave concern, in marked contrast to the dreamy expression of happiness on Johnstone's face. The kind-hearted fellow could never bear giving pain; and yet he could not allow Johnstone to remain under a misapprehension which might have the effect of seriously misleading him.

"I think you told me," he began, after a little pause, during which he was considering how he could best bring about his object: "I think you told me that nothing in the way of an avowal had ever passed between you?"

"Not a word: not a sign: not even a look!" replied Johnstone, still lying as before, with his hands under his head, gazing up at the sky.

"Have you any reason to suppose, then, that she—that there is any corresponding feeling to your own?"

"It is much more easy to ask than to answer such a question," Johnstone said, after a short pause of reflection. "I know that she was not happy with her husband. I believe there was no affection, no sympathy between them. I cannot say more, except that one is not often mistaken in these instinctive attractions, and that it seldom happens that the influence is not mutual."

"Do you think, then, that she had never given her heart to her husband at all; or that she had done so, and it had been alienated by his coldness and indifference?"

"Wherever her love was once bestowed, there, you may rely upon it, it would remain fixed. She is truth and loyalty itself. What would not any man give for such a treasure!"

And again Johnstone relapsed into his dreamy state of abstraction.

"Johnstone," said Warren at last, "you have been very frank with me, and all that you have said only raises you higher in my estimation. I must be equally frank with you. I must tell you that you are deceiving yourself."

Johnstone raised his head with a startled, puzzled expression. "How so?" he asked.

"She never cared for any but her husband. Her whole heart was given to him. And it is his now. It will never belong to any other."

Johnstone continued looking at his friend with an eager, inquiring expression, while the other went on,

"She did not know herself how much she loved him until this shock taught her. I believe that he never knew,—

perhaps did not even care. But I have seen her; and you may take my word for it that her whole heart's affection, her whole power of loving was concentrated upon her husband. She never will—never can love another man."

Johnstone lay looking at his friend for a few seconds, while his face assumed a more grave and thoughtful expression. But he was sanguine and enthusiastic, and ready to meet and to overcome any obstacle. So he only said with a smile, as he allowed his head to sink back again into its attitude of dreamy repose,

"My devotion, my constancy shall equal, shall surpass her own."

"Johnstone, my dear fellow, you must know all; though it will cause you bitter pain. You will never see Mrs. Thornton again as you have done in past days."

Johnstone started up. "What do you mean, Warren?" he asked eagerly.

"I mean that this shock has entirely prostrated her intellect. She is now quite imbecile. Nothing can remove the impression upon her poor disordered mind that Thornton is coming home immediately. She talks coherently enough; but she is, in fact, quite insane. I suppose the news was brought to her too abruptly. I only know that when I got to Elsdale I found her, as I tell you, strangely calm and quiet, but quite insane; and possessed with the idea that her husband was coming back to her at once. It is upon that point that she is mad. And De Jongh, with whom I had a long talk on the subject this morning, told me that he had no hopes of her recovery. The very absence of her husband is enough to prevent it. I leave you to judge, Johnstone, what was the real depth and extent of her affection for Thornton; and whether it is right or wise to cherish such ideas as you have done with regard to her."

Johnstone sat looking at his friend in silence, and the expression of his face became more and more grave as he listened to what he had to say. When he had finished, Johnstone still sat silent for a time, as if familiarizing his mind with what he had heard. Presently he said,

"Do I understand you to mean, Warren, that it is your opinion that Mrs. Thornton's mind has been affected in this way solely by the shock of her husband's death?"

"I believe—nay, I am sure,—that it is not the mere suddenness of the event, nor the tragical nature of it which has thus affected her. The fact is, that while we none of us knew it, nor Thornton himself, and while, perhaps, even she was unconscious of it, her whole life was centred and bound

up in her husband. He was really everything to her ; though, as we know, his was that kind of hard unsympathizing nature, which would not acknowledge, perhaps could not comprehend such a depth of affection. Well, this news was brought to her abruptly, probably with all sorts of exaggerated details. No one who did not understand what was the extent of her affection, and how completely she lived in her husband's life, can form the slightest idea, I believe, of the anguish which she went through when she first realized the extent of her loss. There was nobody there to see her ; nobody to soothe, or to comfort, or to help her in any way. And left thus to herself for a great portion of the night, the combined effects of terror and agony were more than her nature could bear. You know that with bodily pain, numbness and insensibility supervene after it has reached a certain degree of intensity. And De Jongh thinks that it is somewhat the same with her mind : that a sort of torpor of imbecility has come to her relief from insupportable suffering. And if it be so, I say it is a blessed and merciful thing. She is as helpless as a child, poor soul ! But she does not suffer. She has no recollection of Thornton's death ; and she has a sort of sad pleasure in looking forward to his return. God knows whether this can last very long. But so long as it does she is out of pain. And if her return to consciousness is only to be at the cost of such terrible suffering as she now escapes, then I say that it would be a sin even to wish that she were in her senses again !”

And Warren, resuming his sculls, pulled half a dozen long, powerful strokes, making the stretcher crack, and the oars bend like willow twigs, and sending the skiff flying through the water.

Johnstone lay back in the boat buried in thought. At last he said,

“I dare say you are right, Warren ; and that it would be selfish and unfeeling to wish her to be other than as she is. At any rate, I will try to think so. But I am confused and bewildered now by what you have told me. I must have time for reflection.”

He lay back again silent, while Warren pulled steadily towards the landing-place at Elsford bridge.

“One thing I begin to see, already, Warren,” Johnstone said presently, with a faint sort of smile on his face, just as the boat was nearing the bank.

“What is that ?” Warren asked.

“I see what a total revulsion of feeling may be brought about by the certainty forced upon one, as this has been,

that the object of such a fascination is entirely devoted to another!"

At the landing-place they found Tom Bowline, who had got thus far with Johnstone's baggage, and who advanced to meet them with a queer look of sly intelligence on his weatherbeaten face.

"Well, this here's a ram start!" ejaculated that worthy as Warren shipped his sculls, and the skiff bumped against the jetty. There was a levity in the man's tone, and in the expression, which in the present painful circumstances seemed to Warren heartless and brutal. He answered gravely and sternly.

"Have they found anything here?"

"Yes, they have found him, sure enough!" was Tom's reply.

"Where was he?" "Is he much disfigured?" asked Johnstone and Warren at the same instant.

"I don't disactly know where they found him; but he looked uncommon bad as he went by here, not half an hour ago."

"They have taken him home, then?" asked Warren. "I hope to Heaven they will not let her see him!"

Tom grinned, and chuckled again, in a very unseemly fashion.

"He was ridin' Klaas Meyer's old pony. And he'd never been drowned at all!"

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#### CHAPTER XXXII.

It was quite true. Tom Bowline's account was corroborated, a few minutes after, by the arrival of Mr. Keane, the magistrate, attended by a couple of constables who had an old negro in their custody, and surrounded by a little crowd of people. In answer, however, to their eager inquiries, Warren and Johnstone could learn nothing with any certainty; until Mr. Keane, declaring that he could not march with that crowd at his heels for another mile and a half to the Court-house, resolved to enter into a preliminary investigation on the spot. He seated himself accordingly with magisterial dignity on a block of stone beneath the trees; Johnstone and Warren threw themselves upon a bank beside him; the witnesses and "the public" placed themselves in the most convenient positions they could find; and the prisoner was duly paraded. He told a long, rambling story in Dutch, which to a less persevering inquirer than Mr. Keane, would have seemed utterly hopeless. The magistrate's spirit

only rose to an occasion worthy of his genius. With the tact and adroitness peculiar to himself, he detected what appeared to be something like a clue to this confused entanglement. Dexterously seizing this, and following it up with the persistent tenacity of a sleuth-hound, he contrived to unravel at last the whole story, and reduce it to a plain and intelligible shape,—greatly to the comfort of poor old Moos, the negro, who seemed to experience a sense of relief and satisfaction not unlike that of a patient who has just evaded the penalty of suffering by having recourse to chloroform.

It appeared that Moos had been in the employ of Dirk Swanepoel, the wood-cutter, over whose proceedings in the forest Henry Thornton kept such a watchful eye in the discharge of his duties as Ranger. It was perfectly true, as Thornton suspected, that Swanepoel had been actively engaged, for some time past, in cutting timber and wagon-wood in a part of the forest where he had no right to be; but he had conducted his operations with so much secrecy and cunning that Thornton had never been able to pounce upon him. There was a large quantity of this stolen property lying ready to be removed from the forest, when the fortunate circumstance of Thornton going to the Cape left the coast clear, and afforded Swanepoel precisely the opportunity which he wanted. During the whole period of the Ranger's absence, he had been, like the little busy bee, improving each shining hour—or rather each moonlight night—and had placed a considerable quantity of the spoil on board a schooner then lying in the Mersey; the skipper of which, content with having made a satisfactory bargain, considered it injudicious to embarrass the transaction by unnecessary questions. They were engaged in conveying the last boat-load on the preceding evening at about nine o'clock, when, as they neared the drift, they saw Henry Thornton on the bank before them. He hailed the boat, and asked what wood that was they had on board. Swanepoel, who had not expected Thornton to return so soon, made no answer; and Thornton, not being able to see from the bank who was with the boat, plunged his horse into the drift, with a view, as it seemed, of intercepting the boat at that point. He had passed more than half-way across the river, which was very deep, when his horse suddenly disappeared, having plunged over the edge of the deep hole. The boat was then very near him, and they distinctly saw him pitch forward, and then slide off the horse, still holding on to it with his arms round its neck as it swam and scrambled ashore. His hold then relaxed, and

he fell down in the shallow water near the bank, and the horse galloped off. By Swanepoel's directions he then rowed the boat to where Thornton was lying; and when they lifted him up, they found he was stunned and bleeding from a cut or blow on the forehead. Swanepoel's first intention was to carry him out to the deep water, and then to heave him overboard to be drowned. At Moos' entreaty, however, he consented to take another mode of keeping him quiet. They carried him to a clump of bush at some little distance from the river, where Swanepoel tied him hand and foot with a reim, and covered him with an old kaross. They then took the boat on, unloaded it, and returned while the people were busy searching the shore.

"The boat they used was Mr. Warren's large one. (Sensation.) Tom Bowline used to make it fast to a post by a chain and padlock; but Swanepoel got a key which fitted the padlock, and they used the boat whenever they wanted it." (Renewed sensation; during which old Moos grinned as if he enjoyed the joke, and Tom Bowline walked growling out of court with his hands in his pockets.)

When they returned to Thornton, he was still unconscious, and breathing very heavily. Moos was afraid Swanepoel would want to murder him, and offered to stay by Thornton all night and prevent his making a noise and attracting attention. And Swanepoel at last consented to this arrangement. Moos was to remain hidden in the bush beside Thornton during that night and the next day. If Thornton came to his senses, and made any attempt to call for assistance, Moos was to muffle his head in the kaross and gag him if necessary. If Moos himself ventured to leave the spot, or to release Thornton before the evening of the next day, Swanepoel swore with many cruel oaths that he would shoot him. This threat he repeated when he came again to him in the grey of the morning, and brought him some food; and Moos, being perfectly confident from his knowledge of Swanepoel's character, that if he made a promise of that nature he would undoubtedly keep it, obeyed his injunctions, and remained concealed until the combined effects of fear and hunger impelled him to cut the riem that bound Thornton, and to bring some people to his relief. Thornton, it appeared, had made no effort to liberate himself, or to call for assistance. He had continued in a drowsy, half stupified state, from which a copious dose of brandy and water had aroused him sufficiently to enable him to get home. And Moos concluded by impressing upon Mr. Keane that as he had throughout acted under compulsion, and had rather

befriended than injured Mr. Thornton, he had done nothing that subjected him to punishment.

Mr. Keane was inclined to think that the true thing to be done under the circumstances was to send Moos to prison, and to dispatch mounted constables in pursuit of Swanepoel, who had, no doubt, decamped. This appeared to him to be most like action. Warren, however, prevailed upon Mr. Keane to leave the old man at liberty; he making himself responsible for his being forthcoming in the event of his presence being further required. And Mr. Keane was left at liberty to apply the whole force of his energetic character to the task of securing Swanepoel.

As that worthy is in no way further necessary to the development of our story, we may here dismiss him from the stage. It is needless to say that he was not caught. Having a good twelve hours' start of his pursuers, and, moreover, having the advantage of knowing where he was going to,—a point with regard to which, in their own case, the constables in pursuit entertained confused and conflicting notions,—he got clear off. The constables returned at the end of three days' vague and desultory galloping from farm-house to farm-house; with faces inflamed from exposure to the sun, with gait rendered unsteady by overmuch riding, and suffering from a hoarseness and huskiness in the throat, and a thirst which nothing seemed to appease. Mr. Swanepoel himself is sometimes heard of in the Free State, where the exercise of such gifts as we have already seen to belong to him, and the possession of a sum of ready money, combined to place him at once in a distinguished position. He has become an extensive landed proprietor, and is much looked up to by his fellow-citizens.

"And now," said the practical Mr. Keane, when he had allowed Moos to remain at large on bail, and had made all arrangements for sending out the constables, "Now it is time to go to dinner. Mr. Johnstone, are you going to Warren's, or will you come to us?"

Johnstone was going to pass his last evening with Warren, and in a few minutes was occupying his old place in the stern of the skiff, while Warren pulled steadily and gravely towards home.

"What strange changes we have seen within the last four and twenty hours!" Johnstone said, after a little silence, during which both were occupied with their own thoughts.

"Strange, indeed!" answered Warren, in less kindly and gentle tone than was usual with him.

"I wonder how this strange restoration of her husband will affect Mrs. Thornton?" Johnstone said, after another silence.

"De Jongh said he thought that nothing would ever cure her but having her husband again. But that, if that could ever be, he should quite expect to see her restored as completely as if nothing had ever happened." Still Warren's tone was that of a man whose temper was ruffled.

There was another long silence, and then Johnstone spoke again.

"I don't think I am deceiving myself," he said, "when I say that I am satisfied—even glad and thankful that it should be thus. I believe my feeling for Mrs. Thornton is sufficiently disinterested to allow me to rejoice sincerely in her great happiness. Yes, I am really thankful that it has been so ordered."

Warren gave utterance to a sound that might have been taken to imply anything except satisfaction, and tugged away doggedly at his sculls.

"Who could have thought—which of us expected, three hours ago, such a happiness as this for them all!"

Warren pulled a few more strokes, and then resting on his oars, and leaning his elbows on his knees in his favourite attitude, made answer:

"Well, you see, Johnstone, there is no such thing as unmixed happiness; or happiness for everybody. And I suppose I am no more unselfish than other men. And I don't mind telling you that poor Thornton's return to life again is not the very happiest event for me."

Johnstone looked at him in some surprise, and Warren went on:

"Well, you see, last night, while I was at Elsdale, I saw Miss Thornton, and she—that is, I—in short, we are engaged to be married!" he said at last, jerking out his words, and his bronzed face glowing to a deeper red.

"My dear fellow!" Johnstone exclaimed eagerly, "I could not have heard anything that could give me greater pleasure!"

"Ay, but you see this business brings up all my old difficulties again. I don't mind confessing to you that I have been thinking this morning that I was pretty sure to have the Rangership, and that with that additional income, I could make *her* very comfortable; and I suppose I have been building castles in the air on that foundation. And now it turns out that the Rangership is not vacant; and I am in the position of having a quarrel with the brother of my future wife, and forbidden to enter his house. God forbid that I should grudge poor dear Mrs. Thornton one atom of her happiness! But there are some points on which we are all selfish, I suppose; and I want you to see that even this does not bring entire happiness to everybody."

And Warren dug his sculls into the water again, and pulled away with stubborn energy.

Johnstone said something about the lady's consent being all that was really necessary, but did not return to the subject, and they pursued the short remainder of their way in silence. Nor was Warren's position alluded to during the chat—the last they were to enjoy—over the evening pipe. But the next morning early, while Warren was occupied about the farm, Johnstone got Tom Bowline to put him across the river in the boat, and set off on foot across the hill to Elsdale,

It was still early when he arrived, and the household was only just astir, and recovering from the effects of the anxious watching of the previous day and night. None of the family had yet appeared; and Johnstone, going to the library, wrote a little pencil note, and sent it up to Miss Thornton.

Kate soon appeared, bright and fresh from her morning toilet, and in a flutter of eager excitement to know what could have brought Mr. Johnstone to Elsdale from the Knoll at that hour, to see *her*. She began to feel a little nervous when Johnstone told her he had to request a few minutes' conversation with her; and proposed that they should go to a favourite seat of hers, under a wild chesnut tree in a retired corner of the garden, as the place least liable to interruption. But her fears were removed when Johnstone, with much earnestness, offered her his congratulation on being about to form a union with one whom he did not know whether to love or to esteem most. He spoke so warmly, so enthusiastically in Warren's praise, that Kate's heart was completely won. And as she listened with glowing cheek and moist eyes to his praises of her lover, she felt ashamed and repentant of having ever thought harshly of him; and thought that, *next* to Reginald Warren, he was the one whom she should like to have as her friend.

Thus having paved the way, not with any crafty intention, but winning her attention and interest by his honest and hearty regard for the man whom she loved, Johnstone proceeded to lay before her what he thought it right that she should know as to Warren's position with reference to her brother. He concealed nothing from her, but touching upon the cause of their quarrel with a delicate hand, showed how he himself was the indirect cause of it all, and declared his intention of seeing Henry Thornton, placing him in possession of all the facts, and appealing to him by all that might influence him, to give him the satisfaction of knowing before he left the Mersey for ever, that his two friends were no

longer at enmity between themselves. He urged with much warmth and earnestness that he could not be happy while he was haunted by the consciousness of having been the cause of discord and angry feeling between the two men whom he most regarded. He pointed out to Kate the painful differences that were almost sure to arise between her brother and herself, and the great difficulties which she would have to meet at the outset in even informing him of her engagement. Kate, who was both clever and sensible, saw at once that she should have to encounter some difficulties, which might develop themselves into serious family differences. Even in the simple matter of conveying to her brother the intelligence of their engagement, the more she thought of it, the more she saw that the way was not perfectly clear and simple. The obvious course was for Warren to inform Thornton of it. But whether he did so in person or by letter she saw the same liability to a still further rupture. And though she was resolute, and high couraged, and was not at all dismayed at the idea of marrying without her brother's consent, yet she could not help feeling that it would be very much nicer if there was no such necessity, and if all whom she loved could be present to give her their good wishes on her marriage. She was very glad, therefore, to listen to Johnstone's suggestion that he should himself convey the information to her brother. Nobody was so competent to do this as himself; because it was in his power to clear up some points which might present themselves to Thornton's mind in an unfavourable light. He could relieve him from any suspicion which he might entertain that Warren had taken advantage of his absence to break through the restriction he had laid upon him, of not going to Elsdale. He could show how it was at his own urgent request that Warren had gone to the house, when it was supposed that he was drowned. There were other matters which he could explain—which he must explain. He urged the adoption of this course with so much earnestness, that even had Kate been less willing than she was to accede to his proposal, she could not have refused her consent. But, feeling as she did very grateful for his kindly assistance, and greatly relieved at having what she felt would be a nervous business placed in such efficient hands, she accepted his mediation with many cordial looks and expressions of thanks; and it was arranged between them that she should be on the watch for an opportunity of securing Johnstone an interview with her brother that morning.

This point settled, they went in to breakfast, and Johnstone learned all that had occurred subsequent to Thornton's

return home. Kate described with considerable graphic power the appearance of what she regarded her brother's ghost; Mrs. Thornton's insane greeting as she supposed it; and her own fainting with fright and horror. When she came to herself, she soon learnt that the apparition was no less than her brother himself in the flesh, though woefully battered and faint with loss of blood and want of food. He had taken plenty of light nourishment under Dr. de Jongh's direction, and she had just now heard that he had passed a very good night, and had already made two tolerably good breakfasts that morning. He was so hardy and strong that Kate had no fears that he would suffer any ill effects of much consequence, and she fully expected to see him downstairs in the course of the morning.

As for Mrs. Thornton, what Dr. de Jongh had predicted seemed to have taken place. The presence of her husband had restored the balance of her mind. She had been perfectly sane ever since he appeared; and had indeed displayed a tact and thoughtfulness in doing what was necessary for his comfort which surprised them all. The extraordinary part of it was that she seemed to have no recollection of the agony she had undergone, or of having ever regarded him as dead.

"And Henry was so nice to her," Kate concluded. "I never saw him so loving and considerate, or her so happy or so beautiful."

Kate was quite right in her impression of her brother's probable proceedings. About ten o'clock, he became restless and tired of lying in bed, and proceeded to get up, though he was still very weak, and moved with pain and difficulty. In about an hour, he was duly installed on the sofa in the library; and as soon as he was rested sufficiently, Johnstone went to him. And they two were closeted together in earnest conversation for so long a time that Kate, who was nervous and impatient to know the issue, began to feel seriously alarmed. At last the door opened, and Johnstone came out looking very grave and pale, and told Kate that her brother wished to see her; and Kate, with a trembling step and fluttering heart, was led into the library.

Henry Thornton was lying back on his pillow, as if tired, or deep in thought. The large broken bruise on his forehead gave his face a peculiarly haggard and ghastly look; but as she walked up to the side of the sofa, he turned to her with a very soft and affectionate smile, and held out his hand to her.

"Katie, dear," he said, "I am feeling very tired just now,

and shall be glad of some rest; but there is something I must do first. I have learned to see many things which I did not understand when I went away. Some I have found out for myself, and some our good friend Johnstone has taught me. I can never be thankful enough to him for it. And there are many wrong things which I have done, which I mean, please God! to undo. I want to begin at once. Will you help me, Katie?"

"Dear Harry!" Kate answered, kneeling down beside him, and kissing his hand, "only tell me what I can do."

"Sit down there, at Annie's davenport, and write a note, in my name, to Reginald Warren, and beg him to come and see me as soon as he can."

Kate hid her blushing face with her long ringlets as he wrote a little note with rapid and trembling fingers.

"Is it done? Now go and send off somebody on horse-back with it at once."

Kate was closing the door as she went out.

"Stop!" Thornton cried. "There is another thing I want you to do. I want you to keep a secret for me. By the next post I shall write to the Governor to ask to be allowed to resign the Rangership of the forests in Warren's favour. There is no doubt about its being granted. But Warren is not to know of it. I want to give him the appointment as a present on his wedding-day. Will you indulge my whim?"

"My dear, kind Harry!" Kate exclaimed, throwing her arms round him. Thornton kissed her affectionately; and then said he felt very tired, and begged to be left alone for an hour or two.

Need I detail the rest? Of course Warren arrived,—“no end of a swell,” as Thornton afterwards remarked, and looking even more ruddy than his wont, perhaps from his unusual efforts at personal adornment. Of course Kate thought he was an age in coming; and was so blissfully happy when he did come. And they all went into the library, where Thornton kept his state, and there was a great deal of shaking of hands and embracing, and I am not at all sure that there were not a few tears besides from Kate, whose generous heart was touched by the sight of two frank, high-spirited men acknowledging their faults and asking each other's forgiveness. And when poor Mrs. Thornton, who had been kept very quiet all the morning by Dr. de Jongh's orders, came downstairs, she could not make out what had been going on; until Kate lured her on to the stoep, and there, twining her arm round her waist, told her all her happiness. And then there were more kisses and more tears.

And Mrs. Thornton coming into the drawing-room again put her hand into Warren's, and said simply—

“I am so very glad! No one else is worthy of her!”

And so the morning passed away: and towards the close of the afternoon, a messenger arrived from the village with an intimation from Captain Deadlight that he should go out with the ebb that evening. And Thornton's cart was brought round to the door, and the time had come for Johnstone to leave. It was all over—the dream and the awakening! Warren beckoned Kate out of the room while Johnstone said “Good-bye.” I believe there was nothing said. He bent respectfully, almost reverentially, over Mrs. Thornton's hand, and touched it lightly with his lips. He pressed her husband's with a manly grasp, gazing the while into his eyes with a look full of deep meaning, and turned away.

At the door he paused, gave one more rapid look round the familiar scene, and in another minute was swinging down the road to Eastbourne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunset, and still the *Maid of Mersey* is lying at her berth, with her anchor right under her bows, and the steam funnel chafing and scolding at the delay. Johnstone and Warren are leaning over the taffrail talking in low tones. The steward issues from the companion, casts an eye towards the evening sky, and dives below again to prepare the evening meal, which he begins to fear the passengers will not be too sick to eat. An appetizing odour of mingled boiled mutton and hot oil is wafted fitfully upon the evening breeze. Captain Deadlight is pacing to and fro with angry strides; pausing at every turn to reconnoitre the shore, and resuming his quarter-deck walk with increased energy and irascibility.

“Coming at last!” he exclaimed suddenly. And Johnstone and Warren, aroused by the sound, advanced to the side of the ship, and leaned upon the bulwarks, watching the progress of a boat that was being pulled rapidly from the shore. She was speedily alongside, and three cloaked and muffled figures clambered on deck, and revealed the well-known forms and faces of Mr. and Miss Hadley, and Mr. Munro! There was evidently a mystery. The three at sight of Johnstone and Warren huddled together, just as a covey of partridges do before they whirr up on the wing. There was a brief consultation; and then Mr. Munro advanced to Warren, and lifting his hat slightly, begged to speak a few words to him in private. What those few words were nobody but Warren ever knew. At least, if anybody knew nobody ever told. But Warren rejoined the group, with an

ill-suppressed grin on his face, and shook hands with Mr. and Miss Hadley, and congratulated them. And ten days later, the *Cape Cerberus* newspaper contained the following advertisement:

“Married, by special licence, in the Cathedral Church, Cape Town, by the Very Reverend the Dean, assisted by the Reverend the Colonial Chaplain, Malcolm Munro, Esq., H. E. I. C. Civil Service, to Magdalena Jacobina Wilhelmina Betsy, daughter of Samuel Hadley, Esq., of Eastbourne, Mersey, South Africa.”

Mrs. Tokers declared she had known of it all along, and that she was quite sure it would be so at last. I suspect she never knew of that little scene in the drawing-room of the Parsonage.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Good-bye, old fellow!”

“God bless you, Warren!”

A strong grasp of the hands; a long straightforward look into each other's eyes; and the two friends have parted. The funnel has ceased snorting and scolding. The screw makes a turn or two, and stops; another turn or two, very fast; and, as if repenting of its haste, a few more turns very slowly; and finally settles down to a steady half-speed, and the vessel moves away from the anchorage. Captain Deadlight is on the bridge across the deck, directing the man at the wheel by signs with his hands, which he liberates alternately from his pockets for that purpose.

Past the grassy banks; out into the broad bed of the lake; across into the deep water; under the scrubby bank on the further side. The white walls of Eastbourne begin to glimmer faint and dim; the thunder of the surf between the Heads grows louder and louder. Now she glides between the lofty headlands. The steep cliffs are shutting out the familiar scene. Eastbourne has passed out of sight. There go the hills behind Elsdale; and the wooded points at the entrance to the valley. Nothing left now but the straight view up the lake, and a glimmering white speck in the distance, which is the Knoll.

The little steamer gathers herself up for her work, and goes hurling into the heaving sea upon the bar. A few seconds of rearing, plunging, diving, wriggling, jerking, and she has passed the narrow entrance. Round goes the wheel in two pair of sinewy hands. Round goes her head in answer to the rudder.

The lofty headlands are closing, closing in. Only a peep

of the lake left now. Now that is gone. Now the hills have vanished. Now there is visible only a long lofty line of black frowning cliff, a dark tossing sea, and a dull grey sky. Farewell to the Mersey!

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THREE years have passed away. It is a glorious South African morning in September. The soft pure blue of the sky is relieved by a few little filmy clouds, floating ever so high up, in the airy depths. The breath of spring is balmy and fragrant with the rich yield of the teeming earth. A sort of dreamy transparent haze softens the whole landscape; the grassy slopes, the circling sweep of the river, the rugged cliffs beyond, the half-view of the blue placid lake, the far-off ocean, just seen between the Mersey Heads,—the well-known view from the front of the old house at the Knoll.

The Knoll is greatly altered since we first saw it, on the morning of Maurice Johnstone's arrival there. Little, indeed, remains of it, but the deep old foundations, and the massive old stone walls. The stoep is shaded by a verandah, the pillars covered with flowering creepers. A neat enclosure, filled with garden and shrubbery, covers the bare space which used to be occupied only by a hitch-post, with an old saddle and bridle commonly lying at its foot; and the horses, wandering knee-haltered about the green, no longer, as of yore, allay cutaneous irritation against the corners of the house. The new wing, which cost Reginald Warren so much labour, now bears all the marks of regular habitation. Pretty muslin curtains are swaying gently in the pleasant morning air; a canary is singing lustily in one of the windows; bees are busy at work among the luxuriant flowers of the garden. The slopes down to the river exhibit no marks of change, save that a strong double fence of timber, meeting the rocky entrance to the "Mersey Gat," indicates that the whole extent of the grass-land in front of the house has been enclosed, so as to form a sort of park; and here and there, dotted about the open space, clumps of young trees are protected by fencing. Half-a-dozen cows, imported Devons, such as would gladden the eye of a lover of stock, are grazing fetlock-deep among the luxuriant pasturage, and in a quiet corner, under the shade of an old thorn tree, stands old Blesbok: as morose and discontented, to all appearance, in the midst of ease and plenty, as he had formerly been with short commons and hard work. Behind the house, the square of farm buildings originally designed by Warren, has been

advanced by the addition of a long open cow-shed; and the meagre aspect of the whole place, which had struck Johnstone as speaking so plainly of the scanty means of the owner, has given way to an unmistakable look of comfort and abundance. But there is nobody visible, and not a sound to be heard, beyond the pleasant sound of falling water, where, in a cool and shady corner, a clear rill led to the house from a copious spring away up in the woods, tumbles into a large stone basin; in which there stands, at the present moment, a brown and white earthen milk-pan, containing thick rolls of beautiful yellow butter.

The Knoll seems to be deserted, but the inmates are at no great distance. Not half a mile from the house, down in the hollow just beyond the further enclosure of the meadow-land along the river's side, is the hamlet of pondoks, the squalid abode of the coloured people, whose condition used to vex Warren's soul in days of yore. From time immemorial, it had been one of the favourite kraals of a tribe of Hottentots who had roamed and hunted over the adjacent plains and forests. The tribe had long passed away before the withering presence of the white man; but the spot, selected with that instinctive sense of the beautiful in nature which none possess more truly than the savage, had retained its attractions for the half-castes, in whom some remnants of their blood were perpetuated, and for such kindred waifs and strays of the aboriginal races as found their way to the Mersey. A hopeless place it seemed. Where idle men basked and slept in the sunshine; and women, with heads tied up in foul and ragged handkerchiefs, squatted the live-long day in listless indolence; and naked children grovelled in the dust, and played and quarrelled with gaunt mangy dogs. To civilize such a place would be a good work to accomplish in a generation; but something has been done, or, at any rate, attempted in that direction. The worst of the pondoks have been destroyed, the others improved, and some cottages of the most simple construction have been introduced. There is now a decided road, and the outline of a village. There are some rough fences around patches of maize, beans, and Kafir-corn. And near the centre of the hamlet, standing back a little from the road, beside a clump of trees which might have been first planted over the grave of some forgotten chief of his tribe, there stood a school-chapel, very plain and simple, but picturesque, and perfectly "correct," with high pitched roof of reed thatch, and shady porch, and quaint little bell-cote; and a neat cottage, the residence of a catechist-schoolmaster, whose spirit was not too lofty to

condescend to whitewashed walls, and a fire upon the hearth.

And round the deep shady, porch of the school-chapel a group of the inhabitants is gathered, far more cleanly and orderly than could be expected; and in front of the door stands Tom Bowline, wearing his best blue jacket, and a new glazed hat of hard and uncompromising aspect, with his hands in the pockets of a pair of highly starched white duck trousers. Within the building is the whole party whom we have missed from the Knoll, and some others besides; and Mr. Beveridge, the clergyman, is in the act of baptizing a remarkably fat, heavy, placid child, to which he gives the name of Maurice—the second service of that kind which he has rendered Mr. and Mrs. Warren.

And now there is a little bustle as the ceremony is concluded, and Tom Bowline beckons for the cart, which is standing under the shade of the trees. And Warren appears, stalwart, and upright, and his honest face, which is adorned with a short curling beard, beaming with pride and happiness. And Mrs. Warren, a shade stouter than when we last saw her, and more than two shades handsomer. And in close attendance upon her, and making a great parade of carrying her shawl, Bob Ormerod, still evidently just as much of a boy as ever, in all but personal appearance. And Thornton with his handsome face marked by a long white scar on the forehead; and Mrs. Thornton with a look of such deep trustful happiness in her eyes as we never used to see in former days; and Georgie Beveridge, with his face and hands and legs even browner than they used to be; and *the* baby in its white cashmere and lace, borne in the arms of a stout and comely coloured nurse; and another nurse carrying the penultimate baby, in a splendid sash, and hat, and feathers, who, the moment he saw Tom Bowline, stretched out his arms to him as to his accustomed beast of burden; and, lastly, the clergyman; and Mrs. Beveridge, who had waited behind while her husband took off his hood and surplice.

“Dag, Baas!” “Dag, Missie!” The children bob their curtsey, or bow in orthodox school fashion. The men stand bareheaded, the women nod and show the whole extent of their white teeth in broad grins of sympathizing pleasure. Warren and his wife have a friendly word for everybody. They seem to know the names, histories, and peculiarities of every man, woman, and child among them. It is clear that while they have exerted themselves to improve their property, they have been at least as careful for the well-being of their poor neighbours.

It was a very merry tiffin at the Knoll. Warren and Thornton appeared to have settled down to a most cordial good understanding, and mutual regard. Bob Ormerod was in great force, and kept the party in constant laughter. It seemed to be his rôle to represent himself as a blighted broken-hearted being, in consequence of Mrs. Warren's treatment of him in former days. His life, he declared, was a joyless blank, his happiness had fled, his hopes were withered; and he hinted darkly at strychnia and prussic acid in connection with his stalwart host. He proposed the "last baby's" health in a speech so full of pathetic reminiscences that at its close he was fain to bury his emotions in a foaming silver tankard commemorative of some aquatic triumph of Warren's, through the glass bottom of which he gazed with melancholy and reproachful tenderness at the destroyer of his young love's dream. Mrs. Warren had by no means resigned her ascendancy over him. She sent him on errands, gave him commissions to execute, and made him generally useful; and beneath a good deal of banter and fun, they entertained a sincere and hearty regard for each other.

The afternoon was advancing, when Thornton whispered to his wife to get ready for their return to Elsdale; and as she returned in her pretty grey habit, Thornton's servant brought their horses to the door. Such an altered man Thornton is in those little matters. Formerly, he used to act as if he never thought about his wife. Now he goes out to see that her horse is properly saddled, and places her on horseback with a care and tenderness which, as Mrs. Warren says with an arch glance at her husband, is quite a pattern to all married men.

As they reached the further side of the drift, Thornton and his wife halted. Neither spoke: but though he was looking thoughtfully at the water, and she was gazing lovingly into his face, their thoughts were alike. Their eyes met with a look of mutual intelligence. Thornton stretched his hand out to her, and she clasped and kissed it with a fervency which told that the associations connected with the Mersey Drift were no painful ones to her.

Slowly they rode homewards beneath the trees, through whose branches the declining sun scattered his beams of glowing light. Suddenly Thornton said:

"I have a letter in my pocket that will interest you!"

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Thornton said quietly. "From Mr. Johnstone. I saw a winged spur on the seal."

"Oho! you know it, do you? Well, Annie, I think he must be heart-whole again. He is going to be married!"

"I am so very glad to hear it! I do hope he will be very happy. He will make any woman he loves an excellent husband!"

Thornton looked at her with a queer mischievous expression of face.

"Really, so *very* glad?" he asked.

"Yes, really," was the reply.

"And not one little tiny spark of jealousy?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Thornton.

"Not just the least disappointment, or regret, or—"

"Harry, what a goose you are!"

"And you don't mind in the least that he has got over it?"

"Harry, dear! Don't talk so. What do you suppose any loving wife cares for beyond her husband's affection?"

"I am sure you are right, Annie. You have taught me that. And I am sure also that if married men would take only half the trouble to retain their wives' love that they do to gain it, there would be more happy homes than there are in the world!"

A bright though tearful look was Mrs. Thornton's only reply. And as they rode out of the shady wood, and the pretty vale opened before them, and the green hills, and the dark belt of forest, and the garden terraces, and the many-gabled house lighted up by the last rays of the sun smiled a welcome to them, the thought which filled each heart with thankfulness was that, among the many happy homes which gladden this earth, there was one not more happy than Elsdale!

[In completing "*Elsdale*," the writer would wish it to be understood that he was induced to essay a work of fiction, not by any conceit that he possessed hitherto undiscerned powers of this nature, not by any ambition of creating literary fame for himself, certainly not by any consciousness of a burden of tedious leisure which might be thus employed. It was undertaken, and [it has been completed at the cost of far less of time and pains than the tale might be supposed to have demanded, solely as a contribution to the literature of the colony.

The writer conceived that some of the circumstances and scenery of colonial life in South Africa might be clustered round the central thread of some not improbable plot or incident. This he has endeavoured to do. How far he has

fallen short of the point of entire success in this attempt nobody is more conscious than himself.

As a humble contribution, then, to the literature of his adopted home, the writer now launches "Elsdale," to sink or swim. And while he would not weakly deprecate criticism, yet he would plead that criticism should be measured to the standard of colonial and not of English works of a similar character to his own.]

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### ACROSTIC.

ENVY one morning was gazing around  
 Through her spectacle glasses green,  
 Hoping to find in her neighbours' ground  
 Excellent food for her spleen.  
 Love, who dwelt in a garden near,  
 Indignant the crone to see,  
 Nodded his head with a threatening air.  
 "Detestable wretch!" he cried; "beware!"  
 "Envy's no match for me."

Every flower in that garden fair  
 Then visited he in turn,  
 Half of its beauty or fragrance rare  
 Exacting from every one.  
 Lilies and roses their mingled hues  
 In rivalry sweet displayed,  
 Nor did the laughing boy refuse  
 Dark violets moist with the morning dews,  
 Enshrined in the modest shade.

Eagerly, with a merry whirl,  
 The boy now seeks the sea,  
 Headlong he plunges, and coral and pearl  
 Enrich his treasury.  
 Lightly up to the clouds he flies  
 In search of unfallen snow.  
 Now see, as his magic art he plies,  
 Dream-like a vision of Paradise  
 Enrich our poor earth below.

Envy grew yellow with rage and spite  
 That wondrous work before;  
 Howling she fled, and the shades of night  
 Enveloped her evermore.  
 Love laughed as his finished work stood there  
 In peerless majesty.  
 "Never," he cried, "with my tenderest care,  
 Did I fashion aught so passing fair,  
 ETHELINDE!—sweet!—as thee."

## OUR CONVICT SYSTEM.

## PART II.

THE time-honoured custom of finding fault with that which does not admit of a remedy, or of merely breaking down that which we have no idea of building up again, could alone justify the limited suggestions in, and abrupt termination of, our last paper. But that is not our object. The subject which we have undertaken to discuss involves considerations of too much importance to be so curtly treated, or to find sufficient space in the limited pages of one Monthly Magazine, unless to the exclusion of other important and interesting subjects; and the writer that seeks this medium of communication with the public must be content to have his ideas, though essentially connected in themselves, separated by considerable intervals of time. In our last paper we compared the old plan with the existing one, drew some inferences, and suggested a change. Proceed we now to show the economy of the plan suggested, some considerations of the necessity of a change, industrially, morally, and socially considered, and also to show the fallacy of some opinions that pass current among us on the subject of the application of convict labour generally, as well as to the express purpose of road-making.

In order to carry out a plan of reform, developing itself in the varied character of its industry, it would be necessary to introduce a machinery somewhat different from that in operation at present; and on referring to the English system, we shall find its organization presents many features specially adapted to our purpose. Portland Breakwater, from the analogy of its form of labour to our opening prospects, is most suitable. In addition to the different functionaries being each supplemented by a deputy in the higher offices, arising from the extent of the work, there is a schoolmaster and assistant, the nature of whose duties we need not dilate on; there is also a steward (there and at each prison), who is the storekeeper, and whose duty it is to watch vigilantly the economy of the establishment in all its branches, and thus relieve the governor of the care of this uncongenial part of his duty. In any similar plan introduced among us, as the Breakwater would be the great penal school of industrial reform, and would form the point of concentration, it would become the depôt for stores from which the other stations would be supplied, and to which they would render an account; and

thus the economy of the whole department would be in a great measure, both in its principles and in its details, given over to the undivided attention of one mind, undisturbed by other duties, and who, if possessing integrity, vigilance, and care, and if well placed and well supported, is in importance second only to the executive head of the department.

The clerk of works is a functionary entailed on the establishment by necessity, and filling a very important post, unconnected with any other office or influence. His duty is to lay out and superintend the execution of the works by the convicts; to measure accurately and keep correct accounts of the work to be credited to the convict department; to have a general superintendence of the repairs of buildings; to be responsible that the establishment and tools are kept in working order; to consult with the appointed officers of the breakwater as to the work required to be performed, and submit daily for the consideration of the governor the distribution of workmen for the following day; to use his utmost endeavours to facilitate and encourage the proper application of industry, and to note the attention of the subordinate officers to the same object. He is assisted by the foreman of works in carrying out his duty, and the same value is affixed to the work as is paid to contractors.

Perhaps a more important functionary for our purpose than even the clerk of works is the manufacturer, who comes in in place of the clerk of works at those establishments where the industrial occupations are more of an indoor and sedentary character. In our system we should require both, but it is possible that in so limited an establishment both may be united in one man. His duties are to superintend the work of the prisoners, to make himself acquainted with the different manufactures introduced, to suggest improvements or discontinuance of any manufacture, to give his opinion on contracts; to take inventories of, and be responsible for, materials received and for work done, and to receive and pay into the governor's hand all money due for the same; to make reports of prisoners' earnings, and to instruct subordinate officers. These are some of the principal parts of the machinery for conducting the English system which hitherto have been unnecessary in our plan, but which are essential to the completion of any industrial penal training in the form opening up before us ere it can gain the end at which it aims. There is the schoolmaster, as an independent authority, making a separate annual report in addition to that of the chaplain. There is the steward, as an independent authority, watching closely the economy, and responsible to

none but the governor, with a singleness of mind undivided and undisturbed by the interest of any other department. And in the labour branch there is the manufacturer superintending the indoor and sedentary occupations, and an engineer, denominated clerk of works, managing, directing, stimulating, and teaching all the heavy mechanical operations and outdoor labour, free from interference and undisturbed by contact with strangers; and, with a diligence and skill, imparting that strong desire for approbation which forms so hopeful and improvable an element in human nature under all circumstances and even in its most forbidding forms, but which is perverted by a life of crime, mangled and crushed by penal servitude, until its dormant powers are aroused, directed, and cherished by a vigorous and energetic industry, hopefully, healthily, and cheerfully conducted by a humane considerate mind in the secluded world of prison life.

The varieties of the labour at which the convicts are employed is diversified enough. At Portland they are employed at the breakwater in quarrying and dressing large blocks of ashler and rubble stone, in excavating earth works, laying railways, making derrick cranes, stone trucks, casting machinery, railway chairs, &c.; making wheel-barrows, patterns, fitting and boring, repairing iron and wooden wagons, making and repairing quarry tools and implements, sawing timber, as pointsmen on the railways, and there and at other stations as carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, painters, glaziers, tinsmiths, grinders, coopers, turners, hammock-makers, gardeners, wheelwrights, plaisterers, slaters, bookbinders, oakum-pickers, shoemakers, tailors, washers, cooks and bakers, and agricultural labourers. We need not repeat the aggregate value of the labour—it is highly respectable; and we shall confine our remarks to one or two peculiar features. When practicable, the work is measured and valued in the same way as contractors' work, and as may be expected it bears a lower proportionate value to free labour than it does in this country, because the quality of the free labour in the market is much better in England than it is here. Robust in its physical character, skilful in its application, and kept up to its highest working point from the necessity of an active competition, convict labour will bear a less relative value to free labour than it does at the Cape of Good Hope. Nor could we expect, at least for some years to come, to turn out proportionately as many mechanics at a maximum of skill as are turned out in England, because mechanical labour holds a higher position there, is more felt as a necessity, and is in unison with the genius and habits of

the people: whilst among us it has no place, or finds little favour in either civilized or barbarous society, and it is just because it is so that we advocate its vigorous pursuit in penal servitude, to supply this want to some extent among our isolated farms and the frontier tribes, to supply the prisoner with the means of earning a living after discharge, and to subserve and assist the further spread of knowledge and civilization; and, if we descend from these high considerations to the lower one of money, the plan will be found profitable.

One of the most interesting features in the English and Irish systems is the farms at Dartmoor and at Lusk, tilled and worked by convicts. The purposes for which they are worked is different: and we shall notice principally that at Dartmoor, on account of the unfavourable element which it is required to reclaim and restore,—being the sick of the whole prison population, and the nature of the soil and climate being the most uncongenial of any in the south or west of England. It is worked by spade tillage, and all the operations of reclaiming and cultivating, drainage, manuring, cropping, weeding, and saving crops, dry and green, breeding and fattening stock, fencing by walls, road-making, planting, cutting and saving turf, constructing reservoirs, and all the operations of a cold upland farm are systematically carried on with a regularity that at once strikes us from its practical results and commands our best wishes and our confidence. There was of this class at Dartmoor, in 1859, a number little short of 1,200, among whom there were “scarcely any able-bodied men.” The value of the labour of this unpromising class, in many of whom hope had well nigh perished—morally, mentally, and physically—was:

|                    |        |    |   |
|--------------------|--------|----|---|
| Farm labour ... .. | £2,608 | 12 | 9 |
| Mechanical ... ..  | 2,501  | 10 | 1 |
| Buildings ... ..   | 3,296  | 2  | 4 |

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£8,406 5 2

Of the produce of the farm supplied to the establishment, there was milk, butter, meat, vegetables of ten kinds, and a proportion of live-stock to the officers.

The farm of Lusk is the culminating point of the Irish establishment, and is used as an intermediate stage previous to discharge. According to the writer in the Cornhill on this subject, it presents a phenomenon in penal servitude: there is not only the enjoyment of future hope, but of present content. This, however, we merely notice as we pass, and turn our attention more especially to peculiarities

in the form of its industry, differing slightly in detail from that at Dartmoor, it has one special feature worthy of particular attention; there is a large item for sub-soil drainage, an art as yet finding no place amongst us, although for the want of it our soil produces permanently an unhealthy grass, gives rise to diseases among our cattle, and assists a moist summer in the active development of fungus: destroys our wheat crops and our vines, and leaves us a mere fraction of a population in possession of a goodly land, dependent upon others for bread.

The employment of our convicts on model farms may seem a far-fetched idea, and the reclaiming of waste lands in a country where we are unable to occupy or turn to useful purposes one half of that which is good may seem an unnecessary suggestion; but regarded as a means of training the classes of men who find a domicile in penal servitude, in raising their character for usefulness as farm servants, or in raising the unit of a border tribe to a significant figure of great value, it assumes a different character. We are creating for civilized agriculture, not rivals, but useful auxiliaries, and for barbarism indexes and leaders into civilization and the paths of usefulness and peace. Our soil in particular presents distinct characters more or less forbidding than the inclemency of Dartmoor or the sterility of Lusk. The impenetrable scathed aridity of our clays and the ever-shifting mirage of our white sands, tinging the landscape with every variety of unprofitable and forbidding glare, presents mechanical difficulties to agriculture of a very formidable kind, and the overcoming of which would be the conquest of a host of minor difficulties, and give a people a high stand for skill and perseverance. That it may be done we know from what has been done and is now doing by Mr. Smith, at the White Sands, where at his small farm of Uityk he is raising most luxuriant crops of turnips and cabbages from a surface framed of hills of pure white sand, levelled and manured from the bed of clay on which it reposes.\* The growth of vegetables, and the comforts of a garden, show an advanced state of agriculture and civilization,

\* Some Scotch kail lately sent into town by Mr. Smith is acknowledged to be the finest ever seen in this country. We ourselves received a turnip from him weighing *six pounds two ounces*, and it had a circumference of two feet, raised from sand; afterwards two of a second crop from the same ground, without manuring, each weighing two pounds. The root fibre of each of these smaller turnips was fifteen inches long, and each sent out two lateral fibres of twelve inches each, and an unusually large number of smaller ones, which shows that the soil is particularly adapted to green crops for stall-feeding.

and as we prefer turnips and cabbages to the most brilliant parterre of Hottentot figs, and oats and barley to reeds and rushes, we are advocates for employing a portion of our convicts to learn practical agriculture in cultivating and planting the worst parts of our moving inhospitable deserts. Should we not, however, succeed in overcoming our prejudices sufficiently to see thus far with clearness in forwarding our own interests, a good garden of four or five acres for convict cultivation comes within our means, and is more needed as a source of supply than in England, and could be worked as successfully both in regard to profit and training, and become a means of extensive information and usefulness. Return we now from this digression on fat beef and vegetables—always more pleasing to a working population in fruition than in prospect—to the direct considerations of economy.

At present our convicts are formed into two parties at harbour works, and five at roads,\* and all are guarded by an armed force, which requires to be kept up to a maximum of strength necessary to insure safety. We have, therefore, eight maximum strengths where we should have but three or four. The same remark applies in many respects to the higher functionaries; whilst the parties are in some instances too small to justify a full establishment of officers, and duties remain undischarged for considerable periods, or are badly done by those who know little about them, teaching and discipline are discontinued or relaxed and minor offences as well as desertions are increased. This frequency of desertions is a feature in our system worthy of special notice, as unavoidably connected with it; they amounted in six years, 1855 to 1860, to 103, and 32 planning, whilst in the English and Irish systems it has scarcely any existence—one or two, perhaps, in several thousand men, and these mostly defeated in the attempt. Many items of expense would be greatly reduced in amount or entirely disappear on concentration, such as rent of stations, transport, travelling expenses, rewards for capturing deserters, &c., all large items, exclusive of a very large undefinable amount needed by circumstances for the construction of barracks. But the amount of loss in these and the relaxation of discipline is small when compared with that which takes place when moving from station to station; and this, again, is small to the loss of time in going to and from work when at a distance. Let us assume a case

\* One has been broken up and embodied with a larger station since this was written.

in point supported by the reports of 1855-6, p. 8. Adopting the lesser number of 200 convicts, engaged two years in making eight miles of mountain road, and construct the barracks four miles from each end, with difficulties equally strewed over its parts, and two miles out and in as the main distance to be walked every day, taking the number of cooks, servants, barrack cleaners, and sick at twenty per cent., we shall have 160 working men, and suppose the distance of two miles out and the relaxed stamina resulting from it to occupy an hour, and the same in coming in in the evening, we shall have two hours every day, multiplied by 160 men, equals 320 hours—multiplied by, say, 275 working days in the year, equals 88,000 hours for one year—divided by 9, the average hours of labour in a day, equals 9,777 days, at 3s. a day, amounts to £1,466 11s. loss in convict labour alone, without calculating the amount of loss for officers who have been all this time waiting on them. This calculation is for 200 men for one year, and on the supposition that we have 600 men at the breakwater, 350 yards from the work, nine tenths of this would be saved, and we shall then have £1,466 11s.  $\times 3 =$  £4,399 13s, from which deduct one tenth, the time occupied in walking from barracks to work at the breakwater, we shall have left an annual saving on the convict labour of £3,959 13s. 9d., and a proportionate saving in the time of those officers who are engaged in the industrial branch of the work. This saving would never appear in figures, it would tell only in the amount of labour. The subject, therefore, considered in the light of economy alone, is worthy of the utmost consideration; but when considered as leading to a more efficient discipline, carrying out a system of industrial training, based upon a moral principle as far as that can be imparted in penal servitude, and subserving the progress of civilization among barbaric border tribes, and of agricultural progress within the colony by creating to some extent a class of itinerating mechanics, and the spread of intelligence among the colonial native farm labourers and increasing their usefulness, it leaves no doubt upon the mind about the wisdom of its adoption.

It may be thought that the introduction of such a plan as we advocate would render a more costly description of machinery necessary; and so it would, but the expenses would in the aggregate be diminished. A reduction of the armed force and the higher functionaries of superintendents, chaplains, medical officers, and also issuers of stores and a concentration of storekeeping, would be a necessary result, and more than meet the increase of functionaries for material

development, clerk of works, manufacturer, farm bailiff, gardener, and also schoolmaster.

On the subject of the comparative value of convict labour, opinions very much differ. Its importance is much enhanced with us, from the low state of our free labour market and from the gigantic monuments its combined efforts have produced in the last eighteen years. But there is a tendency to overrate its value and to attach to it undue consideration—to regard it, in fact, as the primary object of combination. This is a great mistake: it must ever be made secondary and entirely auxiliary to a reformatory training, to moral, mental, and industrial development in such a form as society needs, and therefore should embrace as great a variety of labour as is consistent with its character. The Superintendent-General, on the testimony of the officers under whom the system has developed itself, does not fail to hold forth the labour in all its importance; this is as it should be, but it is necessary to bear in mind in this theory—for it is but a theory—the nature of the elements on which it is based. There is in criminal reformatory training a mental and professional bias commendable in its origin and aim, but likely to lead to wrong conclusions, yet acting with an intensity and concentrated force due to the peculiar form of its administration. All its reforms as regards agency come from within, not from without. Unlike many other institutions, the public have nothing to do with it, repudiate it, hate it, loathe it. The officers, seeing results so promising growing up under their management from elements so unfavourable, look upon it with the strength of an almost new creation, and from a sympathetic reaction begin to regard it with favour, and almost with affection, and recognize in its improved character exaggerated importance, and challenge our admiration for beauties, which the uninitiated are unable to appreciate, or even to perceive. In no part of its economy is this pardonable vanity so likely to show itself as in the effects of its combined labour.

The labour form of this country had its basis in slavery, slightly supplemented by military labour and convict labour, all bearing a compulsory character in the form of day labour, the lowest character and the worst form that labour can possibly take, whilst the personal of the labouring class has been extremely low, the untaught native races, largely impregnated with discharged soldiers and sailors, classes often sunk to physical suffering and degradation by participation in the worst influences of civilization. With such a combination of evils operating on character and industry, we

need not be surprised that those who have witnessed it, and nothing better, and under whose management convict labour has grown up, and exhibited as it is in such useful combinations and magnificent results, should be induced to compare it to the disparagement of free labour; but we must not allow ourselves to be led into wrong conclusions in matters having such an extensive range of influences by statements so flattering without better comparisons in detail.\* If it were really so that convict labour was comparatively better, more skilful, and cheaper than free labour, either in the detail or the aggregate, it would indeed be a sad reflection, would give us views of human life which should cover us with grief and shame, but would, above all, dishonour God, who has created man with a free agency, to move freely and equally among his fellows, and call no man master except in so far as the reciprocal wants of an industrial Christian life require.

We must further tax the patience of our readers to pass in review one or two wrongly-formed or wrongly-expressed opinions on this important subject.

We are told in one of the annual reports that convict labour is labour confiscated to the state. Now, although this be true in the aggregate, it is a very limited and imperfect conception of the subject, and leads to wrong conclusions—leads us, in fact, to believe that the labour thus organized was a valuable adjunct to society before combination, which had merely *turned* it into another channel. This is far from a comprehensive view of the subject. The antecedents of convictism, if we could correctly trace them, would be found to represent very little industry, but every variety of indolence and licentious violence, varied in its form by the form of society in which it has grown up, but having the same general features of comparative worthlessness in all. Exceptions there are unquestionably, but this is its general character. Our state of society does not afford us the means of tabulating the cost to the community of supporting at large the marauding lives of professed criminals. We have before us a list of fifteen, whose depredations in six years amounted in the aggregate to £32,000. One of these,

\* A writer on the subject of convict labour, in Dickens' *Household Words*, May, 1861 states that Captain Tilley, Royal Engineers, when constructing a new practice range in the Erith Marshes, in 1856, found that a navvy excavated eight yards a day, a sapper five yards, and a convict two yards. According to this, a common labourer in England is equal to two and a half convicts, and a navvy equal to four at that kind of work.

selected for analysis, had in three years committed robberies over £10 each to the amount of £1,128, and those under £10 by the same hand, it is said, amounted to more than this sum. This is the thieving and violence of highly-civilized and wealthy communities, and is a true text only to that form of society. It descends to us in a modified character, and results in idleness and pilfering, the initiatory steps to a higher state of criminality, but still costly enough to convince us that the roaming at large of a criminal population is more costly to the public than the support of the criminals in servitude, admitting even that they were kept in idleness; whilst the labour before conviction was frittered away, or perverted from proper objects so completely as to give to the combined effects of criminal labour rather the character of a new creation, than a confiscation which merely turns the labour into another channel. The Superintendent-General has not, in this instance, taken honour where honour is due.

The noble results of the combined effects of convict labour so constantly exhibited to our view has led to an extensively diffused opinion, particularly among country gentlemen, that the construction of public roads in this country, through mountain passes or where difficulties of more than ordinary character occur, is inseparably connected with convict labour, or in other words, that if the roads were constructed by free labour, it would draw all the farm labour to it, and would greatly obstruct the operations of agriculture. Now, worthy as this opinion is of full consideration, coming from such a source, it is nevertheless based upon error; it is, in fact, to deny the expansive power of free labour and fall back upon compulsory labour. Public works of all kinds must be made subservient to public prosperity; they cannot create prosperity, it must create them, and then they come in as powerful auxiliaries, but not as principals. The real objection is against the form of free labour, not the principle. If public works are carried on as day work, then the rate of wages gives the men command of a greater sum of money than they receive for their labour on a farm with other conditions thrown into the scale, makes them more independent for the time, and therefore draws them away. But if the work is carried on mainly by the piece, men will be paid in proportion to their skill, and it will in a great measure fall into the hands of recently-arrived immigrants and the navvies. It would be done by one third the number of men that do it now, and they would be twice as well paid as the ordinary day labourer is at present. English labourers would not then have to say, as they can now too often say, that there

is absolutely no place for them in the labour market without sinking permanently in society, and some relief would be afforded to the navvies by giving them a choice of masters; and, if reservoirs and dams were carried on at the same time, this robust, energetic class of men would become generally distributed over the country in small parties and be a valuable adjunct to our labour force in opening up the resources of the country, for it is in the nature of improvement to beget improvement. Road-making by free labour becomes the vertebra of such a growth from which a host of smaller improvements will hang.

It has sometimes been said that the greatest sticklers for convict labour in a neighbourhood are intent upon good contracts, that the ready sale of meat and bread at their own door weighs more with them than the prospect of a good road to a distant market. This is no doubt true, because it is what men do in all parts of the world; and, as the employment of convicts on roads is a recognized form of public expenditure, it is not at all disparaging to say that men are as keen to avail themselves of those interests which are near at hand as they are those which are far off. But a recourse to figures will show us that the money influence, considered in regard to the whole neighbourhood, is much in favour of free labour.

Suppose, as before, that a mountain road has to be made which will occupy 200 convicts for two years. The only local produce they require will be meat and bread, with a few very trifling articles to be got in the district, such as soap, tobacco, needles and thread, straw for beds, &c., all of which would probably be covered by an expenditure of 1s. 3d. a day for each man, which for 200 men would be £12 10s., multiplied by 730 days in two years would give £9,125; add a small sum for officers, say £375 for two years, would amount to £9,500. Now, suppose 100 free labourers were employed to do the same work. Working by the piece, and earning 4s. 6d. a day as a general wage, as they would not be so steady or so constant at the work, and as some of them (it is hoped a goodly number) would be drawn away, by the strong desire for variety and a love of old habits, to work with the farmers at seed-time and harvest, the work would last a little longer, say three months. This would not affect the cost, nor be in any respect of much importance. And suppose every man to save one third of his wages (or 1s. 6d.) a day—a very favourable supposition, he would then have 3s. a day to spend, not merely in food, but in all the requirements of life, giving rise to an increased internal trade. The

outlay on this supposition would be £15 a day for two years and a quarter, or for about 690 working days = £10,350. It must, however, be understood that these sums are only proportionate approximations, yet sufficient to convince us that the local expenditure of money is much in favour of free labour.

In other respects, the employment of convicts in country districts is highly objectionable, and has serious disadvantages.

If, as above supposed, 100 free labourers come into a district to make a road, they will be accompanied by the necessary free tradesmen—a blacksmith and carpenter, a mason and stonecutter, and probably a shoemaker and harnessmaker, a tailor and tentmender, a butcher and a baker. The whole of these men are seeking a settlement, and it is a very moderate supposition that ten per cent. of the labourers and most of the artizans will have secured favourable considerations and sufficiently hopeful prospects in the district to induce them to make it their home; where—with the opening prospects of labour, arising out of the construction and the maintenance of roads, dams, and reservoirs, and the impulse given to improvements in agriculture to supplement the present extent of farm labour at seed-time and harvest—they may be able to rear and educate a family, who will grow up as colonial men and women to increase our hands for labour; or, what is better still, as small freeholders, to increase the value of landed property and form a highly-important link altogether wanted in the chain of colonial society. But the employment of convicts in a district, to the displacement of free labour, prevents this, cuts off the prospects of the labourer, violates his natural rights, and reduces him to poverty and want. Nothing can justify this violation but the paucity of hands for labour, and should it possess this one justifying peculiarity, it has still this evil concomitant, that it leads to a sterile and inhospitable desert of want and woe, by reducing the struggling, honest, hard-working free labourer to the condition of a beggar, a pauper, or a thief. Every slave brought into a district removes half a free man and consumes the food of a whole one, and his presence is always injurious.

In regard to the convicts themselves, the occupation of road-making destroys the reformatory character of the training, limits the industry to one particular form of labour of little use to the man or to society after he is discharged, and increases the expense manifold. Whilst the tendency to a greater diffusion of the combined labour into small parties can hardly be resisted, this tendency is always down more

and more, even lower than to that point of the old system at which the founder of the new said that, of the convicts employed in combined labour, one fifth of the labour was lost from mismanagement. But a greater evil than all this is the moral one. By parading and exposing your convictism in every district, and adding to its importance and enhancing its value in this particular form, you honour it and hold it up to admiration and esteem, and deprive it of the isolated mystery and awe that should always surround it. You bring it into familiar association with your children and servants, and, by encroaching on the rights of free labour, compel the labourer to draw conclusions disparaging to his own condition; and, by contact for long periods, you bridge over that awful gulf,—turbid, mysterious, and deterring, it ought to be in its association, which forms an impassable barrier between convictism and respectability.

The distribution of time is a matter of great importance. Relaxation and rest are necessary to all men, but vacuity is distressing—a Pandora's box, out of which fly many of the evils that afflict society; to the bondsman it must be intensely so. It seems to be fully understood in England and Ireland that occupation is the life of prison discipline and training, and it figures prominently in the economical and statistical returns. It may be as well managed among us; but, if so, it would give increased confidence in the efficiency of our system if it were as clearly stated in the reports, for nothing can be more aggressive and repugnant to that loose, ungoverned licence which has marked the descent in a life of crime or afford more promise of future good than acquiescence in the vigorous regularity and habits which constitute intelligent, industrial life, bond or free. At Portland the prisoners rise at 5 o'clock, have 45 minutes to wash, clean cells and wards, 30 minutes to breakfast, 35 minutes for prayers, 5 hours and 10 minutes for labour, 1 hour for dinner and making up hammocks, 5 hours and 10 minutes for labour, 45 minutes for evening prayers and lecture, 30 minutes for supper, 25 minutes for cleaning shoes, shaving, and reading, and 10 minutes for taking down hammocks; total, from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., 15 hours and 10 minutes. This, though slightly varied in some instances, is substantially correct for the whole. There is little doubt, when we consider the high character of our convict department, that concentration will give publicity to a measure of time quite equal to this.

The food and feeding of our criminal population is a matter of some importance. We deal with the broad features only, leaving the minutiae of its economy, and the economy of our

prisons generally, to some insider more intimately acquainted with the details. The wild carnivora of the desert, and the wilder man of the desert whose resource is the chase, seek felicity in indulgence in gorging and sleeping to a degree that would seriously affect the health of any domesticated animal; but this is the profligacy and idleness of savagism, and very far removed from the healthy frugality and industry of respectable civilized life. In order to civilize, it is necessary to unbarbarize; and it was a step towards civilization, compared with this rude state of things when convictism provided such barbarians as fell into its meshes with a regular supply of raw flesh and bread, though it did not provide the means of cooking or eating it. Our present system, which provided food and the means of cooking it, was a greater improvement still; but feeding once in twenty-four hours was simply barbarous, and must have told severely on the work—a fact which we fully recognize in the very different treatment which we give to a horse or a mule. The practice has been broken in upon by the exertions of its officers, but is still far from perfect, and a variety of opinions exist on the subject. There are men among us, moving in respectable positions, and with some claim to intelligence, who consider that our convicts are too well fed. Some comparison with the dietary of other systems will help us to form a better opinion. Our convicts get  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of bread,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of meat, and 2 oz. of rice per diem, and salt, with 2 oz. of of vegetables; 1 quart of soup is made from the meat with the rice and vegetables. At Portland Breakwater the prisoners get for breakfast 12 oz. of bread and 1 pint of tea, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. of sugar and 2 oz. of milk; dinner, 6 oz. of meat clear of bone, a pound of potatoes, and a 6-oz. loaf of bread; on other days of the week, cocoa is given instead of tea for breakfast, and 5 oz. of meat with 1 pint of soup and 10 oz. of pudding is given. In the soup is 1 oz. of barley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of carrots and turnips, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of onions, and a fair allowance of pepper and salt per man. For supper, 1 pint of gruel made of 2 oz. of oatmeal, and a 6-oz. loaf of bread. This, with some slight variations in favour of well-conducted men, forms the dietary of work at Portland. Prisoners at light work get only half allowance.\* This apparently luxuriant fare has been decided on from a large number of experiments as that which is necessary to support the prisoners in robust working health. If to starve the criminal were a part of the punishment and the destruction of health the aim, a minimum

\* Cornhill Magazine.

of food sufficient to justify this end is all that would be necessary. But we want them to work and to leave the prison in such a state of health as will enable them to get a living, or they must invariably beg or return to prison to be supported. Starvation is not reform, and we want robust labourers, not broken down valetudinarian paupers. A proper allowance of food is necessary to this end, without reference to what men eat in a state of freedom; and the more refined it is in its economy, preparation, and use, the more vigorous will be its inroads on barbarism.\*

The management of the convicts on the works and their intercourse with free labourers is a matter which has excited considerable interest and given rise to some difference of opinion among our public men: we may remark, from the whole bias of the English regulations, that no intercourse is allowed. The Inspector-General of Prisons appoints his own engineer as clerk of works for the convicts (we allude to Portland in particular). He receives from the breakwater authorities the work which they require to be done, apporions it, executes it, measures, and values it, with reference to his own department, and without interference from or mixture with unconnected parties. Officers are not to be familiar with prisoners, are to enforce silence when the regulations require it, and are to prevent improper communication with others. Officers are to be exemplary in their conduct themselves. Intoxication, swearing, or improper language, incurring debts beyond their means, frequenting public houses, keeping bad company, gambling and card-playing subject them to removal. The regulations do not guard against intercourse and practical joking and an exchange of small favours between prisoners and free labourers. Such

\* In comparing the statistics of the English and of the Irish systems (imperfect though these statistics are, from want of uniformity), we cannot fail to observe that the English system is a high-fed, hard-work system, and the Irish a system of moderate diet and moderate work. This low-diet system is warmly supported by one medical man, and its sufficiency illustrated by the results of a continuity of weighings, and he therefore recommends that all prisoners when first received should be kept two months without meat. But the practice of weighing has been shown to be fallacious in its results, and Captain Crofton remarks in his report that the present dietary is as low as it safely can be, and that there are some prisoners for whom it is quite insufficient. The medical statistics of the two systems show the effects of these different modes of treatment. The English system shows a large number of diseases arising from indigestion in various forms, and the Irish system has an unusually large number of complaints arising from various forms of weakness and physical prostration. We possess no exact information of the Irish dietary. Our remarks apply to 1859.

a violation of all due regard to the respective positions of the parties does not seem to have been contemplated, as the entire discipline and whole management of the convicts is under their own officers, and therefore provides for that special training and teaching and isolation from intercourse with the outer world without which penal servitude cannot exist,—separates the two classes, and places them in juxtaposition in the field of labour in a controlled competition. Indiscriminate mixture destroys all this—puts the free man in the degrading association with criminals, as victims over whom he has power to exercise a capricious despotism or sympathy, as the feelings of the moment may prompt at the same time that the prisoner is in a position to be either servile or insubordinate, as he finds most to conduce to the gratification of his own feelings or to the end at which he aims.

Advantage has lately been taken of the uncasiness of the public mind on the subject of convictism to put forth statements disparaging to all system, to warrant a loose practice unregulated by laws or rules and dependent on personal caprice. Such opinions can only emanate from a want of knowledge of two important elements in the successful management of criminals, the first of which is a want of knowledge of human nature, and of ourselves in particular, the depravity and cruel capricious despotism of the human heart when released from the power of laws and the influence of public opinion—a truth constantly reiterated in every form and constitution of human society. The second is a want of knowledge of the past history of convictism. Bermuda has been named as affording an example for our guidance. Unfortunately, we possess no statistics from Bermuda, but its management has ever been considered hopelessly and irretrievably bad, and has very lately been the subject of official inquiry, and transportation to it and to Gibraltar has for the present been suspended. Equally unprovided are we with information regarding the effects of the Bermuda treatment on the conduct of the prisoners after return to England. The writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* to whom we have already alluded, in relating the character of a prisoner so bad as to be beyond all human control, calls it *moral insanity*, comparing it to one which he had seen return from Bermuda. The following is from the report of the chaplain at Milbank, Mr. de Renzi, a report which will repay perusal. Quite apart from its penal connexion, it seems to place Bermuda in no very favourable light: “I regret to be compelled to say that the whole bearing of these men,

particularly of those received from Bermuda, with very few exceptions, forbids any very strong hope that their future career will afford evidence of their moral character having undergone improvement under the discipline to which they have been subject. So far as I have been able to judge of it (I speak especially with reference to Bermuda), it is not only not calculated to foster the good impressions which may have been produced in the early stages of the discipline in the home prisons, but has a directly opposite tendency."

The subject which we have undertaken to discuss is one generally regarded as so obscure, and in its associations so repulsive, that it meets with little attention, sympathy, or consideration from the public at large; but when regarded in connection with our labour supply, and the peculiar moral dignity connected with the attempt to reconstruct the lost character of the depraved part of our race, it assumes a degree of importance previously unfelt, and to which we must confess our inability to do more than bring out a few leading ideas. There are large appending sections of our system that we cannot even attempt to look into,—the intellectual and industrial character of its officers; the moral, social, and domestic life of its armed civil guard; the obscurity of our system of female convictism in all its parts and the end at which it aims. The detailed life, moral and industrial, of our country prisons too often, it is to be feared, seems of the most abominable iniquity. Whilst various other parts of our system—religion and its influences, school teaching and literary influences or the extent and character of its reading, its statistics in general, the manuscript reports and their effect on the mental development of the various functionaries—must be deferred to a more fitting opportunity.

The moral and medical statistics of convict life are of great importance, but these and other subjects we are compelled to forego, and be content to have brought before our readers the material form of its industry. Here lies its weak point. There are many defects in detail more or less dependent on this form: when it changes, they will in a great measure change too. The treatment we give our travellers in the journey of life is of vast importance, but still much less so than that of the end at which we aim. When we have secured, to a moral certainty, and upon broad and philanthropic principles, that this end in penal servitude is a correct one—moral, industrial, and profitable—and have fully impressed our minds with the necessity of zealously and intelligently pressing onward to its attainment, the character of those we admit as aids into our company will assume a new

degree of importance and fix in our minds right principles of choice, and the efforts of the humblest coadjutor in so great a work will demand a consideration which we can suppose the past and the present of our system has hitherto denied.

J. S. H.

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## SIR GEORGE GREY'S LIBRARY.

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(CONTINUED.)

### THEOLOGY.—ST. JEROME.

4. A SMALL folio volume, bound in white leather, bearing at the back the title *S. Hier. Epist. Mss.*, contains a manuscript on vellum, of 137 leaves, or 274 pages, with 32—34 lines on the page. There are catchwords at the end of folios 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 73, 83, 95, 107, 119, and 129,—intended for the binder, a book being generally formed by every five or six double leaves.

The superscriptions of the different Epistles, and the subscriptions to those which have any, are written in red, whilst the initial capital letters of the Epistles, &c., are illuminated in various colours.

The text is written in a beautiful Gothic hand of the 15th century, and the whole manuscript is in an excellent state of preservation.

There are numerous marginal notes, partly indicating corrections and omissions, some in the same Gothic handwriting as the text, others in a little later Italian hand.

The headings of the different Epistles contained in this volume, are as follows:

I. *Epistola sancti Iheronimi prespiteri, ad Cellantiam, ne uxor maritum suum dimittat religionis causa, sine illius consensu. Incipit feliciter.* (The Epistle of St. Jerome the Presbyter, to Cellantia, that a wife shall not leave her husband on account of religion, without his consent. Begins luckily.) pp. 1--21, line 24.

Regarding this Epistle, we have received the following notice from a friend at home:

“In the Ansvers edition of Jerome's works, there is found as 14th Epistle, one to Cellantia, beginning” (as our MS. does) “*Vetus scripturae celebrata sententia est: Esse pudorem, &c.*” It contains instructions how Celantia is to live a holy and pious life, whilst bearing at the same time honours, riches, and the burden of the married state. This Epistle, however, is, by the editor, not ascribed to St. Jerome, but

to his contemporary *Paulinus* of *Nola* (*eius haec epistola esse creditur*)."

II. *Epistola sancti Jeronimi ad Oceanum episcopum consolatoria*. (A consolatory letter from St. Jerome to Bishop Oceanus) pp. 21—30, line 28.

III. *Epistola sancti Jeronimi, ad virginem Mauricii filiam, de virginitate servanda*. (Letter of St. Jerome to the virgin daughter of Maurice, on the preservation of virginity.) pp. 30—47, line 29.

IV. *Epistola Jeronimi, consolatoria ad amicum aegrotum*. (Consolatory letter of Jerome to a sick friend.) pp. 47—69, line 19.

V. *Epistola sancti Jeronimi ad militem seculi ut mundi transitoria contemnat atque deo militet*. (Letter of St. Jerome to a secular soldier that he would contemn the transitory things of this world, and become a soldier of God.) pp. 69—73, line 24.

VI. *Epistola sancti Jeronimi presbiteri ad virginem exulem*. (Letter of St. Jerome to an exiled virgin), pp. 73—81, line 31; which last line runs as follows: *festinus aggressus est quo celerius eos*. Then follows in red, the following subscription: *Non est completa supra scripta proxime epistola ut apparet. Ita dixit dominus Joannes Andreae. Et reliqua non invenire. Ideo, et cetera*. (The next above written letter is, as it appears, not completed. So says Mr. John Andreae. And the remainder is not to be found. Therefore, &c.)

VII. *Jeronimus ad Demetriadem virginem de virginitate servanda*. (Jerome to the virgin Demetriades, on the preservation of virginity.) pp. 82—100, line 14.

VIII. *Hieronimus ad Marcellam de Onaso, et fortiter increpans eam de mala sua vita*. (Jerome to Marella, regarding Onasus, and blaming him strongly on his bad life.) pp. 100—101, line 23.

IX. *Hieronimus ad Principiam virginem de obitu sanctae Marcellae et eius laudibus*. (Jerome to the virgin Principia, on the death of St. Marella and her praises.) pp. 101—109, line 26.

X. *Hieronimus ad Paulam consolans eam super dormitionem Blesillae filiae suae*. (Jerome to Paula, consoling her on the death of her daughter Blesilla.) pp. 109—118, line 29.

XI. *Hieronimus ad Pamachium de dormitione Paulinae*. (Jerome to Pamachius, on the death of Paulina.) pp. 118 (last line)—127, line 31.

XII. *Hieronimus ad matrem et filiam in Gallum\* commorantes. Incipit prologus*. (Jerome to a mother and daughter who

\* Sic instead of *Gallia*, by the copyist's ignorance.

stayed in Gaul. Begins the prologue.) pp. 128—129, line 4. after which *Incipit epistola*. (Begins the epistle.) pp. 129—136, line 5.

XIII. Then follows without title, but beginning with an illuminated initial capital letter, an epistle on the same or a similar subject as the first (to Celantia). It begins at page 136, as follows; *Apostulus Paulus scribens ad Corinthios et rudem Christi ecclesiam sacris instruens disciplinis inter cetera mandata hoc quoque posuit dicens: Si qua mulier est habens virum infidelem, et hic consentit habitare cum illa, non dimittat virum suum, &c.* The last sentence ends: *sed ancillam et sponsam Christi crudiam, regnis celestibus offerendam.* p. 145, line 26.

It is possible that this letter may afford some precedents and parallels for deciding the lately much-mooted question of toleration of polygamy amongst converts from heathenism.

XIV. *Item ad Aletium presbyterum scribit Hieronimus contra Rufinum.* (Likewise to the priest Aletius writes Jerome against Rufin) pp. 145—183, line 9; ending *finis liber aduersum* (sic instead of *adversus*) *Rufinum.*

There is an attempt at rubrication in the end portion of this epistle, pp. 181—183.

XV. *Hieronimus ad Eustochium de virginitate servanda.* (Jerome to Eustochium, on the preservation of virginity.) pp. 183—215, line 22.

XVI. *Hieronimus ad Asellam De f[c]tis amicis qui sibi detrahebant.* (Jerome to Asella, on pretended friends who disparaged him.) pp. 215—218, line 28.

XVII. *Hieronimus ad Furiam de viduitate servanda.* (Jerome to Furia, on the preservation of widowhood.) pp. 219—235, line 11.

XVIII. *Hieronimus Salvinæ consolatoriam epistolam mittit, de Nebridio, admonens eam ad viduitatem servandam.* (Jerome sends to Salvina a consolatory letter on account of Nebridius, admonishing her to preserve her widowhood.) pp. 235—246, line 15.

XIX. *Incipit epitaphium Hieronimi in mortem sanctæ Paulæ ad Eustochium virginem clarissimam.* (Begins the epitaph of Jerome on the death of St. Paula, addressed to the most noble virgin Eustachium) pp. 246—274; closing with two inscriptions (*Titulus sepulchri* and *In foribus speluncae*) and the following notice:

Dormuit sancta et beata Paula  
VII Kl. Feb. tertia sabbati, post  
solis occubitum. Sepulta est quinto  
Kl. earundem, Honorio Augusto et  
Ari.

The holy and blessed Paula departed life on the 26th January, the third of the Sabbath, after sunset. She was buried on the 28th of the same month, under the Emperor Honorius and Arcadius.

The verses preceding this subscription are in Monkish Latin, and as far as they can be made out, run as follows :

*Titulus sepulchri.*

Scipio quam genuit Paulae fidere parentes  
Gracorum soboles, Agamemnonis inclita proles,  
Hic iacet in tumultu (Paulam dixere priores)  
Eustochiac genitrix. Romani prima senatus  
Pauperiem quae et Bethlemitica rara secuta est.

*In foribus speluncae.*

Respicis augustum percisa rupe sepulchrum  
Hospicium Paulae est, celestia regna tenentis,  
Fratrem, cognatos, Romam patriamque relinquens  
Divitias, sobolem, Bethlemitico condidit antro.  
Hic praesepe tuum, Christe, atque hic mistica magi  
Munera portantes, hominique deoque dedere  
Munera portantes homini regique deoque.

5. A quarto volume bound in brown morroco having the sides covered with elaborate gold and blind tooling, contains a manuscript on vellum of 120 leaves, or 240 pages, with 24 lines on the full page.

There are catch words intended for the binder, at the end of folios 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 78, 88, 98, 108, and 118, every five double leaves generally forming a book.

The first page is surrounded by an elegant border, containing arms, which, as well as the initial letter, is illuminated with gold laid on and various colours.

The text is written in a very distinct Roman hand, many of the initial letters in red, a few in blue.

The manuscript bears the following heading in letters of gold and blue: *Hieronymi Presbiteri Sanctissimi Transitus incipit feliciter*—(The Passage of the most holy Priest Jerome begins luckily), followed by a short account of the life of St. Jerome, pp. 1—14, line 16, his praises in extracts from Augustin's Epistles, Prosper's Chronicle, Isidore's book of Etymologies, Cassiodor's Institutions, cap. xxi., Sidonius, Severus' Dialogue, and concluding with a hymn in praise of St. Jerome (p. 20, line 21, to page 21, line 20), and with a notice of the transportation of his body from Jerusalem to Rome, after the former city had been occupied by barbarians, pp. 21-22. This last account ends with the following inscription in Monkish Latin rhymes :

*Hic dux doctorum iacet : & flos presbiterorum,  
Hieronimus sanctus cui locus est nimis inus.  
Hic tu, discrete catholice sine fucete,  
Dic veniens ave, desuper ire cave.*

The word *Transitus* (Passage) in the title of this manuscript has evidently reference to the transportation of the

holy relics of St. Jerome from Jerusalem to Rome ; and it seems probable that, for the occasion of this transportation, the whole present book was compiled.

At p. 22 follows, with the heading written in red : *Eusebii Epistola ad Damasum de beato Hieronymo*. (Epistle of Eusebius to Damasus, referring to the blessed Jerome.) This Epistle goes to p. 159, line 15, including *Miracula sancti Hieronymi* (Miracles of St. Jerome), which heading is found at p. 145, line 6. At p. 27, a marginal note calls the reader's attention to the fact that the writer of this Epistle makes St. Jerome the first ordainer of the sacred office. ("Divus Hieronimus primus ordinator divini officii secundum Eusebium.") The words of the text referred to are as follows : *Ecclesiae officium primitus ordinavit*.

The heading of the next Epistle was originally omitted, and it has been added in a black ink hand-writing, somewhat coarser than the other headings. It runs as follows : *Augustinus ad Cirillum*. (Augustine to Cyrill) pp. 159—186, line 20. This epistle refers, of course, also to St. Jerome ; and the same is the case with the last Epistle, of which the heading is in red, viz. : *Cirillus ad Augustinum*. (Cyrill to Augustine) pp. 186—240, 1st line. A remark made at the end of p. 233 makes it probable that this Epistle is not given in full, but only in parts.

At the end we find the following subscription : *Pro clarissimo D. Lamb. M. Fredericus Veteranus Urbinas transcripsit VI. Idus Decemb. MDCCCLXXXVIII*. (8 November 1388.)

Regarding this date, which bears evidently the traces of erasure and correction, we find the following notice : "Some ignorant fellow, in order to make this manuscript appear older, altered the date, which must have been MDCCCLXXXVI (1476, or perhaps a year or two later) to MDCCCLXXXVIII (1388). The learned *Fredericus Veteranus*, in whose hand-writing this copy is, was a celebrated calligrapher, Librarian and Secretary to Frederick Duke of Urbino, during the 15th century. (See Dennistoun's Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, Vol. II. pp. 138 and 139.)"

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## A RIDE UPON RAILWAY.

THERE is no such leveller as your railway. Before it mountains fall and valleys are filled, rivers are bridged, morasses drained, houses and forests alike levelled with the ground. You go to a little pigeon-hole—cut in a plain oak panel—and pay certain shillings, or pounds, for a little oblong

of white, or blue, or pink card, on which is printed the name of the place to which you wish to be transported, and straightway you are put into a box, cushioned or boarded, as the case may be, and, presto! you are at your journey's end. Perhaps, your destination is Aberdeen or Llangollen, or Milan, or Paris, or Vienna, or Copenhagen, or Amsterdam. It is quite immaterial. There are hills, indeed, in Wales or Scotland; there is a mountain or so on the way to Italy; between France and Austria rolls a stream not altogether insignificant. Time was when each and all of these little natural peculiarities made themselves felt. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Beside you, as you roll smoothly on, you may yet, if you will, contemplate a shadowy and swift procession of the ghosts of bygone difficulties—or beauties, as you may consider them; but your own progress is affected by them no more. With a shriek, and a rush, and a glide, you speed ever onward, alike through mountain and valley, for the giant Steam is now your humble slave, and before him Alps are as Holland plains, and Rhines, and Menai Straits, and soon, perhaps, English Channels, and Oceans, Atlantic and Pacific, no more than little Dutch canals.

And yet even the railway is not altogether superior to the influences of climate and soil. Straight as its lines are ruled, the characters written upon them still differ as of old. The traveller who, in his sleep, should be carried by the railway demon into far distant lands would, awaking, recognize in a moment his whereabouts. Forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour, in a small, close, dirty carriage—rattle, clash, scream from the engine, scroop, scroop from the fast-locked wheel; the sudden pull up, the brief halt, the rapid resumption of the old headlong speed; and you need not the assistance of the rich field and frequent hedgerow, or of the short quick call of “Tickets! tickets!” to tell that you are in England. A large, clean, roomy vehicle, into which you have flung yourself, like Harlequin into a shop window, on being released from the enclosure, where, with the rest of your fellow-passengers, you have been carefully penned till the moment of starting arrived. A distant, unrecognizable nod from the fellow-countryman who has come to see you off, and who is venting in the dim distance upon the politely imperturbable officials his indignation at not being allowed for that purpose to set foot upon the vast and now nearly empty platform consecrated to passengers alone. A slow, cautious start, a steady, even, respectable pace, a gradual falling off in speed as the rare stopping-place is approached, and the entrance, with a polite bow, of the one passenger required to fill the

compartment in which you are installed as completely as every other in the carefully calculated train; and who does not know that the stalwart, bearded official who has just poked his head through the window is about to give utterance to a request for "*Vos billets, M'sieurs,*" with, it may be, the additional intimation of "*Quinze minutes d'arrêt,*" or of a "*Changement de voitures pour—*" half the towns of France. Or, perhaps, the demon has been more active, and our sleeping traveller has passed safely through the various junctions, whose complications seem all to centre at Malines. Perhaps he has been even carried through that "Slough" of Despond, from which, in his waking moments, none but *commis-voyageur*, or a Queen's Messenger himself has ever yet issued with bag and baggage in any but a wrong direction; and over whose gates the words "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate*" might be written in letters of railway iron. Perhaps he has escaped the vigilance of the passport officers on the Prussian frontier; or the kindness of the moustached gentleman opposite, whose red-lettered passport proclaims his Foreign Office immunity from search, has caused that Cerberus to respect his repose. But though he fell asleep on the "*chemin-de-fer,*" he knows in a moment that he has awoke on the "*Eisenbahn.*" His eyes are hardly open before they are greeted by the sight of the short, thick-set, fair-bearded *Schoffner*, with his red-banded glazed cap and his heavily-tasseled bugle slung from his shoulder by its thick green cord, creeping like a great gruff bluebottle along the outside of the carriages. Another moment and the slow-going train comes altogether to a stop, and five, ten, fifteen minutes pass away while the fussy but leisurely *Schoffner* superintends the transfer of a dozen or two of equally fussy and equally leisurely travellers, with their wonderful paper boxes, like English trunks turned inside out, and their vast bundles of provisions for the road. And now the last notes of the storm of German expletive, which has raged throughout the business, dies away: the broad-faced *mädchen*, with her tray of *uürste* and *maiwein*, stares with immovable stolidity at the impatient Englishman, who vainly desires another parting glass; the door is slammed to; Herr Donnerwetter, on the opposite bench, adjusts his spectacles and hermetically closes the window on which throughout the stoppage he has kept an anxious eye: "too-too-too" sounds the bugle of the *Schoffner*, and the old twenty miles an hour begins again. It does not require a conjuror to tell where we are, nor a nose of much experience to discriminate in the thick, hot, choky, thousand-

year-old stench which now greets us a symptom of the approaching city of Cologne.

Or, perhaps, we have gone further yet, and the grim regularity, the military-looking uniforms, the severe though courteous demeanour, the clock-work precision of everything public and private, tells us we are in Austria. Or the Danish line whirls us, for a few hours, through scenery that reminds us of some English landscape in a half foreign dress; and as we alight at the Copenhagen station a Hansom—or rather *the* Hansom, it is the only one in Denmark—dashes up to receive you and does its best to maintain the illusion. There is a spice of romance about that Hansom too. It was introduced, and at first driven, by a broken-down graduate of Cambridge, who from its earnings collected enough to transport him to Christiania, where he now lets out horses and carriages to enterprising travellers beyond the region of railways. Not that Norway itself is altogether unconscious of steam. Far from it. The fastest vessel afloat hails from Christiania, and runs between that port and Copenhagen, calling at Gottenberg by the way. On the Lille Mjösen lake, too, is another little steamer, and yet another on the Sogne Fjord, between Bergen and Lærdalsören. The railroad, too, has penetrated even into these distant regions: that from Christiania to the Mjösen Lake being, we believe, the most northern, as that from Cape Town to Eerste River is the most southern in the world. They are much of the same length also, extending each for about twenty miles, and each, too, consists for the present of a single line of rails. There, however, the resemblance ceases. The Norwegian line runs through a rich, green, cultivated country, among gentle hills and fertile valleys, emerging at length from its solitary tunnel upon one of the most fairy-like lakes we have ever seen. What our own line may be when the good folk of Worcester and other places have had their way is another question, but for the present the comparison in this respect would hardly be in its favour.

And now we stand upon the extreme verge of the railway world and look out upon the pine-clad hills, over whose broad heights—for “breadth” is the main characteristic of Norwegian scenery—the narrow road winds its solitary way without a dozen tributaries in half a hundred times that number of miles. By to-morrow morning our friends will be wending their way along to Bergen or Drontjem, perched each on one of those quaint little carriages, like gigs in the last stage of attenuation, which are now heaped up on the steamer’s deck beside them. Perhaps some day we, too, may

follow in their track, and revisit once more the bold, free scenery of the Fjelds, or the picturesque windings of the Fjords; but for the present we are the slaves of steam, and steam has reached its limit. So, with a bound, we are once more at the odoriferous city from which we struck off on our northward flight. Shall we continue along the smooth straight rails or shall we desert them for the equally smooth but very crooked river? If we are young travellers, probably the latter; or, if we are of that class of which, as poor Albert Smith so truly said, you invariably find at least one specimen in every Rhine boat,—the class which sits with its feet on the brand-new dressing case, and of which the male members are so particularly attentive, and the female blush so prettily at every repetition of the unaccustomed title of "*Lady Smith*," or "*Mrs. Jones*." If you belong to neither of these species of the great genus Traveller, you will stick to the rail, knowing by sad experience that the Rhine is one of the gigantic impostures of the age, and that, except for the brief space between Bingen and the Lurleiberg—and that too better seen from the road—the great desideratum, in passing it, is speed. So through the vineyards—as like our own in distant Southern Africa as any two grapes which grow in either—you rattle on along the never-changing iron rails, and, perhaps, the fancy strikes you—Whither tend those long black glistening lines? Whither, indeed! That piece of iron at your feet, as you stand waiting for the train, stretches with hardly a break to nearly every great town in Europe. If it were a bell-wire, and you could pull it, the summons would be heard at once in Amsterdam and Alicante, Bordeaux and Berlin, Chambery and Cronstadt, Dieppe and Dresden, and so on, north and south, east and west, through all the letters of the alphabet—to Warsaw and Waterloo, or Vienna and Versailles. It stretches from the tombs of Mickiewicz and Thorwaldsen to the birthplace of Petrarch and Canova. One end is buried beneath the snows of Russia—another gleams in the bright sun of Spain. Its iron bands link together the beauties, the pleasures, the business, the vices of the whole Continent; and it passes equally the gambling saloons of Hombourg, the looms of Lyons and Genoa, the tabernacles of Geneva and the palaces of Venice and of Rome. And, then, if haply you are English, comes a little patriotic thrill of gratified vanity. This vast net-work is the work almost entirely of English hands. The engine which has been hurrying you along came from an English workshop, and the very iron itself over which you have been rushing, most likely, from an English mine.

But your expected train has by this time arrived, and the season for moralizing is at an end. Whither bound now? Shall we continue our easterly course, and find our way through stolid, military Austria to busy, mercantile Trieste, or shall we make another southward leap and alight among the Alps? *Allons!* Here we are at *S. Jean de Maurienne*, where of old the Lyons-bound diligence was wont to release the powerful horses, which, by the aid of two relays of mules—each a regular Cape span some ten or a dozen strong—had dragged the lumbering vehicle all the way up the Italian side and half-way down what is now facetiously termed “the French slope” of Mont Ceuis. Our railway pauses there now, while a hill some ten miles long is being pierced through to meet the Turin line on the other side of the mountain. Ten miles of tunnel through mountains whose summits tower up beyond the clouds thousands of feet above the human moles slowly but steadily burrowing their way through their granite sides! This will, indeed, when complete, be the crowning wonder of what is already by far the most wonderful railway in the world. Picture to yourself, reader, after half an hour of darkness, the sudden shooting out among the topmost Alps, with all the smiling plains of Italy stretched out at your feet. And then down, down, down with gathering speed as the road winds “round about and in and out” in its gradual, steady, swift descent: and with every ten minutes country, and even season changes. A little while back, and you came out, perhaps, from the long black tunnel, into the ice and snow up among the cold, bare, barren rocks. Soon scattered fir trees appear, then thick, dark forests refresh, with their cool dark-green, your eyes, dazzled by the glittering snow. Then come pasture lands, and cultivated fields, and cottages, and gardens, and country houses: and now, with one last shrill whistle, the panting engine glides into its final resting-place, and you wander forth among the wide, straight, noble streets of Turin.

Here commences another phase of railway life. Can these really be the same rails over which you have travelled in gruff Germany or busy England, or polite—but from a railway point of view—imperturbable France? You are on your way to Milan, and already you recognize how little has the *Strada Ferrata* in common with railroad, or *eisenbahn* or *chemin-de-fer*. You felt, perhaps, some trepidation as you crossed the Alps at the thought that the railroad must sadly have altered the dear old poetic land, and that the bustling ways of railway England will have taken the place of the *dolce far niente* of pleasant Italy. Reassure yourself. Be-

tween these two principles there has, perhaps, been a struggle, but Italy has won the day. There run the straight black lines along the level white road, like the four-line staff of old Gregorian music. And it is no dashing railway gallop which is written on them, but the solemn, tuneful Gregorian chant, which chimed with the rumbling wheels of your *vettura* in the good old days. If you are in a hurry, don't be tempted—no, not by all the promises of Bradshaw's guide—to set foot in Italy. But if you are not in a hurry, then come into the little vine-clad cottage which passes for a station in these parts, and purchase the slip of paper that admits you to this new and most singular exhibition of picturesque Italian sloth. You need make no inconvenient haste. If you are not quite ready, the pleasant smiling guard will not mind waiting a few minutes, nor will any one in the train object, unless it should be, perhaps, some hurried Englishman "doing" Italy within a prescribed number of days; and him nobody will mind. Stay: here's a girl with a large tray of grapes and peaches, ripe and luscious, and cheaper even than at the Cape. Take half a farthing's worth to munch upon the way. Nobody is in a hurry: the very steam "roars you as 'twere any sucking dove," as it escapes from the lightly loaded safety valve. You are quite comfortable? *Andiamo!* Slowly, smoothly, under the warm, lazy Italian sun, the train glides on along the foot of the vast snow-crowned Alps; through fields, rich with the thick Indian corn, and olive orchards where, from stem to stem of the twisted and distorted trees, hang in all directions the graceful festoons of the vine, now all crimson and gold with the bright hues of autumn, and the huge purple bunches hanging close down to the ground. Now to Milan, and past the fairy pinnacles of the neat cathedral, and on, and on again, gliding pleasantly and calmly, as in a dream, and then at last the bright horizon melts into the calm blue sea, and far out on its glittering bosom floats the wondrous water city. Then the train glides on to the long beautiful viaduct; and now the land grows dim behind us, and towns, and palaces, and tall, slender campaniles rise up out of the water as we sweep along; and we feel that so thoroughly is the busy demon exorcised by the still, soft Italian air that an Italian railway does not desecrate even the fairy loveliness of Venice.

And here in this pleasant dream-land we will pause. Now that our wanderings have brought us to such a pleasant haven we have not the heart to leave it again and trust ourselves to the tender mercies of American, or Australian, or Indian, or African lines; nor, to confess the truth, could we speak from

personal experience of them, if we would. We have never been in India; there is no railway in the parts of America we know, though, by hearsay, every one is pretty well acquainted with the long, rough, single line of rail over which the three "cars" jolt, with imminent risk to life and limb, and where the "cow-catcher" takes up more passengers than the guard. Australia, too, when we knew it, was as yet innocent of steam; and as for the Spanish and Portuguese lines, to have been there once is quite enough for any man. So for the present we bid farewell to railways and their idiosyncracies, bidding them, and especially our own little infant South African, most emphatically—"Good speed."

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## WESTERN PROVINCE GRAND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT GEORGE.

It was said when the idea of large agricultural exhibitions in the country districts was started that no one would attend them, that the farmers would not care about them, and that after the novelty of the first was over they would be given up as a bad bargain. But the recent exhibition held at George a month ago shows that the prediction is not likely to be fulfilled. The farmers, in spite of all the difficulties which beset their path at the present moment, came out to a man, and did their best to make the meeting a great success, and when the state of the country is taken into account, the result was most satisfactory. The success of our exhibitions cannot be altogether tested by bringing one into comparison with another. The state of the country at the time they are held is one thing to be considered; and we repeat that remembering that in the greatest portion of George and the neighbouring districts no rain worth speaking of has fallen for four years, the exhibition was miraculously successful. This is, of course, due to the zeal and perseverance of the people of George and surrounding districts. George itself is admirably situated for a large agricultural gathering like this. It is close to the sea coast, within an easy ride of Mossel Bay, and in the centre of the very fertile districts of Oudtshoorn, Beaufort West, and the Knysna. All these places are in friendly communication and take a common interest in the general prosperity of the country. They combined on this occasion and bore the expenses between them. This is most commendable.

The show-yard was well selected and most conveniently laid out. The tents containing produce, sheep, horned cattle, and pigs were large and well separated from the other departments. In the adjoining paddock the horses were trotted out and inspected, and the machinery was tested in a field on the further side. Thus the show-yard may be said to be divided in three. The live-stock was well shaded by rows of oaks which surrounded the grounds, and the classification of the various kinds of produce was better than any we had ever seen before. The most pleasing sight of all was to see that not a farmer of influence in the whole of the country round was absent; the merchants came up from Mossel Bay to a man, and the townspeople evinced the greatest possible interest in the proceedings. Under the Great Western tent there were piles of tobacco, such as we have never seen produced in this colony. We speak of this first, because we think it the most worthy of attention, and the produce which is yet to enrich the districts of George and Oudtshoorn more than any other. It is to be regretted that the judges appointed, from some error of judgment, as we think, refused to award the prize offered. One of the representatives of the district, Mr. J. S. Prince, M.L.A., who, for a long time has been endeavouring to promote the cultivation of this valuable narcotic, offered a silver cup of the value of twelve guineas, but the judges refused to award both it and the prize offered by the Society, on the ground that the tobacco was rotten. Other judges present undertook to differ. All but the appointed judges admitted that it was exceedingly well-grown, and the sample of Cavendish exhibited was, although made without the aid of proper machinery, excellent, and of good flavour.

The cereals were very fine, indeed; the wurzel, too, was well-grown, and roots of every kind were in abundance and of excellent quality. Colonial-grown and manufactured leather was shown in this tent in great abundance: some sole leather from the Knysna was pronounced by all present to be quite equal to any imported from England.

The samples of wool shown were much finer in quality, and were sent to the exhibition in a much more creditably got-up style than any previously seen at the Western Province exhibitions. The prize wool was from the pastures of the Messrs. van Breda, in the Caledon Strandveldt. The prize samples were purchased by the Messrs. Barry and Nephews, and have been sent home for exhibition at the International Exhibition. These samples of our most valuable staple will be a good advertisement for our Western wool-growers.

Of wines and brandies there was a moderate supply, the former not at all equal, either in quality or quantity, to the parent society's show of wines; but the brandies, especially the prize one, was pronounced to be of the finest quality.

In the stockyard the sheep took the lead, and the Messrs. van Breda here again were most fortunate in taking prizes and in the prices obtained for their colonial-bred rams,—some of which realized the handsome figure of £50 each; ewes sold for £4 19s. These prices are highly remunerating, and were well deserved by the exhibitors. Of horned cattle there is little to be said; there was one very fine heifer, but the chief part of the cows were poor and anything but handsome. The bulls and oxen were poor and not well-bred. Fresh blood is wanted in the district. In the pig department there were some with Berkshire blood in them, and these will prove highly serviceable to the district where they were left.

The show of horses was large, but there was nothing amongst them very striking. They were generally very small.

The ploughing on the second day was capital; the prizes were taken off by the Knysna ploughmen, and a hope was expressed on all sides that a match may be made up between them and Cooper. If there is one kind of agriculture needing improvement more than another, it is that of ploughing; and we confess to a desire to see a match between the ploughmen of the Knysna and Groenfontein. Unfortunately, threshers and reapers, manufactured expressly for trial at this exhibition by Messrs Ransome and Sims, at the order of Collison, Shepherd, and Co., of Mossel Bay, did not arrive in time for the exhibition. A thresher and a winnower, of Garret's manufacture, took the prizes offered for these kinds of machinery.

Having now set forth all that is necessary regarding the Agricultural Show at George, let us turn to the races, which were, so to speak, a part of the play. Details of the running have appeared already in the colonial newspapers, and they need not be repeated here. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, that the expectations of the most sanguine were realized in all relating to the number of horses engaged, to the excellent sport witnessed, and to the probable results of the great local victories achieved by the George stables. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the writer of an article on the George Exhibition (September, 1861), explained with something like the air of "one under authority," that the Western Province Agricultural Society had given £50 to the George races on certain conditions, framed to meet a particular

emergency, and calculated to rouse the horse-breeders of the district to something like that energetic action which used to be their characteristic in former days. It was expected that some of the best horses from the Eastern and Western Provinces would meet to contest the "Champion Cup," and that if none of the George breeders themselves could succeed in carrying off that trophy, they would at all events see something like a combination of blood and bone, size and power, and gain a wrinkle how to realize the same in their own studs. But the Eastern Province Turfites kept all their horses at home, and Cape Town was represented only by Mr. Michael van Breda's *John Bull* and *Polestar*. Of these the former, the best of the two undoubtedly for a long race at welter weights, fell dead lame shortly before the meeting, and was unable to start. It was a piece of bad-luck for Mr. M. van Breda; but he is accustomed to bad-luck, and he made the best of the circumstances by entering *Polestar* for the race. This fine filly in size and symmetry towered conspicuously over the whole string of racers collected at George, and in the opinion of all "horsey" folks it was Lombard-street to a China orange on her against the field. Nothing daunted, however, that sporting and game old veteran Van Rooyen, brought out *Gazelle* to meet her, and, to the intense delight of the George district, as well as to his own honour and profit, he beat her in gallant style, by half a neck.

*Gazelle* is a small horse, or rather a large horse on a small compass, for he has amazing muscle, and seems to care as little about weight as he does about distance. *Loadstone*, his sire, is a thoroughbred English horse of undeniable lineage, and his dam is own sister to *Fair Play*, at one time the best horse in the Western Province. Thus blood will be served, and although *Polestar* was said not to be in her proper form (which indeed the timing corroborates, for she had done better things on a more severe course), it must be remembered that she had Thomas, the best colonial jockey by seven pounds, on her back, so there is nothing to detract from the wonderful honesty and lasting powers of the George champion. *Gazelle* has since gone into Mr. le Grange's hands, and will probably throw down the glove to the Cape Town stables at the forthcoming races. Mr. Michael O'Connell's colt *Piccaroon* also highly distinguished himself, winning the "Overberg Plate:"—heats, one mile; welter weights, in the excellent time of 1m. 53s. and 1m. 54s. This performance has never been excelled on the Cape turf. Here again is another proof that blood will tell; for *Piccaroon's* dam was by *Evenus* out of *Repeal*, a thoroughbred

English mare imported by Mr. T. B. Bayley. *Piccaroon's* sire was *Sir Richard*, a thoroughbred imported horse by *Piccaroon*, who himself enjoyed much celebrity on the English turf.

Almost all the stakes at George filled well, and in general were well contested; and although some of the trainers of the district have notions regarding the food, work, and general treatment of racers which made Jack Thomas' hair stand on end, and most assuredly would render John Scott or William Day speechless with astonishment, they seem to know the peculiarities of their own animals, and manage to bring them to the post in first-rate wind and condition. One racer, after running three heats of a mile and a half, was seen tied to a wagon wheel enjoying his solitary oatsheaf, or as a local wit observed, his "*oat-ium sine dignitate*," then and there; and another was noticed led away from the course *touw in de bek*—(Ang: with a riem or rope hitched on to his lower jaw)—a primitive arrangement which would be considered remarkable elsewhere, though apparently not uncommon in these parts. The riding, too, of some of the coloured jockeys at George, was rather eccentric. On Macaulay's principle of the "*loose rein and bloody spur*,"\* for which that occasional poet, but no horseman, was considerably chaffed at the time by sporting critics, these excited and half-frantic fellows went off at score from the starting post, heels in and arms out, grinding along every inch of the way; and instead of running their horses to a stand-still, as usually occurs in such cases, they managed to make them winners. All training rules seemed to be set at defiance purposely, and assuredly all racing experience was entirely nullified at George: but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and there is no denying that the district enjoyed most of the pudding, and made a substantial repast thereon. All honour to the breeders and sportsmen of George! Nobody grudges them their winnings, and least of all Mr. Michael van Breda, who naturally might have felt a little sore at his defeat. This eminent breeder, the only one of the colony *out* of George who made an effort to support the agricultural gathering at that place, said, in proposing at the dinner the toast of "Success to the George Turf Club," that how much he might have felt disappointed by the ill-fortune of his mare, he could, in all sincerity, congratulate Mr. van Rooyen and the George breeders on the success of their stables, and that he hoped they would now take heart

\* "And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post."

*Spanish Armada.*

again after their bad seasons and heavy losses, and restore their studs to their former footing, which could only be done by fresh blood and a liberal outlay in the purchase of really good imported horses.

This is precisely the object contemplated by the Western Province Agricultural Society in giving the "Champion Cup" at George, and there seems every hope that it will be realized. The farmers in that part of the colony have been disheartened and almost broken down by several successive years of drought, and no one, without travelling through the Swellendam, Riversdale, and George districts could imagine the changed aspect of those once luxuriant pastures and well-watered kloofs. The traveller last month literally found difficulty in procuring drinkable water for himself or cattle, and Mr. le Grange was almost obliged to quit his residence on the banks of the Zoetmelks River, then dry, on account of the stench from the dead eels. When things come to such a pass it is evident that live-stock of any kind must be a hazardous investment, and the horse-breeders of that part can scarcely be expected to risk their capital in the purchase of English sires or valuable mares until the spell is broken. A good season or two will give them fresh courage, and as the Van Rooyens, O'Connells, Rensburgs, Mullers, Ferreiras, and other horse-breeders of the George district have now seen that they can hold their own against all comers, and that remunerating prices can be obtained for their best horses, we shall expect to find them again coming well to the front in future years. Mr. van Rooyen obtained £200 for *Gazelle* after the George races, and Mr. O'Connell might have sold *Piccaroon* for a high price. But we hope to see them rearing horses of more size than most of those lately exhibited. They must not be satisfied with bringing forward little wonders like *Gazelle*, *Tolfrey*, and others, for although a small, mean-looking horse may be a good racer and able to beat animals much bigger than himself, he is not the sort to breed from, and, moreover, it should ever be in the breeder's mind that a well-grown, strapping, powerful colt of 15-2, is saleable at any place or time, for saddle or harness, or for stud purposes, if he has not sufficient pace for the turf. To obtain such stock it is necessary not only to feed them well when young, but to secure imported thoroughbred sires of bone and substance, and symmetry, as well as blood. If such are wanted in the George district, or anywhere else in the colony, we venture to remind our agricultural readers that Colonel Apperley, a true friend to the colony, and one who understands thoroughly its horse-

breeding requirements, has kindly offered his services to the Cape farmers in this department. Such an opportunity may never occur again, and we sincerely trust that the horse-breeders of the Cape will take advantage of it. Should any of our country friends feel a delicacy in addressing Colonel Apperley on such a subject, the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society will undertake to be the channel of communication with that gentleman.

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### NEGRETTI SHEEP.

WHAT a wonderful history attaches to a few of those natural productions, without which the world now-a-days cannot get on. Queen Elizabeth drank strong beer for breakfast, and was almost the first person in Europe who wore silk stockings. Pepys mentions the circumstance of drinking tea for the first time, as an event worthy to be recorded in his diary, and the grandmothers of most of the men of the present generation who wear beards paid as much as seventeen shillings a pound for the fashionable luxury. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato, and smoked the first pipe that ever was smoked in England. The first has become one of the great staples of the food of mankind, and the other the cheapest, if not the best, of luxuries. It will not do to think of what might have been the fate of the teeming millions of Lancashire and Yorkshire, if the cotton plant had not furnished them the means of industrial employment. In the absence of occupation, man would have preyed upon himself, and instead of a centre of industry, England might have become another "scourge of God," and, in quite a different sense than it now is, "another storehouse of nations."

We do not always realize the true meaning and value of staple productions, and must have recourse to figures to express them, for they are by far more than merely imaginative facts. The value of cotton material imported into England in 1858, was £30,766,236. Figures seem to fail to express the extent of it when converted into material by the industry of man. The quantity of the cotton manufactures of the United Kingdom, expressed in yards, pounds, and pieces, *exported* only in that year, leaving out entirely their home consumption, was 2,528,890,365 lbs.; the declared value of which is stated at £43,011,322. The value of the raw material of wool, sheep and lambs', including Alpaca and the Llama wool, imported in 1858, was £8,972,218. The value of the exports of the converted article in that year was

£12,743,867. The difference between the export value of cotton, as compared with wool, was therefore as about three of cotton to, say, one of wool. But the actual value of the raw material to the mother country is by no means expressed by those figures; the home consumption of woollen manufactures being so large. Of these articles it may be truly said that if the gratitude of mankind be due to him who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, it is no less the fitting reward of that enterprise which multiplies the cotton pod and increases the growth of wool in the fleece of the sheep.

King George the Third, or, as he is still familiarly and affectionately styled, Farmer George, promoted the introduction of the Merino sheep into Great Britain. But the exigencies of the English farmer require that the animal he rears should produce mutton as well as wool. Indeed, our meat-eating people make larger demands upon the bone and muscle of the animal than of the fleece which covers it. The wool of the English sheep is more an adjunct of profit than a primary production. Hence the tendency of late years has been to breed mutton and to import wool. It is extremely difficult to determine the relative importance of the cotton and woollen manufactures. England can produce wool, but cannot produce cotton. She probably uses more comparatively of the latter than of the former for home consumption. It is a curious fact that the sheep are about as numerous as the population. If they were all killed to-morrow, every man, woman, and child in England and Wales might, after the fashion of their ancestors, have a sheepskin for clothing, and no more, and if ever it wore out, it could not be renewed. The student of economy in the realm of nature is often arrested by the fact that sufficiency, and not superabundance, is provided for human wants. But we will pass by the problem of whether a sheepskin per head is enough for the human race. We apprehend it is not; one for use and the other for store and increase is the probable relation between natural supply and demand.

The contest between the butcher and the fleece-grower in England has given a wonderful and natural impetus to the foreign trade, and especially to the colonial production of wools, which have vied with and nearly extinguished the English consumption of German wools. We do not hear much now-a-days of Saxony cloth; it is a product almost of the past. McCulloch, writing in 1854, says: "The breed of sheep that was carried out to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land has succeeded remarkably well, and Aus-

tralia is already, perhaps, the principal wool-growing country of the world. The imports to Great Britain have increased with extraordinary rapidity. In 1833 they amounted to 3,516,869 lbs., in 1839 to 10,128,744 lbs., and in 1851 to 41,810,137 lbs.! The imports of wool from India only began in 1833, when they amounted to the inconsiderable quantity of 3,721 lbs.; but such has been their increase in the interval that in 1851 they amounted to 4,549,520 lbs. Of late years Russia has become of primary importance among the wool-exporting countries, especially from her ports on the Black Sea. Provided tranquillity could be maintained in South Africa, the probability is that it would in no very lengthened period rival New South Wales as a wool-exporting country.

We have said thus much by way of preliminary to a subject which, if fully discussed, would occupy a volume. We take it up at that point which suggests an honourable rivalry between our land and Australasia, for the production of the largest quantity and the best quality of wools, and for pre-eminence in the English market. Our illustration points out the most certain way of improving breeds by the introduction of good stock, and we shall content ourselves on this occasion by the following particulars gathered from some numbers of the Australian *Economist*, to show what is being done there. In its agricultural article of August 23, that intelligent newspaper observes: "The judges of the merinos endorsed the judgment of the purchasers of the high-priced imported Negretti sheep, by awarding various prizes to them; as exclusively wool-bearing animals, they are possibly the best." And in another part of the same newspaper we find a sale report, which we condense as follows: "We also held a sale of Negretti sheep at Messrs. Clough & Co.'s store, this day, 22nd August, with the following result: *Rams*—£42, £55, £50, £85, £60, £41, £110, £78, £100, £56, £73, £75, £99, £60, £94, £96, £100, £98, £101, £105, £112, £161, £110, £131, £195, £147, £145, £155,—Number, 28 rams; average, £97 13s. *Ewes*—£54, £75, £55, £90, £74, £86, £102, £90, £85, £70.—Number 10, ewes; average, £78 2s. The fleece of one of the rams was shorn in presence of the company, and weighed 15 lbs. 9 oz." This is the one above-mentioned as being sold for £131. Also, "a ewe, the fleece of which weighed 9 lbs. 2 oz." This ewe was sold for £54. "The total amount realized at sale was £3,530," which the newspaper, we presume accurately, describes as satisfactory.

It is astonishing to notice the wonderful vigour which pervades the newspaper from which we have just quoted in

all matters relating to trade and commerce, and how well its efforts to guide public opinion on matters of such extreme importance to general well-being appear to be supported. We find the opinions of Caird and Wilson, and the reports of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, discussed with *gusto* and practical good sense. It points out the acknowledged impression of English agriculturists, "that in the south of England it is impossible to produce long wools with the peculiar lustre which adds so much to the value of the fleeces of the long-woolled breeds in their native districts." It mentions triumphantly the fact that at the Paris Exhibition, Australian ordinary wools competed favourably with the finest qualities there exhibited. It discusses the requirements set forth in the famous circular of the Bradford Wool Association, which we appear to have forgotten all about, and modestly sums up thus: "Whether the Rambouillet or the Negretti variety [of Merino is the better fitted for the pastures of Australia, is a question on which we are not qualified to decide. The former, from their greater size, will give both more mutton and wool. The latter, however, are probably of purer blood, and therefore better fitted for introducing the best characteristics of the Merino-breeds into the flocks of the Australian sheep farmers." And why not also into those of South Africa? The market, not only of England, but of the world, is large enough to absorb any quantities that may be sent into it; and in the keenness of competition and in the struggle for pre-eminence no means of improvement and no source of increase can well be neglected by producers without detriment to their present interests, and injury to and possibly the extinction of future trade; for just as the colonies displaced Saxony produce, so will the most energetic of the colonies obtain the largest share, or even the monopoly, of the best markets.

The illustrations which preface this number of the Magazine are photographs of sheep of this valuable breed lately imported in this colony. It will be remembered that there were eight Negretti rams and ewes exhibited at the last annual exhibition of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, but as yet none of our sheep-farmers have introduced Negrettis into their flocks. We have quoted from the Australian papers to show in what estimation these animals are held in that colony, and it is for our practical sheep-farmers to examine the qualities which have rendered the Negrettis so valuable, and then see whether, in the growth of fine wool, they would be a valuable addition to our flocks.

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR NOVEMBER, 1861.

*(Deduced from five observations daily.)*Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

| 1861. | Barometer<br>corrected at<br>32° Fahr. | THERMOMETERS. |       |      |      | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air,<br>Sat. = 100. | BAROMETER,<br>minus<br>Tension. | WIND.               |                                 | RAIN.        | Cloudy sky, in<br>tenths. |
|-------|----------------------------------------|---------------|-------|------|------|------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------|--------------|---------------------------|
|       |                                        | Dry.          | Wet.  | Max. | Min. |            |                             |                                 | Hourly<br>Velocity. | Direction.                      |              |                           |
| Nov.  | inches.                                | °             | °     | °    | °    | °          |                             | inches.                         | miles.              |                                 | inch.        |                           |
| 1     | 29.993                                 | 64.72         | 57.66 | 76.9 | 58.7 | 51.96      | 64.4                        | 29.603                          | 24.7                | S                               |              | 1.9                       |
| 2     | 29.998                                 | 63.06         | 55.92 | 68.3 | 58.0 | 49.94      | 62.8                        | 29.637                          | 22.4                | S <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> W |              | 3.8                       |
| 3     | 29.983                                 | 64.78         | 56.84 | 75.0 | 57.3 | 50.50      | 61.4                        | 29.615                          | 13.2                | S                               |              | 1.6                       |
| 4     | 29.996                                 | 64.64         | 58.40 | 72.3 | 54.8 | 53.48      | 69.1                        | 29.584                          | 7.2                 | S                               |              | 5.5                       |
| 5     | 29.919                                 | 63.91         | 59.06 | 73.4 | 59.5 | 55.14      | 74.2                        | 29.483                          | 3.7                 | S <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> W |              | 4.5                       |
| 6     | 30.027                                 | 60.96         | 56.30 | 65.2 | 56.6 | 52.24      | 74.2                        | 29.630                          | 9.7                 | SWbS                            | 0.165        | 7.0                       |
| 7     | 30.032                                 | 61.66         | 52.84 | 65.8 | 56.6 | 45.34      | 55.6                        | 29.729                          | 22.8                | S <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> W |              | 0.7                       |
| 8     | 29.849                                 | 66.96         | 57.44 | 76.4 | 54.3 | 50.12      | 57.6                        | 29.485                          | 11.0                | SWbW                            |              | 3.6                       |
| 9     | 29.966                                 | 63.74         | 59.04 | 69.4 | 57.0 | 55.20      | 74.4                        | 29.529                          | 6.7                 | SWbW                            | 0.088        | 6.1                       |
| 10    | 29.995                                 | 64.42         | 57.54 | 76.4 | 54.0 | 52.00      | 65.6                        | 29.606                          | 7.8                 | SSW                             |              | 4.6                       |
| 11    | 29.958                                 | 63.70         | 58.10 | 72.2 | 55.0 | 53.58      | 72.2                        | 29.543                          | 4.2                 | WSW                             |              | 8.7                       |
| 12    | 29.850                                 | 61.08         | 56.94 | 65.2 | 55.2 | 53.36      | 76.6                        | 29.437                          | 8.6                 | WbN                             | 0.373        | 9.2                       |
| 13    | 30.144                                 | 59.68         | 52.62 | 66.0 | 51.3 | 46.58      | 64.2                        | 29.825                          | 4.7                 | SWbS                            |              | 6.0                       |
| 14    | 30.013                                 | 62.40         | 53.06 | 68.8 | 52.0 | 45.24      | 54.6                        | 29.740                          | 10.3                | SSW                             |              | 4.3                       |
| 15    | 29.889                                 | 63.52         | 57.56 | 73.7 | 55.2 | 52.80      | 70.6                        | 29.488                          | 5.4                 | WbS                             | 0.533        | 5.8                       |
| 16    | 30.027                                 | 63.88         | 59.38 | 70.8 | 57.0 | 55.66      | 75.4                        | 29.591                          | 10.5                | SSW                             |              | 4.4                       |
| 17    | 30.030                                 | 64.58         | 58.10 | 71.7 | 56.8 | 52.84      | 66.4                        | 29.629                          | 12.4                | S                               |              | 1.1                       |
| 18    | 30.039                                 | 64.52         | 57.10 | 69.4 | 59.2 | 51.02      | 62.2                        | 29.664                          | 17.3                | S                               |              | 2.5                       |
| 19    | 30.000                                 | 62.40         | 54.08 | 69.3 | 55.0 | 47.08      | 57.8                        | 29.675                          | 12.6                | S                               |              | 1.8                       |
| 20    | 30.014                                 | 64.04         | 57.98 | 70.0 | 57.0 | 53.04      | 69.0                        | 29.609                          | 4.1                 | W <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> S |              | 5.0                       |
| 21    | 29.965                                 | 65.00         | 58.00 | 74.0 | 55.8 | 52.44      | 65.4                        | 29.570                          | 7.5                 | WbS                             |              | 0.3                       |
| 22    | 29.833                                 | 66.48         | 59.32 | 76.7 | 56.7 | 53.76      | 65.2                        | 29.418                          | 9.6                 | SWbW                            |              | 1.0                       |
| 23    | 30.019                                 | 63.72         | 58.46 | 70.2 | 55.0 | 54.12      | 71.6                        | 29.598                          | 6.6                 | SWbS                            | 0.065        | 6.6                       |
| 24    | 30.147                                 | 64.44         | 55.82 | 70.0 | 55.8 | 48.74      | 57.4                        | 29.802                          | 14.7                | SbE                             |              | 2.6                       |
| 25    | 30.033                                 | 64.60         | 57.10 | 70.2 | 59.0 | 51.00      | 62.2                        | 29.659                          | 18.6                | S <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> E |              | 0.9                       |
| 26    | 30.002                                 | 65.26         | 57.48 | 72.2 | 56.5 | 51.22      | 62.2                        | 29.619                          | 11.0                | S <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> E | 0.063        | 4.6                       |
| 27    | 30.091                                 | 62.64         | 52.92 | 68.6 | 55.0 | 44.78      | 55.2                        | 29.794                          | 24.4                | S <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> E |              | 1.4                       |
| 28    | 30.041                                 | 66.90         | 56.56 | 78.2 | 54.7 | 48.48      | 52.4                        | 29.699                          | 19.2                | S                               |              | 0.4                       |
| 29    | 29.969                                 | 66.62         | 59.94 | 77.4 | 60.6 | 54.62      | 65.8                        | 29.511                          | 25.1                | S                               |              | 3.9                       |
| 30    | 29.928                                 | 67.10         | 61.06 | 72.7 | 60.2 | 56.30      | 68.8                        | 29.474                          | 27.2                | S                               |              | 7.5                       |
| Means | 29.993                                 | 64.05         | 57.09 | 71.6 | 56.4 | 51.42      | 65.09                       | 29.609                          | 12.71               | SSW                             | Sum<br>1.287 | 3.9                       |

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

|                                | A. M.<br>5h. | A. M.<br>5h. | P. M.<br>1h. | P. M.<br>5h. | P. M.<br>5h. | Highest. | Lowest. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------|---------|
| Barometer—Cor. at 32° Fahr.    | 29.986       | 30.010       | 29.994       | 29.968       | 30.008       | 30.204   | 29.797  |
| Press. of Dry Air              | 29.618       | 29.626       | 29.603       | 29.580       | 29.620       | 28.937   | 29.326  |
| Thermometer—Dry ...            | 57.68        | 65.98        | 70.07        | 65.62        | 65.89        | 76.8     | 52.2    |
| Wet ...                        | 53.84        | 57.88        | 59.76        | 57.97        | 55.98        | 64.4     | 49.0    |
| Humidity of the Air, per cent. | 77.13        | 60.50        | 53.47        | 61.80        | 72.56        | 94.0     | 35.0    |
| Dew Point ...                  | 50.34        | 51.37        | 51.87        | 51.78        | 51.73        | 59.8     | 42.0    |

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE ZAMBEZI MISSION.

AT page 164 of the ninth volume of this Magazine will be found an article which was intended to convey to our readers so much information regarding the mission to the Zambezi as might enable them to follow up with interest the success which it was earnestly anticipated would attend the well-

## THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Owing to the disarrangement of Mr. Green's business, the proprietors have been unable to get their photographs for the month. But for this, the Sailors' Home, as promised, would have appeared. Next month this omission will be rectified. The unavoidable delay in the publication has been partly occasioned by this and partly by the late arrival of news from the Zambezi.

now known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and we venture to assert that there are but few who do not feel as though the death of Bishop Mackenzie, and that of his coadjutor, the Rev. Mr. Burrup, was a domestic bereavement; so universal is the sympathy in the cause to which they have fallen the first martyrs, so deep was the interest excited in the breast of every Christian man by the truly catholic spirit in which their solemn work was undertaken.

The Rev. Mr. Burrup was not so well known as his illustrious Bishop; but the circumstances under which his career was so prematurely closed will ever endear his memory to those who watch the reclamation of Central Africa to Christianity and civilization. He leaves a young widow to mourn his loss. We may not intrude upon private grief. It is all too sacred and hallowed ground. *Mortalite relictâ vivit immortalite indutus*

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR NOVEMBER, 1861.

*(Deduced from five observations daily.)*Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

| 1861. | Barometer<br>corrected at<br>32° Fahr. | THERMOMETERS. |       |      |      | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air,<br>Sat. = 100. | BAROMETER,<br>minus<br>Tension. | WIND.               |                   | RAIN. | Cloudy Sky, in<br>tenths. |
|-------|----------------------------------------|---------------|-------|------|------|------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-------|---------------------------|
|       |                                        | Dry.          | Wet.  | Max. | Min. |            |                             |                                 | Hourly<br>Velocity. | Direction.        |       |                           |
| Nov.  | inches.                                | °             | °     | °    | °    | °          |                             | inches.                         | miles.              |                   | inch. |                           |
| 1     | 29.993                                 | 64.72         | 57.66 | 76.9 | 58.7 | 51.96      | 64.4                        | 29.603                          | 24.7                | S                 |       | 1.9                       |
| 2     | 29.998                                 | 63.06         | 55.92 | 68.3 | 58.0 | 49.94      | 62.8                        | 29.637                          | 22.4                | S $\frac{1}{2}$ W |       | 3.8                       |
| 3     | 29.983                                 | 64.78         | 56.84 | 75.0 | 57.3 | 50.50      | 61.4                        | 29.615                          | 13.2                | S                 |       | 1.6                       |
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| 5     | 29.919                                 | 63.94         | 59.06 | 73.4 | 59.5 | 55.14      | 74.2                        | 29.483                          | 3.7                 | S $\frac{1}{2}$ W |       | 4.5                       |
| 6     | 30.027                                 | 60.96         | 56.30 | 65.2 | 56.6 | 52.24      | 74.2                        | 29.630                          | 9.7                 | SWbS              | 0.165 | 7.0                       |
|       |                                        |               |       |      |      | 45.34      | 55.6                        | 29.729                          | 22.8                | S $\frac{1}{2}$ W |       | 0.7                       |

|       |        |       |       |      |      |       |       |        |       |                   |              |     |
|-------|--------|-------|-------|------|------|-------|-------|--------|-------|-------------------|--------------|-----|
| 27    | 30.091 | 62.64 | 52.92 | 68.6 | 55.0 | 44.78 | 53.2  | 29.794 | 24.4  | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E |              |     |
| 28    | 30.041 | 66.90 | 56.56 | 78.2 | 54.7 | 48.48 | 52.4  | 29.699 | 19.2  | S                 |              | 0.4 |
| 29    | 29.969 | 66.62 | 59.94 | 77.4 | 60.6 | 54.62 | 65.8  | 29.541 | 23.1  | S                 |              | 3.9 |
| 30    | 29.928 | 67.10 | 61.06 | 72.7 | 60.2 | 56.30 | 68.8  | 29.474 | 27.2  | S                 |              | 7.5 |
| Means | 29.993 | 64.05 | 57.09 | 71.6 | 56.4 | 51.42 | 65.09 | 29.609 | 12.71 | SSW               | Sum<br>1.287 | 3.9 |

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

|                                | A. M.<br>5h. | A. M.<br>9h. | P. M.<br>1h. | P. M.<br>5h. | P. M.<br>9h. | Highest. | Lowest. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------|---------|
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| Press. of Dry Air              | 29.618       | 29.626       | 29.603       | 29.580       | 29.620       | 28.937   | 29.326  |
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| Humidity of the Air, per cent. | 77.13        | 60.50        | 53.47        | 61.80        | 72.56        | 94.0     | 35.0    |
| Dew Point ... ..               | 50.24        | 51.27        | 51.87        | 51.78        | 51.73        | 59.8     | 42.0    |

THE  
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE ZAMBEZI MISSION.

AT page 164 of the ninth volume of this Magazine will be found an article which was intended to convey to our readers so much information regarding the mission to the Zambezi as might enable them to follow up with interest the success which it was earnestly anticipated would attend the well-planned enterprise,—founded in so many prayers, and ushered in with such bright prospects—and to that general statement of the objects of the mission was prefixed a brief biographical sketch of that great and good Bishop who headed the little self-devoted band of noble men who, leaving all that had hitherto endowed life with charms for them, went forth to preach Christianity, and live Christianity, among a hitherto neglected and degraded race, in the faith of those patriarchs who obeyed the Divine Will under the Old Dispensation; inspired with the same charity which animated the apostles of Divine Mercy under the New.

Little did we imagine at that time that our hopes would be crushed and our faith tried by disasters of so calamitous a nature as those which we learned on the recent arrival of H.M.'s st. *Gorgon*. The sad extent of that dire intelligence is now known throughout the length and breadth of the land; and we venture to assert that there are but few who do not feel as though the death of Bishop Maekenzie, and that of his coadjutor, the Rev. Mr. Burrup, was a domestic bereavement; so universal is the sympathy in the cause to which they have fallen the first martyrs, so deep was the interest excited in the breast of every Christian man by the truly catholic spirit in which their solemn work was undertaken.

The Rev. Mr. Burrup was not so well known as his illustrious Bishop; but the circumstances under which his career was so prematurely closed will ever endear his memory to those who watch the reclamation of Central Africa to Christianity and civilization. He leaves a young widow to mourn his loss. We may not intrude upon private grief. It is all too sacred and hallowed ground. *Mortalite relictâ vivit immortalite indutus*

It is natural that the untimely end of one who was, if we may so speak, *grudged* to the cause which he espoused, on account of his rare talents and his exemplary piety, should awaken a livelier sorrow than that of one whose career was but begun. Of Bishop Mackenzie it may indeed be written, as was said of Dr. Perry, the Bishop of Melbourne, that he began his life by obtaining the highest honours which Cambridge could bestow. That when he headed the mission which was recently established he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by accepting that position. He gave up the society of an University town, the comforts of English civilization, and the reverential attachment of parishioners and friends, and exchanged all this for perpetual exile and disheartening labour, far from the seats of all the muses, among the savage tribes whose habits and prejudices might well scare away the most benevolent philanthropist. In the sight of the unwise, indeed, his sacrifices may appear to have been made in vain; but who shall say what efforts on the part of others—less gifted, it may be, but not less earnest—his bright example and glorious end may not inspire?

“Not once or twice in our fair island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands,  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.  
Such was he : his work is done.”

Most of our readers are by this time acquainted through other channels of information with the main facts of the story of the mission hitherto. It is necessary that we should, for the sake of insuring a coherent and connected narrative, embody, to a certain extent, intelligence which has appeared in other quarters.

The following letter of the late Bishop to his Metropolitan will convey a clear idea of the first operations of the mission, which is confirmed by the communication of the Rev. Mr. Seudamore, also subjoined :

LETTER FROM BISHOP MACKENZIE.

Magomero, S. Lat. 15°35, E. Long. 35°35,  
November 4, 1861.

\* \* \* \* \* We left the confluence of the Shire and Zambezi about the 22nd of May, and had a very tedious ascent of that river. It was more shallow than Livingstone

expected; he had not sounded places where the *Ma Robert* went easily—but then she drew 33 inches I think, the *Pioneer* 4 feet 6 inches—or 5 feet. We were on sandbanks for a week at a time. But at last, when Livingstone's patience was almost exhausted, we got to the anchorage where his vessel lay last time he was in the Shire. \* \* \* \*  
We left the river on Monday, July 15.

Now, as to our mission work. The first point is the language. It is easier than I thought it would be. Seudamore is the best. We have a good number of words put down, and now always make such work as we can with the boys, on unimportant points, rather than call William or Charles. One can stammer on with a boy who is accustomed to one, when a stranger would be utterly nonplussed—and this stammering on is teaching us to speak better. We are at least fairly in the way to knowing the language. Then we have got over the distrust which they felt of us at first. I was afraid at first to make a list of the names of the women, lest it should appear to them a preliminary to our selling them. This is quite gone with those who have been longest with us; and they have helped to give confidence to the rest. Yesterday, one old woman, Chesiwaranga, made a joke of saying one native who was not present at the roll-call had run away for dislike of the digging. We call names over every morning at 6½, and they go to work when we go to prayers at seven. We have full church service morning and evening, every one being expected to attend once a day, and the majority attending twice (including our visitors from the ship, which is very pleasant). Holy Communion on Sundays and saints' days. No sermons. Work stops for a couple of hours, from one to three; white people not getting to work till about nine. We breakfast at eight—dine at one—drink tea at six—go to bed at nine or ten—and our misfortune is that the day is so soon done.

But I have interrupted my account of the education of the people. The women are hoeing the gardens which they must now begin to plant. The men have been chiefly busy in building; the boys in getting grass for thatch, of which we use a great deal. At 10·30 Seudamore drills the boys, an excellent piece of work. Proctor has started before this to dress wounds and administer medicines. This was Walter's occupation, but he has been on the sick list himself for six or seven weeks, and Proctor has taken it up and done it well, though it was not at first exactly to his taste. At 11·30 we have classes for an hour; some of the younger boys, forty of whom have had their porridge boiled in our pot (a

great one) under Rowley's auspices, by the excellent Chesiwaranga. At 12·30 is singing, under Rowley again. At 2, four classes of the bigger boys to read. They are beginning to take in that b-a makes ba. \* \* In the afternoon, the order of the day is, work again at 3 o'clock. This makes the number of working hours in the day considerable; but there is the compensation of lazy work in many of them, and interruption in the oversight of them. We stop about 5 or 6. Evening prayers are at 8.

On Sundays we buy nothing, which makes a great difference in the appearance of the village. For, till quite lately, when the neighbours have all been hoeing in their fields,—the place was crowded with women and girls selling baskets of flour of Indian corn, or beans; or men with fowls, or a goat or two. For a week or two, at first, we had to send people away on a Sunday morning; now no one thinks of coming. I remember thinking it strange that the observance of Sunday should be so general even among the heathen in Natal, and supposed that the American missionaries must have given what I thought undue prominence to that duty in their teaching. I now see that this is a point on which our habits clash at once with the habits of the people, and in which we force them to be like us. We may worship God while they omit to do so, but if we will not buy they cannot sell. We have also given a goat among the people every Sunday. Their ordinary food is entirely vegetable,—Indian corn, beans, &c. The goat is but a mouthful for each, as you may guess; but it makes a difference. I gave them also a goat on the first Tuesday in October, our anniversary day here and at home. The desire for animal food induces the people here to eat rats and mice. There is no four-footed game larger than a kind of rabbit, which is very scarce. I have seen only one.

On Sundays we have Bible classes with our Christian people. I have taken the white men, Proctor, Charles, and William Seudamore, and Johnson, the cook. We have not attempted any teaching of the people. When wrong things have come before my notice I have often said it was displeasing to God, and we call Sunday "God's Day:" but anything like regular teaching I have postponed till we can speak ourselves; I do not like talking of such important things through an interpreter. William talks quite fluently, and seems quite understood; but his knowledge of English is not half so good. Charles, who is far more intelligent and accurate, speaks Makea, and is only learning Manganga

(though they are quite allied dialects). As to the women, there is a great deal to be done. This is the department in which we have done least, and for which we are anxiously longing for our ladies (God give them a safe voyage, and may no obstacles have occurred to prevent them from coming). But they are far more orderly than they were—and by sanctioning the union of nine couples, we have checked a great evil among them. There are many good traits in their character. They are most attentive to each other when ill: and those who are coming this time are not quite ignorant of the nature of heathen women. So I hope they will not be disheartened by contact with these.

We are very fortunate in the character of the chief with whom we have settled. You may remember that Livingstone wrote to Mout, saying there was no chief with whom missionaries could settle, as with Sekeletu, now that Chibisa was gone. Between the time of his so writing and of our coming up here, the former chief of this village died, and the present man, Chigunda, came into his place: and I think there is no doubt that he is by far the most suitable man now in the country. He is pliable enough to yield to all that we ask of him. He gave up to us half of his village, without asking for compensation; has agreed to our moving away the hut where smith's work used to be done, saying he would build another outside; and has never refused anything we have asked, often volunteering advice, which we have found was good. On the other hand, he seems to command the respect of all his people, so that he is no weak man. He has a just sense of right and wrong; but seems, like many of the chiefs here, to think it simpler and safer not to punish wrong-doing; indeed punishment in this country hardly exists, except in the form of revenge on the injured man. He takes compensation if he is able—but the idea of the punishment of sin does not prevail. I have flogged some of our men and boys for stealing, and the proceeding caused some surprise. \* \*

We have had some illness amongst us. Proctor was laid by for some weeks after we got here—and now Walter has been prostrated by fever for six or seven weeks—not dangerously ill, but useless and uncomfortable. He is now on the mend, but has many relapses. Scudamore and I have been the best in health certainly. I have had least illness of all since we left Cape Town. The fever is not half so alarming as people fancied at Cape Town. \* \* As far as my experience goes it is not so bad as the remedies administered. We take Livingstone's prescription—but not

the quantity he named—about eighteen grains instead of twenty-eight (I think it was). I have not yet written anything about the extension of our work, waiting for Livingstone's return, as the details of the spots on which it would be advisable to plant branch missions must depend partly on the result of this journey of his.

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LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. SCUDAMORE.

Magomero, Mananja Country, Nov. 9.

\* \* \* The number of boys now with us is seventy-seven \* \* \* Of the whole number, forty-seven call themselves Ajawa, twenty-four Nyangas or Mananjas, four \* \* \* and two Maravis. They are well disposed and intelligent creatures, very excitable, and easily frightened: this latter disposition is easily accounted for by the lives they have led. At any moment they were liable, from the unsettled state of the country, to have their houses burnt or to be sold as slaves; or, for want of food, they would have to be continually changing their abodes—or, as often happens, die of hunger.

As we knew little or nothing of the language, and the Bishop was anxious to get them into order at once, we have begun to try and teach them to sing, and also to drill them. Rowley teaches them to sing, and I have the drilling of them. They have very good voices, and a capital idea of time, but native music is in a most miserable state, and only to be compared to native dancing. The drilling is rather amusing. They are called together by the beating of a drum, and after going through several exercises, and walking in step in and out of the rows of huts, we march straight down to the river, and make them stand in row on a large tree at the edge of the water; then, at the word of command, they all jump in together. Nor does the discipline end here, for they dive, swim, or dance in good order, and wait for the word to rush out simultaneously. They are beginning to learn their letters; one or two in Proctor's class already know their alphabet, and, on the whole, all are rather quick at learning. But the most pleasing part of our work with them is the entire confidence they have in us. Several of them have, at their own wish, gone down to Chibisa's Island to see the *Pioneer*, although at first they were rather afraid of being carried away as slaves. We hope it will not be long before some of them will be carried away—but to the Kafir College at Cape Town.

But turning from this simply-written but hopeful account of that which was going on where the first missionaries were fairly occupied in their work, it is time that we should accompany those who more recently left us to join the pioneers and strengthen their hands in this labour of love; and we are glad to be enabled to lay before our readers an original letter to the editor from a clergyman connected with the mission, which will convey a clear idea of the lesser troubles (that to most of us would seem very important ones) which were experienced by those who followed the Bishop:

THE VOYAGE FROM TABLE BAY.

Off Quillimane, January 27, 1862.

MY DEAR G——,—I find we shall have an opportunity of sending letters by the *Gorgon*, in a few days to be on her way back to Simon's Bay, so I can give you some account of our proceedings hitherto—not, however, that there is much to tell. We have got through two months and a half without apparently being any nearer the end of our journey. One month wore away at D'Urban, waiting till the *Hetty Ellen* was ready, and fighting with all the insect plagues that are really the most noticeable things in the place. However, the ladies of the party were safe in the country while the business of unloading and loading the ship was going on, and I got away myself for a few days, which were very pleasantly spent at Petermaritzburg and Bishopstowe.

At last we were all ready for a start—thanks, mainly, to the exertions of Mr. James, the shipping agent; but the bar, which had been peaceable enough till then, had so heavy a sea upon it that we were kept a little longer. On the 23rd, the steam-tug, to our great relief, found the soundings good, and took us out of harbour—not sorry, I think, to turn our backs upon Natal; for though I am sure everyone there had been most kind in helping us, we were anxious about being in time for our appointed meeting with Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie on New Year's Day.

We counted (though, as it proved, without any right) on a short passage; but we had hardly put to sea when we were driven so far out of our course that it seemed as if we should be obliged to go round Madagascar, and take advantage of the north-west monsoons to run down to the Kongone from above. But at last the wind was good enough to change, and we found ourselves really off the bar, but a week too late, with no man-of-war at sea, and no one on shore,—at least we fired guns and sent up rockets without getting any answer.

We waited as long as it seemed safe, but at last held a council, and decided on steering for Mozambique. If any one was on shore at all, it was clear they had no means of reaching us, and we could not get in ourselves without steam, and the coast is very far from being a safe one to anchor near. Indeed, we had only just got back into deep water when a storm came down upon us, which made us very glad not to have lingered longer among the shoals; but it was a great disappointment to all of us to give up our hopes of meeting the rest of our party. I think we had all expected it, in spite of our prudently repeating that it was only a chance. However, the ladies bore up bravely, and we fully hoped to hear something of the expedition at Mozambique.

That would have been only two days' sail with anything like decent weather; but when we had got within about fifty miles of our port, we were met by a monsoon, and drifted about for three weeks, I think, with heavy seas running all the time, and we were hardly prepared for rough weather. The ship was necessarily much crowded by our large party; the ladies occupied the cabin and berths; for ourselves there were planks stretched across the luggage in the hold, and on these we made our beds, and should have slept quite comfortably, only the water kept dripping upon us through the seams, and the forage which we carried for the mules bred a multitude of flies and mosquitoes, an incessant nuisance. For my own part, I managed to get a fit of rheumatism, which kept me on my back for a week. I must say I was most carefully nursed.

So, you see, the voyage was not altogether enjoyable. We soon consumed our store of literature, and the days seemed long. In the Atlantic there is a good deal of amusement to be got out of watching the troops of gulls and albatrosses which collect round a vessel; but in these waters there is very little life. A few gulls showed themselves with tails some forked like swallows, some feathery and long like honey-birds; and one little Warbler was blown off the land, and settled for a little on our rigging. Flying-fish, too, we saw in plenty, and bonitos pursuing them; so we put out some lines, and, to our own grief, caught half a dozen or so. Perhaps the catching them would not have mattered so much, but, unfortunately, being tired of salt meat and biscuit, our invariable breakfast, dinner, and supper, we tried to eat bonitos. They retaliated by getting a little decayed, some said, in the sun, others the moon; at any rate, we were regularly poisoned, and we disappeared, one by one, with

red faces and aching heads to suffer in solitude and silence for eating such horrid stuff.

The day after this mishap we reached Mozambique, and cured ourselves by consuming boat loads of mangoes and pine-apples, which presented themselves alongside. Wonderful fruit mangoes are, especially after a month of salt pork,—something between oranges and melons, and better than either.

At Mozambique, too, we found the *Gorgon*, which had just returned from Johanna, and was on her way back to Simon's Bay. So we gave up our idea of stopping and putting the *Lady Nyassa* together for the sake of a convoy down the coast, more especially as we found ourselves disappointed in our hope of getting news of the expedition from the Portuguese authorities. Nothing whatever had been heard of Livingstone or the Bishop, except the old report of the *Pioneer* being aground: so we made up our minds to turn back and try Quillimane.

We had a very short time at Mozambique, not so much as I should have liked, for it is a very picturesque old town, though rather decaying apparently, but the more ancient buildings are massive and well placed. The palace, as I think they call their government-house, is very striking. It is painted pink, to be sure, but there is so much colour all round that that does not seem strange; and with a church at one end and a tower at the other, it is rather an imposing range of buildings.

We went with Captain Wilson, of the *Gorgon*, to call on the Governor, and, with one of the aide-de-camps for a guide, walked about the town for an hour till it was time to put to sea again. That is, most of us walked, in spite of the sun, but Miss Mackenzie had a palanquin carried by the natives, in which she said she was very comfortable. We paid a visit to the cemetery to see the tomb of two English officers who had been carried off by fever when on some mission up the country. I think they had been sent to convey a present of a chronometer to some authority here. However, one hot night, they opened their window instead of the door, let in the land breeze and the fever with it. One was a son of Admiral Dacres, the other a Mr. Loek.

We called also on a Mr. Suarez, a Portuguese merchant, who acts almost as English consul here in the absence of any regularly constituted officer. There was one once, a Mr. Macleod, but he seems to have come to grief,—at least, he published two volumes of grievances when he went home, especially abusing this Mr. Suarez, and, as far as I can hear, very unreasonably.

Then we went to look at a Portuguese "haja," or shop, and were amused to see a circle of native women engaged in sewing shirts, apparently under the direction of a little white girl seated in the midst. Their manufacture seemed very good—better than I should have expected. Still I think the natives here are below the average; they look extremely ugly, and "behave as such," howling at us as we walked through the streets, and following us in crowds, which I do not think Zulus or Kafirs would ever do.

The Governor hospitably asked us to come back and lunch, but we had no time to spare, and very soon were on our way to Quillimane. Our little ship proved a better sailer than the *Gorgon*, and we went by her easily, to our no little triumph, as long as the wind lasted; but that was only for the first day, and afterwards we were obliged to submit to the humiliation of being towed behind, the *Gorgon* making use of her steam, which was not at all fair; and then, of course, the hawser broke, and we had hard work to repair the damage. We were all pressed into the service, but with our small crew could not manage it, and got very wet and dirty to no purpose. At last, after two and a half hours, a boat's crew from the *Gorgon* came to our aid, and a new hawser was made fast.

All this time Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup were safely onboard the *Gorgon*. Captain Wilson very kindly invited them to change their quarters before we left Mozambique, and they were very glad to escape the discomforts of the *Hetty Ellen*; and I fancy that, on their account, we who were left behind were not sorry to have the ship to ourselves. Mrs. Livingstone, however, remained with us. She is a capital traveller, sitting still and making no fuss.

Now we are anchored off Quillimane, the sea muddy and of a dingy hue, like the water in the Bristol Channel; the boats are gone to take soundings of the bar, and we hope to cross it and get ashore before long. I shall be very glad to get our live-stock safely out of the ship. We have been very short of water, and I at one time feared we should have lost the mules.

On Sunday, the 26th, I managed to get on board the *Gorgon*, in spite of a very heavy swell, which made getting in and out of the boats a work of difficulty. We had a very nice service on board; the men were very attentive, and there is something very pleasant in the scrupulous nicety and cleanliness of a man-of-war in its Sunday dress.

The boats were able to cross the bar the next day, though not without great difficulty, and after two days of waiting

our minds were relieved by the welcome news of Livingstone being at the Kongone. A messenger had come in the evening before, saying he had reached the mouth of the river on the 25th, that is, only six days before our arrival.

Of course we stood out at once for the river, glad enough to escape a month's detention at Quillimane, and perhaps six weeks more at the Falls, if the steamer had to be taken to pieces again for the overland journey. In a couple of days we reached a river, which we took to be the Kongone, as there actually was a little steamer close in shore, which must be the *Pioneer*; and so it was; but the river was the East Luabo, where Livingstone was cutting wood.

The boats went off again, one being almost swamped in crossing the bar, and the next day (February 1), Livingstone came out with the *Pioneer*. There was no truth, of course, in the report of her being grounded, though she had struck occasionally in coming down the river.

We learnt that the mission party had settled in a good location, very healthy and picturesque, and cold enough for English people to live in comfortably—the top of Table Mountain is the nearest parallel I can think of; but there is Mount Zomba, high above this table land of Central Africa, and a river flowing by the station. As a drawback, however, to all this, the natives were hostile, and there had been a good deal of fighting going on; and Mackenzie could not come down himself, because he was busy fortifying the station, expecting to be attacked again.

Burrup and Dickenson had been seen in canoes, paddling up the river; so we hope they are safely at the station by this time.

All this warlike news has determined Captain Wilson on taking two boats' crews, and going up to the station, partly as a protection to our party, and also to make a demonstration, which may give more security for the future.

So we are all lying inside the bar, putting the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* on board the *Pioneer*, and landing all stores and whatever else is not immediately wanted, as the *Pioneer* will be very much overloaded, and I am sorry to say I am to be left here to take care of them, probably for three weeks or a month, when we hope the steamer will come down again.

Our tents, where the stores are to be left, are pitched on a little island, one of the many in the delta of the Zambezi. There is a guard-house, with a few soldiers, and a Portuguese officer in charge, who complains a little of the solitude of the place, and is glad to have any one else staying for a time. Happily, he can speak English pretty well, and French, so we are not at a loss for means of communication.

I do not think I told you that soon after we left Natal, we found a man hidden beneath the forage, among the sections of the steamer; he proved to have been the steward of a ship lying in Port Natal; he had left his clothes, and lost the wages due to him, in his eagerness to join the Zambezi expedition. We made him welcome, as indeed we had no alternative, and made him cook, in which office he acquitted himself admirably. This man is going to stay with me, and I think I shall find him very useful in every way.

But none of our party are likely to start just yet. The transshipping the steamer is very far from an easy job. Meanwhile we are finding what amusement we can in getting fresh meat and taking stock of the stores.

On Monday I joined a shooting party to one of the islands said to be full of game. As we sailed along, numbers of hippopotami put their noses up to breathe, but they have been shot at too often to show much above water. Several pelicans were sunning themselves on the beaches of the islets, and wild geese and herons flew over our heads again and again. Once on shore, we separated, to make a long line, and drive the deer before us; we got several shots, but the animals seemed to carry away a bullet quite merrily: they would stand still, and bleed, often profusely, but still get away, and we had no dogs to follow them up, so that we only brought home two, though there really was an abundance of game. Large herds crossed the open glades every now and then, and it was a fine sight to watch them through the glasses; the sun was terrible, but I think we managed by the help of a long rest in the heat of the day, to walk at least thirty miles, carrying our guns and ammunition. We came home very late. I found some one else in my bed, and just had to lie down on deck for the night, wet as I was, for the ground is very marshy, and we had been obliged to wade through two or three creeks. However, I was none the worse for it next morning, and we spent the day at the tents, partly in looking after the stowage of the goods and partly in making a curry of some of the venison of the day before. We had a very merry picnic, the ladies being all on shore, and Doctor Livingstone; and a capital bathe afterwards some of us had in the surf. There is gently sloping sand for a long way out, with the waves of the bar breaking over it. The water, though, is a little too warm for our fancy.

On Sunday, the *Pioneer* took its departure, as it seemed, terribly overloaded,—the paddle-boxes were hardly above the water; we went with them a little way, to say good-by, then returned to our home here. For, in the mean time, I had got a tent pitched for myself and servant, who is now

unhappily too ill to move, and Jno. Reid, the carpenter to the *Lady Nyassa*. My cook has grazed his leg, and in this climate, wounds will not heal, and every mosquito-bite becomes a sore. We three inhabit the tent, and look after the goods on shore; two officers of the *Gorgon*, and a boat's crew have been left to see the brig unloaded, and give the machinery a look over before the second trip.

Our life here is simple enough, and lazy withal, except when there are any cases to open or to stow away. I get up, in order to escape the mosquitoes as soon as there is any light, and walk on the beach, which is pretty, and firm footing too; then bathe; soon after sunrise go home, dress, and have coffee. By this time the heat is too great to do more than is absolutely necessary, so I read, write, or draw, till the afternoon, when it is cooler. The slaves of the Portuguese Governor cook our dinner, and we boil the kettle again in the evening; but the nights are rather to be dreaded. We can seldom get any sleep, partly from the heat, but chiefly because curtains are hardly any safeguard against mosquitoes. \* \* \* \* \*

(Written at a later date.)

The rest of my own history would be merely a record of tedious and painful illness.

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The reference made in the above communication to Dr. Livingstone suggests to us the propriety of reprinting the following letter of the Doctor's, which was addressed to Sir George Grey, and which will show how he has been lately engaged. It is written in his ordinary style, graphic, simple, and unaffected:

H. M. St. *Pioneer*, 15th Nov., 1851.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—We returned a few days ago from a three months' tour on the Lake Nyassa. A boat was carried past Murchison's cataracts, a distance of about forty miles. We then sailed sixty more before entering the lake, which is over two hundred miles in length. It is from twenty to fifty or more miles broad, and very deep. According to our present experience a ship could find anchorage only near the shore, but she might get a rock through her bottom, a good way out besides. There are several rounded rocky islands, covered with dense forest, and uninhabited. Adjacent to these, and also opposite all the rocky headlands, detached rocks jut out, or are covered with only a few feet of water. The lake is surrounded by mountains, or by

high tablelands, that appear as such. The eastern are higher than the western. A mountainous cape, which we named Cape Maclear, divides the southern end into two bays, one thirty, the other eighteen miles in length; the lake has thus a forked appearance there, and, with the help of a little imagination, somewhat of the boot shape of Italy. We went along the western shore and found it a succession of bays, until, in the far north, the spurs of the mountains running sheer down to the water scarcely afforded landing places. In the south, while rounding Cape Maclear, no bottom was felt with our sounding line of thirty-five fathoms. In the north, none was found with a fishing line of 696 feet, but it broke in coming up, and was, therefore, unsatisfactory. We were there during the prevalence of the equinoctial gales, and found that tremendous seas, like those that play off Quillimane, rose in fifteen or twenty minutes. An Arab dhow, lately built to carry slaves across, fled from us twice to the eastern shore. We could not cross through at certain seasons; the natives can in their canoes. We never saw so many people any where else as on its shores, and slaving is the only trade; they were, upon the whole, very civil. We were objects of great curiosity to them—no fines were levied nor dues demanded. Fish abound, and the people seem all fishermen, catching with large tremling nets, creels, hooks, torches, or poison. One species resembles salmon or trout in shape, and goes up the rivers to spawn. It tastes somewhat like herrings. Elephants and hippopotami very tame. Alligators seldom kill men, so we could bathe in the delicious cool waters when we liked. When we passed lat. 11°40' south, we were in the borders of a tribe of Zulus called Mazite, or Mazatu, from the south (originally). They live on the highlands, west of the north end of the lake. Very many skeletons and putrid bodies of the slain were seen, and the land was depopulated. We heard, of course, but one side of the story, and could form no opinion as to the cause of this terrible slaughter. I met, and had a short interview, with seven of these Mazite; they seemed as much afraid of me as I ought to have been of them. We saw some Mazite skulls on trees, and remains of burned bodies; so they do not always come off unscathed. We returned about as wise as we went about the Rovuma; plenty of assertions, but in nothing did all agree, except that it is a very large river.

Colonel Rigby says, in a letter, that most of the slaves entered at the port of Zanzibar come from Agassa, and a small steamer on it would soon break the neck of the traffic. Without knowing his opinion till lately, we have been

working towards this end, and will now be employed the best part of a year carrying the vessel past the cataracts.

The Bishop will tell you all about his mission better than I can. Three of his men came up the Shire in common country canoes, without knowing a word of the language or a bit of the way. This feat was never performed by white men before.—I am, &c.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

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#### THE BOAT EXPEDITION.

It will be remembered that the party who were to join the Bishop were escorted up the river by a boat's crew from H. M's. steamer *Gorgon*, and we are enabled to give a succinct account of the hardships and vicissitudes which they underwent, by publishing the following extract from the journal of a gentleman who accompanied the expedition, which will render our readers fully *au courant* with the progress of affairs :

Leaving the Island of Johanna on the 15th of January, 1862, under orders to proceed to the Cape, we steered for Mozambique, which we reached on the 19th, and commenced coaling and provisioning. While so employed, a brig hove in sight; she showed no colours, and her odd manœuvres created the suspicion that she was a slaver. She, however, stood in towards us; she proved to be the *Hetty Ellen*, of Newport, laden with the sections of a small iron steamer for Dr. Livingstone, and carrying as passengers Mrs. Burrup, Miss Mackenzie, the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, and others, who were proceeding to join the mission station, at Magomero, situated on the right bank of the Shire River, near Chibisa. The first lady's husband had taken a passage for Johanna in us some months before, and Miss Mackenzie's brother, who is the Bishop in charge, had preceded her by some months also. Mrs. Livingstone was likewise on board, going to join her husband in the Zambezi. The moment we ascertained this, we sent for the ladies, &c., and entertained them as best we could. They were much pleased to find themselves amongst us. They had been nearly two months pent up in that dirty little brig. The account they gave of their passage from Natal made us pity them very much; they had no fresh provisions, and for some time had been reduced to salt meat and biscuit, with bad water, which often was so stinking that they could not touch it. Poor Miss Mackenzie's quiet remarks amused me very much when she innocently said, "I thought I liked salt meat, but I got quite tired of it; it took the skin off the roof of my mouth."

On the 22nd, we left for Quillimane with the brig in tow. Before leaving the ladies landed, and were very civilly treated by the governor, who sent his aide-de-camp to meet them on landing, with sedan-chairs. They were delighted with all they saw, and resembled school girls let out for the holidays. Reached Quillimane on the 26th, anchored a long way off the shore. The bar here is the heaviest and most dangerous along the coast; the sea was breaking right across it most wickedly. As we were desirous of obtaining intelligence of Dr. Livingstone, we determined to go over, and a party was made up of four officers besides myself in two boats. When we left the ship, we entertained ominous visions of upsetting on the bar. About an hour after leaving the ship we began to feel symptoms of being close to the bar. Our nerves were soon put to the test by finding ourselves in the midst of huge breakers. They were very formidable and ugly to look at as they came roaring and breaking towards you. It was quite a sight to see each boat rising alternately high above the other on the crest of the waves. We got over all right, and then had to look into the brandy bottle to keep ourselves up to meet the hippopotami. Fifteen miles from the entrance brought us to the town, where we met with every attention from the governor and others. Here we heard that Dr. Livingstone was making his way down the Zambezi, and trying to get to the mouth of the Kongone. We were glad to hear this, for it settled our future movements. I had some sport with the hippopotami. Instead of finding them stupid and clumsy, they proved quite the contrary, being both active and larkish; the huge brutes would come up snorting above water, and gambol like young deer. One I struck with a minie ball, jumped clean out of the water, and plunged in head over heels with a prodigious splash. They are very wary after being fired at. If killed, they sink at once to the bottom; in about six hours they rise and float down the stream, when they are secured, and the teeth, which are the most valuable ivory, are extracted. On returning to the ship, we found the bar more tranquil. Left the next day for the Kongone. When off the Luabo mouth of the Zambezi, we perceived a small steamer inside the bar; she proved to be Dr. Livingstone's, the *Pioneer*. Captain Wilson communicated that evening, but nearly lost his life, and that of the crew—for his gig was swamped in going over. The Doctor came out with his little steamer the following morning, when a happy meeting took place between himself and his *cara sposa*. Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. Livingstone, and the other members—consisting

of Dr. Kirk, Dr. Muller, and Mr. Chas. Livingstone—came on board of us. From them we heard of Bishop Maekenzie and his party. They report them as in rather an awkward position, having had rows with the natives round about; they had even come to fighting. Livingstone was most anxious to get his steamer put together as soon as possible, and get her up to the Murchison Falls before the river subsided. In consequence of his representations and request for assistance, Capt. Wilson made up his mind to remain and help him; and also to conduct the mission party to their destination across a part of the country said to be hostile to them. A party of fifty men and officers was told off, armed and provisioned for a month. I was one, and was delighted at the opportunity of getting a peep at the interior. When all was ready, we embarked in the *Pioneer*, and entered the Zambezi at the Kongone mouth, with the brig in tow, and anchored a little way inside; remained there six days unloading the brig of the steamer's sections and the mission goods. The sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, which is to be the steamer's name, were put into the *Pioneer*. They took up every atom of space, and reached half way up the masts, which immersed the vessel so much that she was hardly able to steam when required. We put all the mission goods under tents before leaving; but a quantity had to be disposed of to prevent entire loss. Once laden with as much as it was safe to cram in, we started with our two paddle-box boats in tow, to try and reach the Falls. On our way passed and stopped at several villages to purchase fowls and such things. The natives came down in crowds to the banks and saluted us as we passed by—clapping their hands together three times, producing a hollow sound which I in vain tried to imitate; they were more civil than most others I had fallen in with. Money in this part of the world is of no value; the current coin is cotton cloth, which is more prized. It takes some time to make one's self acquainted with its value; all is barter. A fowl is given for about eight inches, a goat for six feet, eggs about six inches a dozen, and so on. I found it very amusing work, and often, for the mere fun, would squabble a few minutes for an increase of about the eighth of an inch in the measurement. A fathom they measured by stretching the arms. At one place I was done, for they brought down a man with the longest arms I ever saw, and would only barter by his standard; he stretched nearly half a yard more than I could. I was obliged to give in.

The river is very shallow in many parts, with strong cur-

rent; this renders the navigation very difficult: we struck several times. Once a pipe burst in the engine-room, which soon filled every part of the ship with steam. Stokers went down to try and repair damages, and had to be pumped on continually with cold water; no one could stay down more than a minute at a time. When repaired, on we went, making but little progress against the strong current. At last our coals were expended. We were not more than ninety miles up. Wood was so scarce along the banks that it was impossible to procure more than sufficed for an hour or two's consumption. I, therefore, volunteered to push ahead in a whale-boat, and get natives to cut down wood some miles up and send it down in canoes. I accordingly started with Dr. Kirk, of the *Pioneer*. After much labour, we reached a place called Mazzaro, where a half-caste Portuguese resides, named Paul Mariano. I walked up to his house from the landing-place; the heat was so intense while passing through the long grass that it was all I could do to keep from fainting when I reached the house. I saved myself by pouring cold water on my head. He gave us a hearty welcome, and furnished my boat's crew with provisions.

From this I went on to Mozzaro, a little further up, and was met by the owner and only resident, except slaves, a Signor Vienna, a Portuguese. Here I got wood and sent it down to the ship. I had an opportunity of witnessing a *bonâ fide* native dance at the next place I stopped at. About a hundred natives were collected together, standing or sitting in a semicircle, about a dozen beating tom-toms, some playing on a kind of clarionet which sent forth a sound much like the bagpipes, others clapping their hands and singing, while up would start a couple of men dressed in wild beast skins and every device that could make them hideous. These would go through 'extraordinary manœuvres'; others would imitate an engagement with bows and arrows, advancing, retreating, and dodging imaginary implements thrown at them. They would now and then rush up to us most fiercely, and try and make us start or show some symptom of surprise or fear, but we were not to be bamboozled. While this was going on, a tiger came out of the jungle close to us, and walked off with a good large pig. The row poor porco made made one feel inclined to rush to his rescue; but it was too dark to afford him assistance, so he had to be left to his fate. I went on from this to Chupanga, about ten miles off. After collecting wood enough to bring the ship up so far, I retraced my steps, but had not gone more than fifteen miles when I met

the gig, containing Captain Wilson, Dr. Ramsay, Mrs. Burrup, and Miss Mackenzie. "Come along, old fellow," shouted Captain Wilson, "I'm off to the mission station with the ladies; the *Pioneer* can't get any further. I have ten days' provision for both boats. I am told we shall reach it in four." I doubted very much, and I was right, as the sequel will show. I turned my boat's head round and followed. Our first night was spent in the boats; the ladies looked pretty fresh the next morning. I had forebodings of discomfort, for none of my crew had a change of clothing: I had but another shirt and trowsers. But there was nothing for it but to put on a good face, and take things as easy as they came. We got up early the next day to Chupanga, where we landed, and pitched a tent under the shade of some mango trees, made breakfast, and prepared to enjoy a siesta preparatory to making a fresh start, when we were visited by a Kafir chief, accompanied by about twenty of his followers. They were a wild-looking set of fellows, wearing skins round their loins and feather ornaments on their heads; besides gewgaws, each carried the well-known assegai and knob-kerrie. They seated themselves at once opposite to us in a semi-circle, and appeared much amused at our civilization. Miss Mackenzie spoke a little Zulu, so that we got on very well with them. They were shown many things of European manufacture, such as watches, glasses, compasses, &c., which they wondered at; but nothing caused them so much astonishment as the ladies' hair. Seeing them scrutinizing it very closely, but not intrusively, we got one of the ladies to let her hair down for their inspection, when they at once set up a whoop and kept calling out haw! haw! We tested their skill in throwing their spears by fixing up a piece of meat against a tree. I was much disappointed with their practice; it was anything but what I expected. Though only twenty or thirty yards off, not one of them could hit it; the headman went the nearest, and was awarded the mutton. We tied pieces of ribbon round their necks and arms, which pleased them exceedingly, and off they marched in single file headed by their chief, who had been garnished with one of our waistcoats. They are a fine set of fellows, much superior to the natives around them, whom they keep in good order. They lay claim to the land on their side of the river, and levy rather a heavy tribute from the natives and others who reside there, never failing to come in for their "little bills" the moment they are due. If the tribute be not forthcoming, they do not hesitate to walk off with fowls, cattle, or anything else they can lay

their hands on, and not unfrequently kidnap the people themselves. They stand very little nonsense. The same afternoon we left this place and pushed for the Shire, a river branching off from the Zambezi about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty miles from its mouth. We had great work to steer against the current; a heavy squall of wind and rain helped us up, and wet us through for the night. Here commenced "the winter of our discontent,"—all hands soaking; consequently, a most uncomfortable night was passed. No amount of pipes could alter the aspect of affairs. To the male part it mattered little,—we were all pretty well seasoned. But the ladies were by no means to be envied. Notwithstanding, daylight found them cheerful; they were beginning to get used to the hard boards of the boat. I managed to shoot some fine black geese and a splendid fish eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of wings, of a black and white body, and chocolate coloured under the wings. This was the first of the kind I had ever seen. Had I had the means I would have preserved it. Before us marshes extended for nearly thirty miles, covering the entire flat space between the high hill of Morambala and the opposite mountains which separate the Shire from the Zambezi. The scenery, which had hitherto been tame and uninteresting, became from this very fine. The whole feature of the country was altered. Some fine mountains I saw, having perfectly perpendicular faces of two and three thousand feet deep. One night we took a wrong passage and found ourselves in the *cul de sac* of a large lagoon. After fruitless attempts in the dark to extricate ourselves, we anchored, where we flattered ourselves the mosquitoes would not molest us, but we had not been there very long when they swarmed off in myriads. I never saw anything like it. You plastered them on your face every time you put your hands up, which was every moment, and caught them by handfuls. Our men were nearly driven mad, and suffered tortures. We had great difficulty to prevent them jumping overboard. Sleep was totally out of the question; their noise resembled fifty hives of bees let loose in a close room. When daylight broke and they left us, every one was like a plum-pudding in the face. Mrs. Burrup was hardly recognizable. I suffered least of all. All along these marshes no natives were to be seen, and it was not till we cleared them that villages came gradually in sight. It was a hard job to get the natives down, for they were the most timid race I had yet seen. They were very shy and ran away as the boats touched the banks. It was only after hanging on for a while and show-

ing ourselves that they would venture near. They then approached by pairs till a number collected, armed with bows and arrows, spears, and knives; they were a fine race and quite dandies with regard to their hair; every one had his own fashion, tying it up in small knots all over, bringing it up like a cock's comb, plaiting in grass and trash of all sorts. The various modes would be too numerous to enumerate. The women adopt the ugly practice of splitting the upper lip and inserting a piece of bone, ivory, or metal, sometimes as large round as a penny, and extending the lip for two or three inches at right angles to the mouth,—a most unbecoming ornament, which quite disfigures some that might otherwise be called good-looking.

We had to endure the torment of another mosquito worry. That and the long confinement in the boat began to tell very much on Miss Mackenzie, who has been a long while an invalid. She became so weak that I despaired of her reaching the journey's end. On the 28th, we managed to reach the junction of the Rua River, where we were led to believe we should meet both the Bishop and Mr. Burrup ready to receive the ladies; it was their intention to be there in January. We could hear nothing of them—all the questioning of the natives was useless; they pretended that no white man had been there, and ignored all knowledge of the existence of the mission station, though only sixty miles off. This was most disheartening to us, for we had taken twelve days instead of four to reach this place. We were out of everything—all our stores were exhausted, and nothing procurable but fowls and calavances. Not meeting these people, the difficulty of feeding both boats, and the knowledge that the *Gorgon* had barely one week's provisions on board, even at half allowance, induced Captain Wilson to order me back to collect all the provisions I could, whilst he pushed up the remaining forty miles to deposit the ladies at Chibisa, and communicate across the country with the station. I accordingly went about on the 29th, leaving him with a boat's crew much done up. I had not been long under weigh when first one, and then another, of my crew fell sick, till all followed suit, and the next morning found only the sergeant of marines and myself fit for duty; all the rest were down in the bottom of the boat with fever. To him alone I had to trust to help me one hundred and fifty miles down the river. Here was a pretty go, and rather a gloomy prospect, because I expected our turn to come next. I had to nerve myself, and go on or starve. We took an oar each and tugged away cheerily all day; our strength would

not admit of night work, so that I had to anchor every night. We had much difficulty in keeping the boat clear of the banks and reeds, spite of all our pulling—the eddies were so strong. All my men were in a sad state with fever and dysentery: my quinine was expended, and not a single atom of anything in the shape of comfort or stimulants had I to give them for some days; our tea, coffee, sugar, spirits, and rice had been used up; we had nothing to depend on for breakfast, dinner, and supper but chickens and the water they were boiled in, unseasoned by even an onion. I was heartily sick of it. It was very trying to hear them all groaning day and night, and unable to relieve them in the slightest. At last I got to the entrance of the river and landed at a small Portuguese station, where an officer and about twenty men are stationed. He treated me civilly, and produced a bottle of sherry and some biscuits, both of which I punished more severely than he anticipated, for I felt very weak and done-up, trembling all over as I put my foot on shore for the first time for three weeks. The fare did me a world of good, and I bid him good-by, quite renovated. The day after I fell in with the *Pioneer*, hard and fast on a sand-bank. I was very thankful, and received a hearty welcome from Dr. Livingstone and all on board; had my men attended to, and only just in time to save one of them; then pitched into a more hearty breakfast than I had enjoyed for some time.

Once the excitement and care off my shoulders, my turn came, and the fever knocked me down. Thanks to the exertions of my kind friends, the Medicoes, and the unremitting attention of all on board, I was all right again in four or five days. The fever does not last very long, and is pretty readily cured if taken in time; but is sharp and prostrating while it exists. I continued very weak some time after. As soon as I felt myself able I left my invalids on board, and took a canoe down the river to a place where I knew I could get provisions for the ship.

The gig returned on the 15th, bringing the ladies back and the melancholy intelligence of the death of both the Bishop and Mr. Burrup (the brother and husband). The state of these unfortunate women can be more readily imagined than described. It reads like a tragedy to me: these were the only two who had any relatives going to join them in their new homes, and they were the only two cut off, the strongest and healthiest of the lot. The death of the Bishop was known to those natives we questioned at the Rua, but they were afraid to tell us. The night we

stayed there we anchored, as usual, in mid-stream, which brought us to within one hundred yards of where the poor Bishop actually lay buried. It was well his sister did not know it then. After leaving me, Captain Wilson went on to Chibisa, about seven miles below the Murchison Falls, and the nearest spot to the mission station. There he left the ladies in charge of the Doctor, and tried to get overland with Dr. Kirk, of the *Pioneer*, and four men, but when within two days' march of the place he was attacked with fever, which nearly carried him off. He was so far gone that Dr. Kirk was looking out for a place to bury him in. Kirk, himself, went down also, and both had to be taken back to Chibisa; a messenger went on to the station and some of the gentlemen came down. They reported that the Bishop and Burrup had gone to the Rua in January, and that on their way their canoe was upset, when they lost all their medicines, clothes, &c. They had to remain all night in their wet clothes, which brought on fever. The Bishop died and was buried in a cane-brake under a large tree by Burrup, when the latter returned very ill, and had to be carried across country. Four days after he died also. The blow is a sad one to these poor women, who had gone through so much to get to them. All their hopes and gaiety they had been supported by, dashed at once to the ground! Such a trying disappointment was hard, indeed, to bear; and not one of us but had a tear in the eye as we looked upon them in their distress.

The Zambezi, so far, is very tame; nothing but banks of long rank grass, with here and there a solitary palm raising its head like a ghost; but the Shire is very different, with good scenery nearly all through. We found the marshes full of elephants and hippopotami. Many shots were fired, and some legs of the former broken, but owing to the nature of the ground and our limited time they could not be followed. In some parts of the river the hippopotami are very dangerous, and often capsize large canoes. I was one night chased by a huge bull; he came roaring after me. Fortunately, I had a fine breeze and went too fast: the gig was coming up after me; he made for her, dived with the intention of rising under her and smashing her with his foot, as is the playful custom of these gentlemen, but she was going along too fast and he rose about six feet astern of her. I was fortunate with water-buck, and knocked over nearly a dozen. I was astonished at the tenacity of life in these animals; I have seen a buck walk off after I had struck him in the shoulder with a Jacob's shell; I saw it burst inside of

him,—the same with another, and the smoke issuing out of him by puffs as he bolted away like a locomotive engine.

We now made our way down the Zambezi, all most anxious to get on board the old *Gorgon* once more. The *Pioneer* had discharged the *Lady Nyassa*, as she could go no further, so that we went down in her. To our surprise, on reaching the Kongone mouth found one of our boats there, and that the ship had been obliged to put out to sea in a heavy gale. From day to day we watched most anxiously for her return. Three weeks elapsed and at last she showed herself; there was a cry of joy from all; we were ill and literally done up. Lost little time in rejoining her, and found she had been in a hurricane and had suffered considerable damage. She had run so short of provisions during our absence that the men were on less than half allowance of everything. Fever set in amongst them; the medicines were all expended; many became delirious. At times those who remained sane kept calling out for medicine, quinine, anything to relieve them; but she was run out of everything. The assistant surgeon was driven to his wits' ends, and by way of purgatives, was having recourse to salt water, of which there was plenty alongside. While waiting for the ship, a coasting vessel anchored outside the bar. We dispatched an officer to board her, thinking she might be a slaver. On returning, his boat was upset on the bar. No one was lost, but all hands were in the bottom of the boat for three hours, exposed to a scorching sun with no clothes on.

This sums up a chapter of *contretemps* which I have no wish to see repeated. We are now returning to the Cape, where the colder weather at this season will recruit us. I have suffered as much as anyone, if not more; my arm has been in a sling for a month—my legs should be there also; but they are getting well again, though I am now writing with one on a chair. I am able to write, at all events, which is a good thing, though my finger will be a stiff one for some time.

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#### THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP AND OF THE REV. MR. BURRUP.

And now it remains for us to chronicle the lamentable occurrences which have cast a gloom over the early history of the mission. The circumstances under which the death of Bishop Mackenzie and of the Rev. Mr. Burrup occurred are detailed in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Proctor. To his account we can add nothing; we can only echo the expression of his sorrow, and confirm his opinion that the loss

sustained by the mission is in many respects utterly irreparable:

LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. PROCTOR.

Magomero, February 24, 1862.

MY LORD BISHOP,—The sad duty devolves upon me, as the senior priest of our mission, of communicating to you intelligence which will, I know, cause in you feelings of pain and sorrow, as deep as those with which the events themselves have filled every one of us here. I have to tell you of the death of Bishop Mackenzie, which took place on an island of the Shire, where he was waiting for Dr. Livingstone, and of Mr. Burrup, his companion, who sank from the effects of the severe illness he had while on the island, about a week after his return to us here. I give the particulars as far as we were able to gather them from Burrup's own account. It will be needless for me to enter into detail as to the cause which rendered this sad journey necessary; it only remains for me therefore to continue the narrative of melancholy events up to the present time.

It was on the 14th of this month that the tidings of what had happened reached us. From the long absence of our friends, and silence about their doings and locality, we were growing anxious and troubled, both on their account and our own: we feared that their stock of cloth and necessary stores must, like ours, be getting low, if, as we had too great reason to fear, from the reports of the Makololo, they had not yet been joined by Dr. Livingstone. On this very day we had considered the advisability of sending some one down to Chibisa's village, the late anchorage of the *Pioneer*; nay we were in the very middle of a conversation on the subject, when, about 2 p.m., Zoniba, one of the Makololo, appeared at the door of our house, his unwonted looks of sadness filling us with vague apprehension. We questioned him, and soon learned the mournful and grievous truth that our good and kind Bishop was no more. He said that Mr. Burrup and Job were coming behind, along an easier path; for the first was so weak and ill as to be obliged to be carried, while he had come on by a shorter cut with another of the Makololo. Soon after he arrived, lying in a sort of couch made of the rough branches of trees, and slung on a pole, which rested on the shoulders of two men who carried him. We scarcely recognized him; he had suffered so much from diarrhœa in the first instance, and afterwards, from fever on the island, that he had shrank to nearly half the size he was

when he left us on January 3. He told us his story after he had taken what nourishing food we were able to give him, but with great difficulty. After leaving this place, the Bishop and he slept five nights on the road, arriving at Chibisa on the 8th January. There they were only able to get one canoe with men to paddle, who, however, only undertook to go a short way down the river. At this place, however, they persuaded three of the Makololo who had come along the banks, to go with them, of whom Zoniba was one. They went smoothly down to the island, with the exception of an upset in a side channel of the stream and much annoyance from mosquitoes, in two days. They do not appear to have found any ill effects from the wetting, but, most unfortunately they lost a case in the water, as it was night, containing Burrup's things, the spare powder, and all the medicines they had taken with them. On arriving at the island, they were well received by the Chief Chikanyi, from whom they learned that the *Pioneer* had only passed a few days before, though we scarcely think it likely. Soon after their arrival at the island (Malo), Burrup said that the Bishop began to lose health and energy. When they left, both had the diarrhoea slightly, and though they got rid of this they began to suffer from low fever. I may mention that I was only just recovering from an attack of fever, or, as the Bishop said when he went away, he should have asked me to accompany them. Burrup said very little about himself, though his own illness must have been almost, if not quite, as severe as that of the Bishop himself; he only alluded to it in connection with that. It was soon evident that the Bishop was attacked with low fever, which, from want of his usual employment and exercise, confined as he was upon an island, and the anxiety he must have had on many accounts, together with the want of every kind of medicine, gradually increased upon him. About ten days before his death (January 21), he lost his intellectual faculties, lying in his hut without speaking much, and, when he did so, using quite incoherent language. He was, moreover, reduced to such a state of weakness that often, in getting out of his hut, he would fall forward and lie there utterly unable to help himself. On the 24th, while he was being moved, the rupture of a blood-vessel took place, causing profuse bleeding at the nose and mouth. He was now utterly helpless and speechless, and poor Burrup, in his own weak state, could render him very little aid. The three Makololo, however, were very active and useful, and gave all the assistance they could. On the morning of the

31st January, the day on which he died, the Chief Chikanyi, whom Burrup represented as evidently getting tired of them, or, fearing the result, wishing them off the island, requested him to move the Bishop from the hut which they occupied, saying that he wanted to store corn in it. The truth most probably was that, supposing the death of the Bishop to be inevitable, he was unwilling that it should take place in his hut, since from their superstitious notions about the spirits of dead persons haunting the places where they die, it would thenceforth be uninhabitable. Burrup protested that the Bishop was very ill, and ought not to be moved; but the chief said that a great many of his people were ill also, and that the Bishop must go into another hut. In order, therefore, to avoid giving offence, and fearing that the chief might order them off the island altogether, Burrup at last consented, and the Bishop was carefully taken by the Makololo into another hut close by. It is to be feared, however, that this was the means of hastening his death, as it caused the bleeding of the nose and mouth to break out afresh. In another hour and a half he breathed his last, about five o'clock in the afternoon, keeping up his full healthy look in the face until nearly the last. As soon as it was known, the chief ordered the body to be removed at once, and he would not even let it remain until the following day, nor would he allow any of his men to assist in the burial,—doubtless, from no feelings of ill-will, but from those of superstition. Burrup, therefore, with the Makololo, took the corpse across the river, and, choosing a secluded spot under a large tree, the Makololo made a grave with a hoe lent them by the chief: there they buried the body, which they had wrapped in cloth, Burrup reading as much of the burial service as he could in the dim twilight.

And thus the mission has lost its leader, the Church a true and earnest friend, and the Christian world a rare and bright example; and what our own sorrow is, and what will that of those who have yet to learn the mournful tidings be,—which we can hardly bear to think of,—it were as vain as useless for me to endeavour to express. In the evening we read the paper which he had left with me on setting out for Manasomba's, containing his wishes in brief, should he not return, and which I have enclosed with the other papers, to be sent to his brother in Edinburgh.

On the day following that on which the Bishop died, Burrup made preparations to return here. He could see nothing before him in remaining but death; he was already very ill, he had no medicines, and his cloth was all but

finished. Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone with the chief, in which he stated all particulars as well as he was able, he started up the river on Sunday, February 2, in the little canoe, having persuaded the three Makololo with some difficulty to accompany him, and they wanted him to return by land, leaving the canoe behind; but, as it had been lent them by the people of Chibisa's village, he was unwilling to do that. They went on through the Elephant Marsh (as the Doctor has named that part of the country along the banks) for three days, finding only wretched sleeping places at night. On the third day, however, the three Makololo positively refused to go any further by water; and on Burrup persisting that he would not leave the canoe, they wished him good-by, and set off on land by themselves. Seeing their determination, he soon followed them, and, after three more days, they got to Chibisa's, and found the people most kind and considerate after they had heard their sad story. The Makololo told us, though Burrup himself never mentioned it, that he had the utmost difficulty in getting along during those three days, on account of weakness. On arriving at Chibisa's, on February 8, he could walk no further, and had to be carried all the way from that place to this, in the way I have mentioned. Job had followed the Bishop from here on January 5, but had been detained eight days on the road, from sickness; and, on reaching Chibisa's, and finding he could not get a canoe to go after him down the river, he had remained waiting for his return at that place.

For the first day or two after Burrup's return (on the 14th) Dickenson had great hopes that he would soon begin to recover strength; but he began to suffer again from diarrhœa, which, from our inability to procure any proper food and stimulants, soon increased upon him. The native corn, on which we are now living, rather serves to produce and aggravate the disease, from which we have all suffered more or less, and some of us are suffering at the present time. On the morning of the 22nd, a great change was perceptible; his reason began to wander, and it was evident that we might now expect the worst. About ten o'clock he became speechless, and Dickenson (himself in a very weak state from a recent attack of fever), having pronounced that he was sinking rapidly, I read the commendatory prayer, and one or two other collects. Exactly at eleven he breathed his last, our efforts to revive him having proved utterly fruitless. A rough coffin was made for him at once, and on Sunday, the 23rd, we buried him in a quiet spot near this village.

I do not wish to enlarge my letter with any expressions

regarding our own distress and anxiety. I feel sure we shall have your own earnest sympathy, and that of every friend of the mission. Our great difficulty is, by what means we shall be able to apprise you of these sad events, in order that we may receive instructions from you as early as possible; nor shall we be able to do any thing towards it, until the arrival of the Doctor, for whom we are now daily looking, and to whom we sent letters, requesting him to come to us as soon as he could, by the two Makololo who left this to return to Chibisa's village on the 16th. But there may be so many contingencies combining to detain him at the Kongone, in the Zambezi, or in the Shire, that it is a matter of extreme uncertainty when he may come to us, or let us hear from him. In the meantime, we are resolved to do our best in carrying on the work of the mission here, in accordance with the last wishes of the Bishop in the way he has directed, and would have himself approved, until the arrival of his successor, or of instructions from the Metropolitan.

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#### STATE OF THE MISSION.

In the sermon preached on Sunday, the 4th May, in the Cathedral Church of Cape Town, it is thus the Bishop speaks of the history and the present prospects of the mission:

“Very remarkable it is that, almost on stepping out of their boat to enter on their labours, they should find themselves in a country ravaged by slave-hunters; should hear of tribe at war with tribe for the purpose of this nefarious traffic; should confront the very system which they came to put down in its fullest vigour; should themselves fall in with a large band of slaves driven by their captors; and should have these, delivered by the single hand of Livingstone, handed over to them, with their free consent, as their first charge. It seems as if all the power of Satan had been let loose on the approach of the messengers of the living God, but only to encounter defeat in the midst of his kingdom of darkness. With these, as they loved to call them, their ‘first-fruits,’ they settled in the village of a friendly chief, who told them that if they would abide with him he would not fly, as nearly all his nation in front of him had done, from the ravages of the slave-hunters. Regarding the invitation as a providential call, the mission was planted there, and, during the few months that it has existed, considerable progress has been made, notwithstanding interruptions from the hostility of unfriendly slave-hunting tribes, who, however, from the latest accounts, are just beginning to

understand the objects of the mission, and to seek to establish friendly relations with it. The kindness shown to the slaves who have been released, some of whom came from far and have returned to their homes, seems to have been the chief cause of the change of feeling. A school has been established, in which are seventy children, several of whom, it was already hoped, would soon be fit for our Native College here. Houses were erected, land cultivated, and considerable progress made in acquiring the language. Of the work already accomplished, I prefer to speak from the report of the naturalist of Livingstone's expedition, who was for two months at the station, and writes thus to me: 'Although so short a time has elapsed in which to speak of the working of the mission, the results, as they are now patent to all, should be taken for good or ill. No one can enter that wide country, at the present time, who has seen it since or before the arrival of the mission, without seeing at once the change that has been effected. The objects of the mission are known and appreciated; a light has been thrown on the villainy of slave traffic, and chiefs now abhor it who, but a few months since, were solely occupied in furnishing its victims. The principle of civilizing before evangelizing is being truly carried out; and the example of the working Christian has already leavened a large multitude, and prepared the way for effective religious instruction. By their example and exertions not only friends but foes have been led to compare their conditions, and to seek to better them; and it is my confident belief that, the influence the mission continuing as hitherto, both Ajawa and Wanganga will unite to turn their faces against slavery, and to combine their interests for mutual welfare.'

A mission, then, has been planted firmly in a country which, as far as we can see, promises amply to repay the labour 'spent upon it, and under a climate which will allow Europeans to live without danger. But it is clear that there exists an urgent necessity for sending fresh supplies, both of men and stores, with the utmost possible dispatch.

We dare not leave those who are already there to depend for any length of time on their own unaided resources. Their number is too small,—too small even for the ordinary work which a party of missionaries has to carry out; and, at this time, they are called upon to give themselves to exertions, which will not, we hope, be necessary when the rising settlement has attained a greater degree of fixity, and struck its roots deeper and more firmly in the new soil. We mean,

that they have huts to build for themselves and the large native population which is growing up around them; there are fields which must be brought into cultivation; food and other necessities, which must be provided, often at considerable expense of time and thought for every day's need. Not to speak of the actual danger to which so small a party are exposed, surrounded as they are by numerous bodies whose interest it is to break up the mission and drive the missionaries from the country.

Besides, in a climate and country peculiarly trying to European constitutions, health and strength can be secured only by such provision of food and clothing as might safely be dispensed with in a healthier region. What are luxuries elsewhere are necessities here—wine, spirits, flour are essential. Nor is it likely that the mission can be long left without fresh stores of this character. The first necessity, then, is to establish regular and trustworthy means of communication between the upper part of the Shire and the Kongone mouth, in order that the supplies needed may be forwarded from time to time, and that those who may hereafter be sent up to the mission may reach their destination safely and easily.

To attain these ends, it has been proposed to supply a steamer of the same description as those which Dr. Livingstone is now employing. But the journal of the last expedition puts in a strong light the difficulty that there is in finding a due supply of fuel; and it is now probable that, from the nature of the river, the use of canoes or boats manned by native crews will prove the cheapest and most expeditious means of transit. There is no doubt but that these may be secured, and a boat service sufficient for the purposes proposed may be organized; and this may be done with no great loss of time, especially if we have still the advantage of that friendly help which we have hitherto always experienced from the Portuguese on the coast.

But all this will cost money, perhaps as much more as has been spent during the past year; and perhaps, what is better worth considering, more risks may be run, more valuable lives may be lost, before the mission is even fairly started. And so the question forces itself upon us, whether the success we have a right to look for is worth the price we may have to pay for it. Have we even reason enough to expect success at all?

For nothing but the prospect of entire failure could justify the abandonment of such an undertaking as the present. That difficulties have arisen, and those of no ordinary magnitude, is a reason not for weakly giving ground, but rather of

putting forth fresh energy and meeting them with a bolder front.

But, indeed, though it is true the obstacles are great, it is no slight measure of success that appears to offer itself in the future. Materially, the prospects of the settlement are promising enough. There is no longer anything like a widely-spread hostility to be apprehended among the natives. On the contrary, distant chiefs are already sending embassies charged with assurances of friendship and assistance. And if we cannot expect them readily to give up all hopes of profit to be made in illegitimate traffic, yet it is much that any of them should have recognized the evils of the slave-trade and confessed the duty of putting an end to them. For the rest, the soil is fertile, and the abundance of rare and valuable wood, such as the *lignum vitæ* and ebony, will in time supply materials for a healthy trade; while if cotton can be grown in any considerable quantity in the lower grounds, the prosperity of the whole region might be indefinitely increased. In the Upper Shire there is a teeming population, which will furnish labour in abundance. All that is needed is to supply such incentives to exertion as an easy communication with more highly civilized lands would be pretty sure to bring with it.

Spiritually, all the members of the Zambezi Mission are agreed that never was there such a field for a mission or a country where they could expect to exercise a wider or a more useful influence. The natives are naturally intelligent, certainly disposed to be friendly, and keenly alive to the attractions of trade. They need only help and patience, and they will raise themselves.

To give them this help, to insure such a result as this, would be much. We cannot afford to leave our brother men in the barbarism which we have ourselves escaped. We have no right to hide from them those great truths which were intrusted to our keeping. But this is not all. It is from the midst of these regions, which are so rich in all the elements of prosperity, that the population which should enjoy them is every year carried away by thousands to satisfy the demands of the slave market, or driven by fear of such a fate to leave their homes empty and the most fertile parts of the country uninhabited while they hide themselves from bands of lawless invaders in the cane-brakes or the mangrove swamps.

And the slave trade can be met successfully only at its outset. Its supplies must be cut off at their source. It is to no purpose that the efforts of the Portuguese have stopped

the export of slaves along their own coast and that the sea north of the Mozambique Channel has been cleared by our cruizers. Arab dhows can still steal up the coast, and when they have got a human cargo at Zanzibar or the mouth of the Rovuma, they have little difficulty in finding a market where to dispose of it. But the station at Magomero commands the great slave trade track which skirts the southern boundaries of Lake Nyassa. If this can be effectually stopped, if caravans are no longer able to drive their gangs of captives along their old paths, if bands of kidnappers are no longer able to foray with impunity, there will be some hope that they will either find some more lawful occupation for themselves or at least leave others to pursue theirs in peace. And the opening of the river will do very much to facilitate this result. For instance, the unhappy natives who are now employed to carry down ivory from the interior are sold into slavery at the end of their journey in order to avoid the expense of the return home. But if a time should ever come when the regular communication, by canoes or other means, connects South Central Africa with the trading cities of its coast, it will hardly be found the cheapest plan to expend a fresh detachment of labourers on each separate journey. They may be employed in their own land more profitably as well as more humanely; they will find their account in felling wood or planting cotton, or in many another branch of honest industry, which will flourish when all the ivory is exhausted and the elephants from which it came are gone.

Surely, the cause is great and holy, a cause worthy of our best endeavours. But there is no denying that extraordinary exertions are called for by the present crisis. The sad story of the last twelve months, while it has proved to demonstration the possibility of establishing a settlement in Central Africa, has brought to light, as well, the obstacles to be encountered before success can be obtained; but the need is great. If one expedition after another was sent to the aid of Franklin and his companions in the Polar Seas, year after year, until all hope was lost, surely there can be no talk of leaving unassisted those who are exposed to as great dangers in an enterprise of greater moment. The loss which we are now lamenting must be redeemed by a large measure of success. The places of those who are gone must be filled without delay, for what we want now, is men, rather than means,—men, ready, like the leader who is gone, to lay down their lives if necessary for the cause they have in hand, or, by God's help, to be long preserved to see the fruits of their loving labours in the safety, and happiness which they have

brought to lands where these blessings have been long unknown; and hereafter in the souls, given to their prayers, saved from the valley of the shadow of death. Need we doubt but that, in such a cause, there will be volunteers enough.

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### A POST-CART JOURNEY.

It was in the depth of winter, a year or two ago, before Cape Town boasted its railway, except on paper, that I stated my intention of running up to Beaufort by post cart; but had I been upon the point of a twelve months' excursion into the interior, instead of a three days' ride, I could scarcely have had more warning and advice than fell to my lot. Some said that the long-continued fatigue would wear me out, and told of a man who had recently died of cold (and too much Cape brandy) under similar circumstances. Others suggested a special outfit of flannels and waterproof, and were eloquent on the merits of lamb's wool linings and cork soles. Gastronomic people waxed voluble while discussing the relative value of ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. However, well clad, and with a stout rug in my hand, and fairly supplied with catables and brandy, I hurried to the starting place one Saturday night, where driver and crowd were impatiently awaiting me, and springing up to my seat, was whirled along forthwith, amid furious equestrian demonstrations, which endangered the lives of the foot passengers, and brought us within a hair's breadth of collision with the Wynberg omnibus. We were soon over the Salt River and on the flat plain beyond. Behind lay the city with its straight lines of gas-lit streets, its teeming population of all hues, its chorus of many voices. Before, the lone country, silent and dark, for the stars shone but dimly. Having made up my mind to the jolting beforehand, I had full leisure for contemplating cart, horses, and companions, ere the rising of the moon after midnight should allow me to gaze upon the surrounding scenery.

The vehicle was of that rickety, jingling nature which seems specially to belong to post carts, balanced upon two wheels, with seats, dog-cart-like, in front and behind, and mail-box inside. It was dragged by two small horses, active and wiry, excitable of disposition, and of great leanness. My companions were the mulatto driver, and a German passenger who sat behind, wedged in by boxes and bundles of all descriptions,—a very good fellow, doubtless, could I

have spoken his language, or he mine. As it is, I remember him chiefly as the possessor of a walking-stick, a fiddle-case, a large bundle of cigars, and a flint and steel contrivance for eliciting fire. Our driver, taciturn and somnolent, was, like many of his coloured brethren, so intolerably stupid, even when addressed in Dutch, that after several exceedingly desultory attempts at conversation, I gave up all hopes of obtaining any other answer than the "*niet verstaan*" which formed his almost invariable response.

Well, for three hours we sped on in the dark night, holding on as well as we could when we came to unexpected ruts, and straining our eyes over the bleak country. My companions lit up their cigars. I found, by and by, that our pace was not comparable with the wind, for, with the exception of the demonstrations at starting, the shoutings, hissings, and oaths, the whipping, rein-tugging, and other features, the whole affair was slow rather than not. At nine p.m. we changed horses at the half-way cabin, hideous of aspect, but substantial in its dinners, known as the "Black House." We asked for coffee, but the fire was out, and the drink not to be had. On the other hand, the people of the place seemed rooted to the ground with something between astonishment and indignation when we rejected their overtures of wine or beer. While waiting, one of the loiterers—there were several about the house—addressed me thus: "Well, I could have sworn you were Blinkins, of Cape Town." I told him he was mistaken, and walked away—hearing it remarked behind my back, amid profuse oaths, that I was uncommonly like Blinkins, and must surely be his brother. When I repassed them I was questioned in this wise: "Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going? What is your trade?" Returning ambiguous and laconic answers, I walked once more away, choosing rather the risk of falling into the muddy horsepond hard by than the detestable society of these half-intoxicated loungers.

We are off again, with a jerk and a plunge, and have to hold tight on, wondering the while that the cart is not dashed to pieces. Three hours later we reach the Paarl, and passing the pine tree avenues, gloomy in the dark night, stop some half hour or so before the post office. Another group of midnight worthies is here congregated; and fearing for my brandy bottle, my catables, and one small parcel easy of removal, myself and German, between whom a silent friendship has arisen, and who has a tenderness for the walking-stick and fiddle-case, keep an eye upon the cart. Meanwhile, we are accosted as before. A little squealing mannikin, five

feet high, but gigantically conceited, places himself before me, and demands, contemptuously, "Well, and who are you?" I advance a step immediately in his face, look down upon him savagely, for, tired with the jolting I have had, my temper is somewhat unhinged, and, waiting for the space of one minute, answer, in a tone invented expressly for the occasion, "I am an Englishman, sir." "Ao, I beg your pardon. I mistook you for one of those Germans," replied the dwarf, with many imprecations, but in a sweet insinuating tone. "And pray what is your name? Where do you come from? What is your trade? Where are you going? But I'll be hanged if you are not like Jan Baboontje of the Paarl here. By George, you are his brother."

At this stage myself and German, who had come off far worse in this conflict than I had, effect a hasty retreat, leaving brandy bottle, catables, fiddle case, and walking-stick, each and severally to its fate.

And so, apart from the rest, too tired to make use of the little Dutch we mutually understood, we paced slowly, and with weary gait, the now silent roadway; dismal, in the shades of midnight, as the regions of Avernus, hopelessly endeavouring to conjure up to our imagination that this was really the bright gem of Cape towns that we had heard of. Once more we start, with the driver's shouts and gesticulations, with the lash of the whip, with the dash, gallop, and plunge,—but this time with more than usually excitable horses, for they suddenly rush out of the road up a bank by the wayside, and then back us into a deep gutter. It seems impossible to get out again without capsizing vehicle, luggage, mail-bags, ourselves and all. We jump off, and by dint of careful driving the cart is righted with a jerk and a bang, but in the process a box falls, and by a certain loud chink and breakage of glass, I ascertain that my brandy bottle has been dashed to pieces. We jump again to our perches, but are pulled up some two hundred yards further on—the driver muttering impatiently—for my companion has dropped his stick for the second time.

Over the great bridge outside the town, through the torrent, now low, with plunge, thump, struggle, and rush,—through other torrents, all along in the dim night, to Wellington. Brief halt at the post office, and then on again, by a romantic road which rises amid the hills, and overlooks—if distant lights, scattered around, deceived me not—a garden land, with its ploughed fields, its hedges and ditches, its copses and its homesteads. We continue riding, and here I begin to find myself sleeping at short intervals, sitting as

I am; dreaming by snatches, and waking suddenly at some unusual jolt. The road becomes quickly wilder. At length it is wholly cut in the hill-side, which rises, covered with bushes, on our right, and falls precipitously on our left, unprotected by hedge, railing, or bank. It is here that the moon, heavy and yellow, and waning from the half circle to the crescent, rises above the hills, shining solemnly, and, to our tired fancies, with haunted aspect, before us. We still ascend. Below, at amazing depths, lie valleys bathed in cloud, and looking like silent inland seas. Above, at the turning of a corner—high overhead indeed—is a notch in the mountain top, and this the driver, at some moment of unusual communicativeness, tells us is Bain's Kloof. Singularly enough the wind blows quite warm upon us. We push still on, now in a cutting through some jutting hill-side, now over a bridge, where we can hear the water roaring and splashing below; now unpleasantly near the edge of the steep; and now, at some extra jolt, ourselves upon the point of being thrown, as from a catapult, over cart's side and hill side too. At last we achieve the summit, and are among the rocks; soon we descend, and our steeds, whose pace has been slow and creeping, are now urged downwards at the top of their speed.

But the scene has changed. We are in a gorge of Titanic form, all among the grey rocks. Our road is cut out of the side of the precipice. The gulf below is in black shadow, but we hear the torrent far down in its depths. There is nothing between us and destruction, save a frail parapet of stones, placed on their ends, close to the edge of the road, forming a rude, and as it were embattled balustrade. Overhead, tower the sides of the pass, here grey in the moonlight, there ebon in its darkness. Suddenly we stop. A bridge has been washed away. We must dismount and get on as we can, while the cart picks its way among the stones in the torrent bed. Again we mount, and push on; then come symptoms of approaching dawn. The pass is ended at last, and rough but hospitable stands the hostel at Darling Bridge.

We are charmed with the place, although it is ruinous of aspect; for on entering its small front room, we see a table bespread with newspapers, and a few readable books, while steaming cheerily, coffee hot from the urn awaits us. One speaks but feebly when he terms this a luxury after the night's ride. Taking advantage of the halt, we stretch ourselves upon sofa and chairs, and sleep as if we were bent upon concentrating our wonted rest of eight hours into one.

The sun shines brightly when we awake, revealing a large

uncultivated plain, bounded by mountains,—the valley of the Hex River. We start, and presently reach a spot where the road has been washed away, leaving three bridges standing high and impassable in the midst of their respective torrent beds. After a detour of about a mile, we strike direct across the pleasant but most deserted country, to the entrance of Michell's Pass, where our eyes, wearied with continual heath and bush land, rest upon cultivated fields at last, surrounding a small clump of farm-houses, well-to-do looking places, suggesting agreeable mental pictures of good dinners, well-filled purses, and the like.

Through the Pass, along a road, low down on the mountain side, above a large river lower yet, to a pleasant village at the other end, now warm in the sunshine, which lights up the fertile plain beyond. The church bell is tolling for prayers. It is "Ceres" in its Sunday aspect. Here the German traveller leaves us. I rush to the hotel, and finding several people hard at it with their breakfast, join them hurriedly. Eggs, bread, sheep's tail fat, chops, and coffee, disappear in double-quick time. I hasten back to the post-cart, which is about starting. The new driver is certainly superior to his predecessor, for though small, and but just escaped from hobbedy-hoydom, he is intelligent, not uncomely, and has a pair of bright black eyes that seem to speak. We set off—but here with such tremendous rush, bang, jolting, and plunge, that I feel in peril of my life. Just, however, as I think of seriously upbraiding the fellow, he softens the horses down, gets them into a gentle trot, and by-and-by, much to my astonishment, subsides into the best and gentlest of Jehus. I might hint that the joltings of the last sixteen hours have rendered sitting by no means an easy posture; and I really admire the man, as he avoids, as if by miracle, the stones in the roads, crosses ruts and rivers with surpassing ease, seems upon terms of Rarey friendliness with his little steeds; and having taken up some straggling passenger by the road side, converses so pleasantly, that one almost forgets the language employed in the harsh *patois* of the old Cape colonists.

The cart speeds on through the bushy "veldt." We pass extensive patches of irrigated land, green with early crops. The heat increases; as noon approaches I become incorrigibly drowsy, and requesting my companions in broken Dutch to see that I don't fall, take a long, sound, and delicious nap, half sitting and half reclining upon the coats and rugs which have long ago been doffed for more convenient attire. Roused at length, I find we are at the edge of a small river, flowing with deep and cool water. The opportunity is not to be lost;

I enjoy a delicious draught imbibed after the manner of Gideon's soldiers, and a wash, whose delight words cannot adequately express, forms my sole toilet for the day. Refreshed, well-rested, and under a genial sky, I begin to find my journey positively pleasant, and when we stop by-and-by at a wayside farm house, in a bushy valley, I am ready to shake hands cordially with the jufvrouw there, and to drink her tea, brewed from the leaves of indigenous bushes, with relish.

It must have been past noon (I write from memory) when we commenced the ascent of Hottentot's Kloof. I remember water flowing from a black gang chine-like cliff, a farm with much ploughed land about it, and distant mountains, white with snow, on either side. The descent was characteristic. Our hitherto lonely ride had been enlivened for the last half hour by a wagon, whose fresh horses and venturesome rider pressed close upon our rear, when at a turn of the road we saw, cut out from the mountain side, the steep path falling rapidly for the distance of about a mile or more. A chance so favourable was not thrown away; the wagon tried to outstrip us (good boer joke, that—to outrun the post-cart), and we, of course, to keep the lead. The passenger we had taken up, and who proved to be a drover, unused to the casualties of reckless travel, stimulated the ardour of the post-boy. A race commenced. Our Jehu, perfect in his art, roused the horses to super-equestrian exertions; our cart flew like the wind; the wagon banged and jingled behind. We were already far ahead, when a jolt, such as only Cape roads could originate, sent boxes and bags flying out of our vehicle. By dint of much horsemanship our steeds were pulled in, and the fallen things replaced before our competitor overtook us, and when we came to the bottom of the steep he was far in the rear, a faint echo of jingle and bang alone telling of his existence.

The aspect of the country had been gradually changing; and when we came to Karoo Poort, bushy heath gave way before patchy desert vegetation; streams were replaced by dry torrent beds, and moss-covered rocks by red, burnt, barren mountain sides, the work apparently of the ancient Titans. In the valley lay a whitewashed farm-house, where we changed horses. Luncheon was not to be had for love or money, so I took advantage of the stay to make an *al fresco* meal quite alone by the side of the water furrow which ran a stream pure as crystal, hoping, foolishly enough, to shame the people into some semblance of hospitality. Again we started, this time with a heavy, stupidly cunning quadroon driver, who had a knack of stealthily pricking the horses with a pointed

stick. This he did at intervals, at the precise moment when one least expected it, so that my time was divided between wondering when the next goading would transpire, and in taking precautions when the horses kicked, as of course they did. I will own that I was indignant; that I sincerely hoped the brutal driver would meet with his deserts at the heels of some animal more vicious than his fellows; but subsequent experience has taught me that post-cart philanthropy is out of place in the great Karoo.

For in the Karoo we were, a huge sandy plain, bounded by blue and distant mountains, arched over by a burning sky, and studded with dreary euphobiaceous milk bushes, the bed, perhaps, of some ancient lagoon, but now utterly waterless. Dead horses or skeletons of older date told of the perils of the road. Glad was I when night came on and hid the uninviting prospect from us, and gladder still when we stopped, long after dark, at some wayside cabin inhabited by black persons, who gave us a supper of the half-stewed half-roasted meat which I have since found to be the chief diet of the boers. Then off again, through the night which never seemed to end, wishing the moon up, and when it rose, longing for the dawn. At sunrise the Karoo was passed. Before midday we stopped at a small thatched mud-built homestead, where we found a house full of German missionaries, clad in rough travelling costume, and drinking coffee. We followed their example gladly—for coffee is, *par excellence*, THE beverage for the South African traveller—and starting again, passed their wagon with its oxen, passed a wall with which the Goodman was enclosing his land, passed a group of Robinson Crusoe-looking Kafirs, clad in goat skins, and with feathers in their hats, passed some bushes on the outskirts of the little settlement, and then pushed on again through the wilderness.

Another long, long, ride; a halt after dark at a wayside house, where the dogs rush furiously at passing vehicles, yelling rather than barking, and where another post-driver meets us. A long, long, ride again; a sense of being hurried along through the night, and not caring whither; a further sense of soreness, utter weariness, and almost hopeless discomfort; then a dream of green trees and falling waters—with a start I am awake. There are no horses in the cart, and I have been left alone, sleeping. It is intensely dark, and I hear and see no one. Something like a house glimmers in the distance; my first idea is to walk towards it and find my companions, but I remember

the dogs, and hesitate. At length, proceeding cautiously, I venture upon a tour of inspection, and so, crossing a trench, and avoiding a pond—both dry as dry can be—I come up to a stable; I listen,—there is no sound save the wind. Again I listen,—yes, that must be them, they are knocking up the people of the cottage; but on coming nearer, I find it is merely a loose piece of a wagon-cover, flapping in the breeze; it is very cold, and turning back to the cart, I practice various evolutions, to revive the latent caloric. Suddenly, to my great joy, I see a light, and advancing in that direction, discover an open fire-place, surrounded by a hedge of sticks and faggots, to keep off the wind,—a narrow space being left by way of entry. Beside a blazing fire is the driver, seated upon a large wooden corn mortar, thrown on its side for his special reception, and with him, the owner of the place, who has been roused from his bed in the cottage hard by—himself sitting upon a bucket turned up-side-down. The civil fellow receives me with much politeness, resigns his bucket in my favour, and placing his cap upon an iron boiler, takes his seat there. Another creature completes the group,—a monkey, which grimaces and chatters, plays tricks, or sits fondling by its master, as the humour seizes it. We sit cosily enough together while the horses are feeding; it is one o'clock in the morning; the cold wind penetrates the frail walls of the enclosure, and chills our backs while we are roasting our knees. The place, I learn is called Uityk, and at times, the space around is covered with wagons and bivouacking transport-drivers. We listen to the history of the civil fellow, hear the story of his monkey, and when the horses are ready, take our leave with hearty good wishes. So we go to the lonely cart. Wearily the harness is re-adjusted, and with the mere phantom of the usual rush, fury, and plunge, are on our way once more. I try to sleep, but cannot get into sleeping position—my head, vainly seeking repose on a fodder-bag, falls too low; one leg is in the way, and can get no rest, flexed, or extended, or pulled up upon the seat. An elbow, too, upon which everything depends, has become tender, and will not endure contact with the hard cart. Whilst shivering with cold, my face is positively sore from sun-burn, the legacy of the previous day. By the tingling they give me, I can map out three boils in course of formation,—one upon my forehead, and one on each side of my nose. The skin is coming off my chin, where two days' growth of bristles stiffen and prick most unconscionably. And now come thoughts of rest—of glerious feather-beds and downy pillows—where the limbs can lie

luxuriating. Of morphia draughts, taken in sickness long ago, and of the conscious perfection of repose, which followed their administration,—the joys, without the forgetfulness, of sleep. Again, imagination pictures ruder but more likely resting-places,—sofas, or lines of chairs, with a rug for counterpane. Extempore shake-downs upon tables or on floors. Dreams follow: You are weary, a mossy bank lies before you in the sunshine, but as you advance to stretch yourself upon it, a serpent of villanous aspect emerges from the greensward; or you are shown a couch of snowy whiteness, and seemingly soft as down, you touch it, and find it to be the sculptured marble of some tomb-stone; or again,—on the point of entering the sweetest little bed you ever saw, you notice that its legs are already tottering, and that the slightest additional weight will bring it to the ground.

Thus the whole night, when sleeping is full of starts, and when waking of longing for the moon's rise, and that comes, of wondering when the day will come. By-and-by, we get out and walk up a hill, for the horses are as fatigued as ourselves. The night creeps along, and morning is at hand. Stealthily, imperceptible light comes over the sky, dims the stars, and shows the outlines of the distant hills; stealthily yet, the rosy-fingered Aurora tints with pink the under-surface of the fleecy dark-lined clouds over the eastern horizon, and stealthily—you know not how—these colours change to pale gold, and sunrise is at hand.

At this hour we rattle into Beaufort, dash down the street with farewell rushing and plunging, and draw up with grand effect at the post office, where the master, partially dressed, and but half awake, awaits our arrival.

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## ON THE INFLUENCE OF RACE ON NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

IN his introduction to the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, Mr. Motley has some remarks which seem to have a peculiar interest for the inhabitants of a colony such as ours.

He is speaking of original stock from which sprung the people whose history he designs to record; and, after a brief reference to the successive waves of migrating population which swept westward across Europe, partly following, partly confused with each other, he says that when the human tide finally ceased, and its elements settled down, the

Netherlands was occupied by two distinct races, very much as it has continued ever since to be.

“The population of the country was partly Celtic, partly German. Of these two elements, dissimilar in their tendencies, and always difficult to blend, the Netherland people has ever been compounded. A certain fatality of history has perpetually helped to separate still more widely these constituents, instead of detecting and stimulating the elective affinities which existed. Religion, too, upon all great historical occasions, has acted as the most powerful of dissolvents. Otherwise, had so many valuable and contrasted characteristics been early fused into a whole, it would be difficult to show a race more richly endowed by nature for dominion and progress than the Belgo-Germanic people. . . . The polity of each race differed widely from that of the other. The government of both may be said to have been republican, but the Gallic tribes were aristocracies, in which the influence of clanship was a predominant feature; while the German system, though nominally regal, was in reality democratic. . . . The Gauls were an agricultural people. They were not without many arts of life. They had extensive flocks and herds, and they even exported salted provision as far as Rome. The truculent German, Ger-mann, Heer-mann, War-man, considered carnage the only useful occupation, and despised agriculture as enervating and ignoble. . . . In their system of religion the two races were most widely contrasted. The Gauls were a priest-ridden race. The German in his simplicity had raised himself to a purer belief than that of the sensuous Roman or the superstitious Gaul. . . . Thus contrasted were Gaul and German in religious and political systems. In the contrast and the separation lies the key to much of their history. Had Providence permitted a fusion of the two races, it is possible from their position, and from the geographical and historical link which they would have afforded to the dominant tribes of Europe, that a world-empire might have been the result, different in many respects from any which has ever arisen. Speculations upon what might have been are idle. It is well, however, to ponder the many misfortunes resulting from a mutual repulsion, which, under other circumstances, and in other spheres, has been exchanged for mutual attraction and support.”

“It is idle,” as Mr. Motley says, “to speculate upon what might have been;” otherwise it could have been shown that the mere common frontier line and point of meeting of two great and diverse peoples could never be the seat of a stable and permanent power. Circumstances may combine them

for a time,—events may bring about an appearance of harmony and united purpose; but they must always be at best but like the sea-shore line. It may be earth, or it may be water. The characteristics of one or the other may prevail. But there cannot be any useful or satisfactory amalgamation of the two.

But the remarks which have been quoted are valuable as the testimony of an observant and well-informed man to the importance of a point which is too often left out of sight in matters of politics, in the more extended sense of the term. Mr. Motley, as a citizen of the United States, can of course view the whole question from a position which enables him to form an opinion very likely to be a correct one, and tolerably free from prejudice. And the conclusion to which he finds himself compelled to arrive is, that the influence of *race* is so powerful, so permanent, so indestructible as to have rendered it impossible for two highly endowed branches of the human family, occupying a position abounding with natural advantages, to combine into a settled and homogeneous nation. And the question has a direct and practical interest for ourselves, because the bulk of the earlier colonists of this country do consist of precisely these very antagonistic, or, at any rate, uncongenial elements of Teuton and Celt. However the salient features of either race may have been worn down and effaced by the grinding force of circumstances, still they are here together. And it has yet to be seen whether the amalgamation has been a thorough and complete one, or whether, under a more free system of government than has heretofore existed, their distinctive peculiarities may not yet expand and develop themselves; whether a moral or political test may not even yet be applied, which will detect the latent elements of discord, and awake into life and energy the slumbering animosities which are at this day as active as they were two thousand years ago.

The question of the difference of race is, indeed, one of those problems upon which the learned world have not yet been able to agree. So varied are the distinguishing characteristics of various branches of the human family, that it has led some philosophers even to doubt whether they could all have had one common origin, and to suggest the theory of several centres of creation, and several distinct types or species of the genus *homo*. While, on the other hand, it is satisfactory to those who are content with the old-fashioned ideas upon this subject to know that the most profound research seems to indicate no more than three grand divisions of the human race, all of which are too closely allied to be

regarded as various species; and that the differences of local and other circumstances, such as climate and food, will fully account for all other variations. We see, in the lapse of ages, the most marvellous alterations in the appearance and physical conditions of races of men. The swarthy Hindus, as their own Vedas tell us, came originally through the passes of the Himalayas, a white people; while the Scandinavian tribes, who migrated northward and westward from a primæval abode in very close proximity to that of the Hindus, have arrived at the most extreme degree of fairness of which the human skin is capable. On the other hand, the unchanged characteristics of such races as the Jews and Arabs prove to us how perpetual and immutable they may be under circumstances favourable to such permanence.

At present, we are only concerned with such of the phenomena of this interesting subject as belong to the two great families of the Teuton and the Celt, and with the results which have attended their contact or intermixture.

The history of the Netherlands, as Mr. Motley has shown, affords a proof that out of the mere fringes and borders of the two races, a powerful and united people cannot be formed. There is too little of harmony, too little of homogeneity and capacity for amalgamation in the constituent elements of each. And the result of contact, in that instance at any rate, has been only to create a mixed race occupying a border territory common to each of the two great antagonistic races and coveted by both; while the mixed people themselves, compressed on either hand by superior weight, and swaying in their political principles this way and that way, according as the Teutonic or the Celtic element happens to preponderate, are kept in a state of fermentation or liability to fermentation, fatal to that quiet settling down which is absolutely necessary to their consolidation into a people.

But whatever may have been the result of the contact of the two races on the continent of Europe, some such amalgamation, it may be said, has been successfully brought about in Great Britain. England, whose population consists of members of these two great families, does not exhibit the spectacle of a country divided against itself, vacillating between the two-fold motive powers and principles which attract it in either direction. It is precisely this point which seems to be worthy of our attention. The question of how far the Teutonic and the Celtic elements of the population of Great Britain have amalgamated, and under what circumstances this amalgamation has been brought about; how far the fusion may be regarded as complete and permanent; and

whether any disruption of the antagonistic elements may be looked for in those offshoots of the British Empire which are so fast growing to maturity in the hitherto unoccupied parts of the world. As a matter of history, this question has hardly received hitherto the attention which it deserves. For it is out of the peculiar idiosyncracies of different branches of the human family that nationalities are formed, political circumstances and relations created, the externals of religion affected, antipathies engendered, sympathies and alliances formed. The key to history, in short, is to be found in the peculiarities and relations of various races. *There* is the secret spring of all; and the events which constitute history are all the outcomings from this source, and take their colouring and their degree of intensity from it. A rapid glance at the results of differences of race, in combination or in opposition, as exemplified in the history and mutual relations of the various members of the population of England—identical, or very nearly so, with the several stocks from which the people of this colony are sprung,—is the object of the present paper.

We have already seen from Mr. Motley's sketch how widely the Teutonic and Celtic families on the continent of Europe differed in their social and political character. The difference was no less striking in England. The original inhabitants of Britain, as Cæsar found them, and as evidenced by the buried remains of the more distinguished men, who were honoured with a mode of sepulture which has preserved them for the observation of posterity, seem to have been a people of considerable intelligence, though not of equal force of character. The shape of their skulls gives evidence of an impulsive people; of strong emotions but weak will. Much of their character will be understood from the recollection of one or two prominent traits. For instance, they drove scythe-armed chariots without making roads; and, decked with ornaments of gold and ivory, lived in huts to which the single entrance was at once doorway, window, and chimney.

The conquest of Britain by the Romans added fresh elements to the original population, already increased by Belgian immigrants on the south, and probably by some Saxon or Anglian colonies on the north-east. The Italian element was probably but small, and of no permanence. But legions raised in Spain, Africa, Dalmatia, Pannonia, military settlers from the Danube and the Saave, colonies of Germans, Burgundians, even of Huns, were planted in positions of importance, where they established themselves in fortified towns, and introduced many Roman institutions and customs. They

never amalgamated at all thoroughly with the native population, who lived in the remoter parts of the country, under their own laws and their own rulers; much as the Maories of New Zealand do at the present day. But there can be no doubt that the great military towns of the Roman occupation formed so many distinct centres of population, similar in character though differing in original stock, and speaking at least some modification of the Latin tongue, the remnants of which must have been existing at the period of the Saxon invasion.

This invasion and conquest was spread over a considerable number of years, and was connected with the movements of a great variety of tribes. The invitation given by Vortigern, and the consequent expedition of Hengist and Horsa, was the great noteworthy feature of an influx of the Teutonic race which had commenced long before, and which continued for a long time after, that era. The term "Saxon invasion" is useful as a recognized mode of expressing the great Teutonic immigration into England, and the Saxon tribe may have been, on the whole, the most numerous, as they ultimately became the most powerful. But it is not ethnically accurate. All the tribes and fragments of nations of the adjacent continent who were on the look-out for new homes, or who could furnish bands of adventurers to swell the forces of a marauding chief, were represented in the various expeditions which completed the subjugation of the country, and have left their traces behind in the localities in which they fixed themselves. North, south, east, and even west, the strangers poured into the country, incited by the reports of pleasant settlements and rich booty, and having only this one object in common. Every successful leader established himself as the petty sovereign of the lands which he had won with sword and bill. And so long as they were in front of the common foe, so long as they had to contend against the same common danger, they forgot or laid aside their own differences, and combined in the broadly defined contest of Teuton against Celt. The best authorities are now agreed that there was not, in reality, anything like a total extermination of the British inhabitants. That vast numbers did perish is undoubted. That very little quarter was given is probable. And the British population, or the remnants of it, were steadily driven back and hemmed in among the rugged districts on the western side of the island. But there was many a fortified town and stronghold to which the vanquished Britons retired, against which the Saxons could make no impression. Anything like a siege was an operation

far beyond their military skill; a blockade exceeded their patience, and was forbidden by the constant necessity for active occupation elsewhere. The tide of invasion, conquest, rapine, and slaughter flowed on around and beyond the strong places which the Romans had left, and left them standing like islands in the flood. Here some remnants of the British, and of the Loegrians, as the mixed race between the British and the foreign legionaries were called, were enabled to exist; though, cut off from communication with each other and stranded in the midst of a desert of ruin and desolation, they were totally unable to offer any resistance to the invaders, or to do more than secure the most merciful terms for themselves. That they were able to make such terms, and that settlements were allotted to them which they held on a tenure of vassalage or of tribute, there is reason to conclude from the frequent occurrence of such names as Walton, Walworth, Waltham, Walham, in which the Saxon *wealth*—welch, foreign—clearly marks the dwelling-place of some remnant of the ejected people.

The extermination, expulsion, and subjection of the British population soon gave the fierce invaders leisure to attend to the feuds and differences which had been laid aside during their more important employment of conquering the country. When the opposition of Celt and Teuton had died out from exhaustion of further material to feed upon, other antagonisms of race, which had for a time smouldered, began to break into flame. Not only did the invaders from various quarters come into collision on their own respective marches; but there were disputes of old standing, inherited blood-feuds, and traditional injuries to be redressed, for which object the aggrieved parties lost no time in seeking each other out. And here we must glance at the elements for such internal discord which were ready prepared in the various families, or branches of great tribes thus brought into juxtaposition with each other.

The broad divisions of the country are familiarly known. Speaking generally, Northumbria, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire were occupied by Angles, a people of semi-Scandinavian origin, allied to the Danes. The Saxons, called also by old writers Frisians, stretched nearly across the southern portion of the island. Kent and the Isle of Wight were colonized by Jutes, akin to the Angles. Somersetshire, and all to the westward, was still held by a remnant of British, as readers of the "*Idylls of the King*" well know. Wales was the refuge, or the conquest, of the Cymri, the noblest of the Celtic tribes who had occupied Britain. Cumberland,

as its name implies, was the Cymro-land, and embraced the whole of the north-west, from the Solway to the Mersey. Mercia, the march country, in the centre was the common battle-ground of Dane, Saxon, and Briton.

But besides these broad divisions, and these conspicuous branches of the Teutonic family, there were numerous other waves of the great human flood that had broken upon the English shore, which contributed to the turmoil and confusion of the first century after the setting in of the tide. Out of a multitude of other tribes and families, all of which have left their mark behind them in the names of places and persons, the following are selected, derived from Anglo-Saxon sources, and certified by Domesday Book, and other ancient records.

Lango-Beardas, Longbeards or Lombards, gave their names to such places as Bardwell, Bardfield, Bardsey. Suevi, of whom the main body had occupied Spain, contributed a contingent whose traces are found at Swavesey, Sweffling, Swavetorp, Suevecamp, and more than one Swaffham. Geats, or Goths a race renowned in Anglo-Saxon *sagas*, as in Roman history, are found at Gateshead, Gatcombe, and the Gattons. Of Huns there are numerous traces, as well as notices in the sagas. Such places as Huncote, Hunton, Hundon, Hunwick, denote the districts where they had settlements; and in close proximity with some of these places, Attlebridge and Attleborough seem to commemorate one Ætla or Attila, a famous character in the poems, and a descendant, it may be, of the "scourge of God." Burgundians, we know, were introduced by the Romans into England. There *may* be a trace of them in the name of Burgoyne; and Godmersham in Kent *may* perpetuate the memory of Godemar, the last native king of Burgundy, who was driven from his throne and country by the Franks, and who *may* have found a refuge among some colonists of kindred race in England. There are tokens and notices also of Wends and Vendals. And besides these, and numerous others, there were scattered, up and down the country, settlements of Walas, Welsh, or native British; and Rum-Walas—Roman British. The country, in fact, was divided, for the most part, among little bands of adventurers, whom the stress of famine, or too rapidly-growing population at home had driven abroad; and who found in England, forsaken by its Roman masters, an ample field for plunder and for new abodes. The old feuds were soon renewed among them; and there is a growing belief that in the wild *sagas* which tell of these bloody contests, a clue is to be found to

the history of that period of chaos between the landing of Hengist and the establishment of the Heptarchy. The Heptarchy was, in fact, the settling down of a multitude of discordant elements into seven centres, which had absorbed the smaller subdivisions. One after another, the six were swallowed up by the Saxons; and, at last, all England was united under one crown by Egbert.

But during this time the Scandinavian element had been added in constantly increasing amount. Danes had been pouring in on the north and east of England, and had established a dynasty on the throne. Norsemen, from Norway and Iceland, had been running their long keels up every estuary on both sides of Scotland, had conquered half Ireland, and in conjunction with some of their brethren from Northumbria, had established a settlement still to be traced on the coast of South Wales. The points most commonly visited by the Vikings are to be recognized by the Scandinavian terms *naes* or *ness*, for headland; *fiord*, *firth*, *frith*, for estuary. It was in such congenial spots that they established themselves—a thorn in the side of the alien population of the main-land. And, lastly, a still more powerful element was added to the human conglomerate by the Norman conquest. Norse sea-rovers, refined, civilized, and Christianized by a century and a half of residence in France, quelled alike Saxon, Anglian, and Dane, and put the capital on the pillar of England's strength.

It may be assumed, then, for all practical purposes, that the population of Great Britain comprises six main elements. Three Celtic—the Cymri of Wales, the Erse of Ireland and the west of Scotland, the Gaelic of the Highlands of Scotland; and three Teutonic—the Saxon of the midland and southern counties except Kent, the Anglian or Danish of the eastern and northern counties and of the Lowlands of Scotland, the Scandinavian, Norse, or Norman, akin to the Anglian rather than to the Saxon, not forming any distinct portion of the bulk of the population, but penetrating it at various points, and more or less intermingling with, and leavening the whole, through the upper strata. To each belong peculiar and special characteristics, moral, intellectual, and physical. In appearance, the Celt of Great Britain was generally of low stature, swarthy complexion, black hair and eyes; broad-chested and long-armed. It is said of Rob Roy that he was so long in the arm, and it may be added, so short in stature, that he could tie the garters of his Highland hose without stooping. The Belgæ and other tall and fair inhabitants of ancient Britain have disap-

peared too completely to have left any distinct traces behind. The Saxon is fairly represented by the broad-shouldered, fair-haired, blue-eyed English peasant of the southern counties. The Dane and Norseman were, and their descendants still are, to a considerable extent, tall, large-boned, strong-jointed; with red hair and keen grey or blue eyes. The Celtic temperament is emotional, imaginative, passionate, impulsive; the Saxon strong, practical, simple, persevering. The Scandinavian character is marked most conspicuously by restless and turbulent energy, intense love of adventure, impatience of restraint. That the great examples of early English genius should have come from the north seems to argue that the Norse or Danish element was capable of a higher degree of intellectual culture than the Saxon. But it must be remembered that the fusion or intermixture of the Celtic and Teutonic or Scandinavian elements was, from the first, more complete in Northumbria than in any other part of the island.

These, then, are the broad divisions of the human race which make up the population of Great Britain. A very slight geographical acquaintance with the country will convince any observer that these types do still exist, distinct and well defined, up to the present day; and in this powerful spring of action it is believed that many historical circumstances will find their true solution. That no perfect amalgamation of the races has yet taken place is beyond a question. The "Cymro" is still as different a man from the "Sassenach," in appearance, character, and even language, as if he were a native of another hemisphere. The Highland gilly who carries the game-bag, or lands the salmon for the Southron, who rents half a county for the sake of its wild sports, has nothing in unison with him beyond the broad features of their common humanity. Ireland has been for years disgorging its native population and receiving a Saxon immigration, to whom the Celt may give way, but with whom he cannot mingle. The history of the points of contact of the two races has been a history of wars, revolts, and suppressions; fire and sword, and mutual devastation. The border land has been little but a waste; as if to prove that the line between the two ever has been and ever will be an impassable barrier. The very name of Saxon is held in abomination by the Celt. He holds himself degraded by speaking his language. Even in Wales, traversed by railways, crowded with tourists—where the schoolmaster is abroad—though the women and children may be induced to answer questions in English, the men almost universally make

a dogged reply in their native tongue that they speak no "Sassenach."

In England proper the fusion of the various elements of which the population is composed has been brought about by the long and painful process of breaking up into minute fragments all the less powerful constituents, and thus absorbing and assimilating them. Yet even in England the broader differences of race may be detected, and their influence on the history of the country may be traced. The rustic dialects will still serve to point out the main lines of division. The Anglian of Yorkshire and Northumberland cannot make himself understood by the West Saxon of Berks or Wilts; though his peculiarities of speech are common to the Jute of Kent. And, of course, each is to the other "as a barbarian." But there is the widest difference between the intelligence, acuteness, and energy of the north countryman, and the dull phlegmatic stolidity of the southern peasant. Nor will the "men of Kent," as many an agrarian riot testifies, submit to hardships which the Dorsetshire labourers bear, if not without a murmur, at least as a natural and inevitable part of their lot.

These are points of difference which lie on the surface, and are patent at once to the most ordinary observer. There are wider divergences than these, and which have told more deeply on the course of English history. That the Anglian settlers along the northern and eastern coast should have co-operated with their Saxon cousins, and should have aided Hengist and Horsa in their invasion was natural. But when fresh hordes of Teutonic immigrants reinforced the numbers both of Saxons and Angles, those two original colonist tribes soon came into collision, and the history of Saxon England consists mainly of a perpetual struggle for power and supremacy between North and South. At the period of the Danish invasion, this difference told with fatal effect for the Saxon dominion. If the Angles of Northumbria did not actually side with the invaders, who were of kindred race with themselves, they at last submitted, without very much apparent reluctance, to Danish supremacy. The difference of religion was, in the first instance, a bar to any concert between the heathen invaders who invoked the aid of Odin and the Angles who were disciples of the "White Christ." But when a few victories had established the Danish power in the north, the Angles of Northumbria seen to have attached themselves readily enough to a kindred race, whose object was the overthrow of Saxon dominion; and it is not likely that differences of religion were long

suffered to be a bar to their more complete union. A compromise between Odinism and Christianity was no unusual thing for a long period after the introduction of the Gospel among the northern people. We meet with instances of grim warriors fighting under the standard of the Cross and muttering Runic rhymes by way of a "hedge:" and one chronicle states that in the army of William the Conqueror at Hastings, after the night had been passed in Christian devotion, the war-song of Odin was raised as they advanced to the charge in the morning. Anyhow, the historical fact is that the Danes and Angles formed a coalition, the object of which was the overthrow of the Saxon dominion: an object in which they succeeded, for a time, at any rate, and have thereby left traces of themselves and of their institutions deeply engraven in our English national character.

The influence of opposing races in the great event of the Norman Conquest is very apparent. In the first place, the invasion itself was the infusion of another generic element. The Scandinavian followers of Rollo, refined and civilized by their residence in France, had a claim to the sympathies of their kindred race which was acknowledged by the north of England. And even the men of Kent, more mindful of the affinities of race than of the advantages of an undivided kingdom, readily submitted to the Conqueror on condition of their peculiar laws and liberties being confirmed to them. The subsequent insurrections in the north, which William crushed with such merciless severity, were the result, not of any feeling in favour of the deposed Saxon royalty, but of the interference which the more severe Norman rule exercised over the accustomed northern privilege of lawlessness. The Saxon rule had been acquiesced in in the north, because it left each man at liberty to follow the dictates of his own inclination. When the new monarch imposed restraints upon this licence, the turbulent Northumbrians rose at once in rebellion as against a new and unheard-of tyranny.

But this Norman severity laid the foundation of a new development of the influence of race upon the circumstances of a nation. It is probable that the Saxon dominion having been firmly established in England, led to the gradual emigration across the Scottish border of many scattered groups of discontented Anglians and Northumbrians. But the immediate result of the Norman Conquest and of William's severities in the north of England was to increase the proportion of Teutonic subjects of the country which had by that time become finally known as Scotland. Various additions of Norwegians, Danes, Anglo-Saxons, Normans,

and Flemings became gradually intermingled with, and by force of character superseded the older Celtic population. And by the time that the native race of kings died out with Alexander III, the Lowlands of Scotland, with the exception of a portion of the Borders, possessed a population of which the Teutonic was the dominant element.

It is not without some apprehension of the irritability of that most sensitive of plants—the Scottish thistle—that the subject of nationality north of the Tweed is touched upon. But the collision of races there has been so much more marked, and their fusion in that portion of the British dominions has taken place within such comparatively recent times, and under circumstances which have brought it within the scope of legitimate history, that any sketch of this subject would be incomplete and unintelligible which was not illustrated by a reference to the elements and the growth of Scottish nationality.

The materials out of which the people of Scotland have been produced are very similar to those which existed south of the Tweed. If we regard the ancient Picts or Pechts as represented by the Gael, then we have an original population of Celtic race, which received, from time to time, large additions from a kindred Celtic people, the Scots of the north of Ireland. At a very early period colonies of Norwegians were established in many parts of the extreme north, the northern islands especially. But the Lowlands, as has been already said, were peopled principally from Northumbria; and that population to this day is said to represent, in countenance and in dialect, the Anglian race.

It is manifest that there were the materials of strife and discord between these opposing races, struggling for possession of the soil. And the real condition of the various jarring elements may be well ascertained from the social features of the Border, as they have been made familiar to every reader by the fascinating genius of Sir Walter Scott. The state of things which existed on the Border, up to a comparatively recent period, is that which must have prevailed, to a great extent, at one period or another, in most parts both of England and of Scotland.

The peculiar local features of the Border were such as afforded protection to some remnants of the original Celtic population. The rich Lothians attracted the greater portion of the Anglian immigrants, who were dispossessed by Danish invasion, or who crossed the Border when William the Conqueror made Northumbria a desert with fire and sword. The poor lands, the romantic but comparatively valueless district

of the Tweed and its tributaries, were left to be at once the diminished heritage and the secure stronghold of the weaker race, whom the Anglo-Saxon was dispossessing. Hence we find the numerous tribe of the Scots, the remnant, as their name implies, of the original population, still settled among the hills and valleys about the Tweed, still maintaining their Celtic spirit of clanship, and still retaining, also, a good deal of that hatred of "the Southron," for which they had, perhaps, only too good reason, and which historical romance has rendered so picturesque. To the north, east, and south of this remnant of the Scottish race, surrounding and almost isolating them, the people of the Lowlands of Scotland, who, more than any other portion of the population of the British Isles, merit the name of Anglian or English, were settled in great force; and in them the Scots would find, so far as race was concerned, their hereditary enemies. On the south and west of this isolated tribe of Scots was the old Cymryland, the ancient abode of a portion of the same kindred race which now occupy North Wales. But, due west of the Scots, a new disturbing element had appeared. The Solway Frith, according to Mr. Worsaae, is the centre of the strongest Norwegian settlement in Great Britain. From Ireland, from Man, from the western islands, the Vikings had penetrated up the deep inlet which presented so many features of resemblance to their own northern cradle; and in the vales of Cumberland on the south, and Dumfriesshire on the north, the Norse *udallers* and *bonders* fixed their permanent abode, and gave the Scandinavian names which still pre-eminently distinguish that corner of Great Britain.

The Scots of the border, therefore, were in the position of men surrounded by hostile neighbours; and that state of things ensued which the latest bard of their race has described with such hearty zest, in many a ringing lay and picturesque local tradition. A system of petty feuds became the ordinary mode of life on the Border. For the Scots to ride a foray into Cumberland was merely to avenge many a raid of the intruding Norseman. The Anglian or Danish dalesmen of Northumberland again, could only be regarded by the Scots as hereditary enemies, though some indistinct sense of the existence of a common cause might serve, at times, to ally them to the almost identical race which had settled itself in the Lothians. And adjoining the isolated clan of Scots, the equally isolated Norsemen of the Solway Frith owned allegiance to neither the English nor the Scottish crown, and

"Stole the beeves to make their broth  
From England and from Scotland both."

It is the recollection of this antipathy of race which is the key to the wild disorder of the Borders. Had the Border been only the meeting-point of two nationalities, it would doubtless have been a district liable to strife and disturbance. But, in addition to these elements of discord, the Border contained also a tribe of the original Celtic population, whom adversity had rendered lawless, and whom the wealth of surrounding districts tempted to plunder; and still further a settlement of turbulent Norsemen, who had to maintain with sword and axe what the sword and axe had won. Hence that persistent animosity with which the blood-feud was handed down from generation to generation; and hence the restless and daringly aggressive character of the Borderers. The old family feud of the Scots and the Kerrs, immortalised in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," is only a picturesque account of what must have been a matter of the most ordinary occurrence before the union of the two crowns finally curbed the lawless turbulence of the Borders. The antagonism of race is apparent in the Celtic name of Scott on the one side, and that of Kerr, in which we trace the common Scandinavian *Kari*, on the other.

In many particulars the two races would soon come to resemble each other when their mode of life was so similar. The Norseman, as much at home in the saddle as on board his "longkeel," introduced the rough habits the alternations, of prolonged and violent exertion with indulgent ease and wasteful excess, which made up the life of a Border-rider. Both Norseman and Scot became perforce a sort of irregular light cavalry, admirably serviceable if only they could be depended upon; while both alike cherished the same feeling with regard to "dying in their shoes" which prompted the Danish Earl Siward of Northumberland to have his armour put on in his last moments, and so to make his exit from the world, standing upright with sword in hand, that he might not die "huddled up like a cow." But while partaking, necessarily, of the same general features, the distinction of race was felt and handed down from generation to generation, stimulated by endless feuds and mutual reprisals; and the Borders, so long as England and Scotland were two countries, were a sort of social chaos, in which romantic bravery and poetic genius were strangely intermingled with lawless anarchy and relentless strife.

But however powerful may be the influence of race, however broadly defined may be the line of demarcation between Celt and Teuton, and however sharply the two antagonistic races may have been brought into collision in the northern portion of the kingdom, yet there was a stronger antagonism,

*On the Influence of Race on National Development.*

and that also one of race, which was sufficient to overcome other differences, and to fuse elements which would have seemed altogether heterogeneous into a compact and harmonious whole. To an outsider there is something very puzzling about what is called Scottish nationality. The very name is a misnomer. A thousand years and more have passed since there was a people who could consistently be called Scots. While the Celtic race were the sole or all but the sole inhabitants of the British Islands, the Scots were a formidable people. Even they were foreigners and immigrants from Ireland; and it was their proximity to England, rather than their numbers or importance, which gave their name to the ancient Caledonia. But the people who have made Scotland what it is cannot with any ethnical precision be called Scots. It will not be disputed that the intellectual and industrial vigour of the country is to be found in the Lowlands, among the Anglo-Danish race. The Gael, strongly reinforced though he has been by a large admixture of Scandinavian blood, has not had much to do with the national development. The pith of the country is of Anglo-Danish extraction. And it is only with an amused astonishment that any one who considers this can see the most manifest Teutons affecting the Celtic tartan, and sporting "the garb of old Gaul." A Scotch Lowlander has about as much to do with the garb of old Gaul as he has with the shawls and turban of the subject people of India. The absurdity of such an affectation probably reached its height when his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh, holding a levee at Holyrood, resplendent in full Highland dress, found himself suddenly confronted by Alderman Curtis, hardly a more absurd figure than himself, attired in the same imposing costume. The Scottish claims to nationality would be a curious subject of inquiry. The very name belongs only to a small fraction of the people. The bulk of the most active of the population emigrated thither from England, tempted by the freedom from control afforded by a weak government. The greatest names of the country are of foreign origin. The Douglasses—of whom it is said that

"So many and so good as of the Douglasses have been  
Of one surname in Scotland never yet were seen"—

the Douglasses, if we may trust the earliest charter to their earliest representative, were Flammatici—Flemings. The name of Campbell is Italian. The Lindsays were Anglo-Normans from Lincolnshire. The very heroes of tradition did not belong to the country. Wallace, or more properly

Walleis, was, as his name implies, and as the best historians allow, by extraction a Welshman. The elder Bruce was an English subject; and the whole family, according to Sir Walter Scott, had not and could not be expected to have any Scottish sympathies. They were possessed only by that love of conquest and domination, altogether apart from any spirit of patriotism, which was a peculiar feature of the Norman character, and which enabled them to found kingdoms in so many lands.

It may be asked, then, upon what is Scottish nationality, whose existence it is impossible to question, really founded? It will be found that it is based on the instincts of race; and that antipathy to England was the pressure which brought these many discordant elements into cohesion. An intense dislike of and opposition to England has been able to fuse into one the conflicting interests and prejudices of so many heterogeneous materials. The Celtic races, both Scots and Gael, regarded the Teutonic invader of the shore of Britain as their natural enemy. The Anglo-Danish population who wandered northwards to escape from the stern rule of the Conqueror, regarded England, ever after, as the dominion of a foreign tyrant, towards whom and his subjects they could only feel hostility and resentment. The Danish and Norwegian colonists, willing to engage in wars of any kind, readily made common cause with their more immediate neighbours in any undertaking in which hard blows might be bartered for rich booty. Heterogeneous as the elements of Scottish nationality have been, breaking up into internecine domestic strife on every possible occasion, yet the instinctive dislike of the Saxon, the dread and the hatred of Saxon rule, have proved sufficient to fuse these discordant particles into a compact and solid whole. Apart from the opposition to England, the history of Scotland is a mere record of petty internal strife. But the grand antagonism of race has, on all great occasions, sufficed to subdue the smouldering animosities of the smaller sections of the community and to unite all, with more or less of coherence and good faith, against the common foe.

Even more strongly marked, though made more painfully evident, is the antagonism of race in Ireland. It is unnecessary to do more than point to the canny, thrifty, Protestant north, and to the happy-go-lucky, reckless, Ultramontane south and west, in order to mark at once a distinction of race still unsubdued, which all the ravings of Rotunda orators can hardly make more evident than it is made by the individual and social characteristics of the people themselves.

The result, then, of a glance at the component parts of our English population is this: that where various and divergent races are brought into collision with each other—as it is necessary, perhaps, for the greatness of a people that they should be so brought—the process of fusion is accomplished not by simple amalgamation, but by absorption. The discordant elements cannot neutralize one another, or interpenetrate each other. They will continue to clash in unceasing strife until one has been able to subdue the others. The strongest hand, the most steadfast will, the fiercest energy will gain the mastery; or the overpowering weight of superior numbers will crush down individual character when in a very small minority. And, in either case, a process which may be called absorption takes place. The stronger, either in character or in numbers, impose laws upon and mould the nature of the weaker. With more or less of opposition and reluctance, the weaker become assimilated to the stronger; the stronger, in their turn, imbibing something, perhaps, from the weaker. But it is essential to their healthy fusion that one preponderate over the other, by superior intellectual and physical capacity. It is where the balance is even that such results follow as those which Mr. Motley gently deploras. In England, the fusion of many diverse races has been accomplished by the successive domination of one over others. The Teuton came into collision with the Celt, and crushed what would not be absorbed. The Dane came into collision with the Saxon, and so nearly balanced were these opposing forces that only strife and discord followed. The Norman came upon them both, and broke the stubborn will that refused to bend. And having overcome by dint of superior vigour of character, that very vigour of character, turned into a new channel, reacted by degrees upon the subject people, and raised them to a prouder height among the nations than of themselves they could have attained to.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## SIR GEORGE GREY'S LIBRARY.

(CONTINUED.)

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### NATIVE LITERATURE.

THIS collection (unrivalled as it already is with regard to this branch of literature) has recently received as a valuable addition some interesting manuscripts in native languages

Amongst these, we mention first a series of original letters (seven in number) in Malagasy, referring to the late important events in Madagascar. Their dates are from June to November, 1861. They are accompanied partly by an English translation and some introductory words from the hand of our respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. James Cameron, to whom they were addressed, and who has kindly presented them to the Library. We shall refer more particularly at another time to the contents of these most interesting documents.

A handsomely written manuscript contains proverbial phrases in the Zulu language, with extensive explanations in English. They were presented by their collector and commentator, Canon H. Callaway, M.D., of Springvale, Upper Umkomanzi, Natal. They are very useful and interesting for any one who wishes to enter upon the peculiar manner of thinking which distinguishes the Zulu and Kafir mind.

Five legends in oTyi-hereró, or the Damara language, as written down by natives, copied and accompanied with a translation by the Rev. J. Rath, formerly of Damaraland, now of Sarcpta, near the railway. As he has kindly promised us a larger number of these last records of an almost extinct nation, among whom he was one of the first and probably their last missionary, we shall defer for the present to comment upon these manuscripts.

In the Hottentot language, large and most important contributions have been received from the Rev. G. Krönlein, Beerseba, Great Namaqualand. They give altogether thirteen fables, thirty-two proverbs, five riddles, and five songs—all in Nama Hottentot, with German translation and explanations. As a specimen of this style of literature, we venture to present here to the public a free English translation of his first Nama fable:

#### NAMA HOTTENTOT LEGENDS.

##### 1. *The Elephant.*

An elephant, it is said, was married to a Nama woman, whose two brothers came to her secretly, because they were afraid of the elephant. Then she went out as if to fetch wood, and putting them between the wood, she laid them on the stage.\* Then she said, "Has there also for me, since I married into this kraal, a wether with bald knees† been slaughtered?" And her blind mother-in-law answered her, saying,

\* The stage is that apparatus in the background of the hut (built of mats) opposite the door, upon which the Namaqua hang their bamboos, bags of skins and other things, and under which the women generally keep their mats.

† Wethers or capaters, gelded goat, bucks which from age and in consequence of kneeling down become hairless (bald) at the knees. They are mostly kept for such purposes as the above.

"What thou formerly never didst say, you say now, viz.: I get, it seems, a Nama smell." The wife answering her mother-in-law, said, "Was it not also formerly that I had to anoint myself and spread a smell about me." Whereupon the mother-in-law said: "Umph! By the wife of my eldest son, things are said which she never said before."

Thereupon arrived the elephant who had been in the field, smelling something, and rubbed against the house. "Ha," said his wife, "what formerly I should not do, I do now. On what day did you slaughter a wether lying in the middle of the kraal, that I should anoint myself, and give out my smell about me?" Then the mother-in-law said to him: "As she says things which she did not say (before), do it now!"

In this manner a wether with bald knees was slaughtered (for her), which she roasted whole, and asked then in the same night her mother-in-law, the following questions: "How do you breathe when you sleep the sleep of life (light sleep, half conscious)? And how, when you sleep the sleep of death (deep sleep)?"

Then the mother-in-law said, "Umph, an evening full of conversation! When we sleep the sleep of death, we breathe thus: *sūi sūi!* &c., and when we sleep the sleep of life we breathe thus: *Xou !áwaba ! Xou !áwaba !*

Thus the wife made everything right whilst they fell asleep. Then she listened to their snoring, and when they slept thus *sūi, sūi*, she rose and said to her two brothers: "The sleep of death is over them, let us make ready." They rose and went out and she broke the hut up, and took the necessary things, and said: "That thing which makes any noise, wills my death." Thus they kept altogether quietly.

When, now, her two brothers had packed up, she went with them between the cattle, but she left at home one cow, one ewe, and one goat, and directed them, saying to the cow, "You must not low like as if you were by yourself alone, if you do not wish for my death;" and she taught the ewe and the goat the same.

Thus they departed; and the cattle left behind lowed during the night as if they were many; and as they lowed as if they were still all there, the elephant thought: "They are all there." And when he rose in the morning, he saw that his wife, with all the cattle, was gone. Taking his stick into his hands, he said to his mother: "If I should fall the earth would tremble." With these words he followed them. When they saw him approaching they ran fast to the side, against a piece of rock [at a narrow spot], and she said, "We are people behind whom a large [travelling] party comes. Stone of my ancestors! divide thyself for us." There divided itself the rock, and when they had gone clean through it, it closed again [behind them].

Then came the elephant and said to the rock, "Stone of my ancestors! divide thyself also for me." There divided itself [the rock], and when he had entered, it closed. In this manner died the elephant. There trembled the earth, and the mother at her hut said, "As my eldest son said, thus it has happened. The earth shakes."

Regarding the contents of this legend, the compiler remarks that "it seems of a sarcastic nature, referring to the rudeness and unwieldiness of the elephant, who does not even know what he had to do in his quality as husband, and does not even observe the usual brookaross-slaughter at the wedding, nor provide for the favourite ointment with fat

and boochoo which is for the Nama wife one of the indispensable necessities of life. Though in his own way he is intelligent enough, when coming from the field, to smell at once mischief, yet the wife outwits him with her secret preparations for her departure and her conjuration of lifeless and living things, by which she manages entirely to deceive him. In the need of their flight the wife was then favoured by the miracle of the splitting of the rock, which, when imitated by the elephant, brought death to him. The trembling of the earth points, however, to the greatness and majesty of the elephant, notwithstanding all his plumpness and unwieldiness." (G. Kronlein.)

If we leave out of view the scenery and the local and national colouring of this legend, it almost reads like any European household tale; for example, like a tale recorded by Musæus of bewitched princes who married sisters, and whose spell of transformation into eagle, bear, or whale is at last broken by the self-devoted energy of the youngest brother of their wives; and do not these quite as cleverly manage to deceive their savage husbands, and to conceal their brother from their brutal intentions? Also the miracle of the opening of the rock meets with frequent analogies in the popular legends of civilized Europe. Even the terseness of the style presents a favourable contrast to the broad, almost prosy manner in which generally the Kafir and Negro stories run, with their frequent repetitions.

In fact, it will be found that the whole character of the Hottentot literature is much more in accordance with that of the more northern nations than that of the black tribes of Africa. There is more poetry and imagination in the Hottentot conception than in that of their dark-skinned neighbours, whose stories are mostly of a semi-historical character, referring either to human events, as such, or to the spirits of the dead, who are their particular objects of worship. The Hottentot legends have, on the contrary, more the character of fables in the manner of *Æsop* and others, and give moral lessons by stories based upon the well-known propensities of the animals which are here, for this purpose, treated as reasonable beings, endowed with language.

This is, of course, connected with, and, in the last instance, arising from, the higher poetical tendency which the Hottentot shares with the other members of the Sex-denoting family of languages, and which has its origin in the peculiar grammatical structure of these languages. But it would lead too far to enter here further upon this subject, by means of

which, also, the distinguishing characteristics of the religious ideas of these nations are to be explained; and as I shall treat the matter at length in the second part of my "*Comparative Grammar of South African Languages*," I beg to refer now in anticipation to its publication, which I trust will not be long deferred.

W. H. I. B.

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## THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

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The Spirit of Love roameth gladly and free  
Through the depths of the forest, in streamlet and tree;  
In the dim twilight aisles, where the wild vine groweth,  
On the cool mossy slopes where the violet bloweth;  
In the bee's murm'ring hum—the soft song of the dove,  
In the wood-bird's glad notes, there is life, there is love;  
In the whispering leaves, in the flow'r-scented air:  
Not a nook in the woods, but that Spirit is there!

Its wild beauty gleams on the far-sounding sea,  
As the waves clasp each other and shout in their glee!  
It flitteth and tosseth sublime o'er the ocean  
When lashed by the blast into thund'ring commotion:  
And when all things are still, and the winds hush'd asleep,  
And its twin-sister, Peace, hovers over the deep,  
'Tis then that, all bright and deliciously fair,  
The beautiful Spirit of Love resteth there!

It is throned afar, in the soft-beaming skies,  
In the morning's rose tints, in the sunset's bright dyes,  
In each clondlet that flits o'er the azure dome,  
Like souls of the blest on their far journey home;  
And in grandeur majestic, it soars high in Heaven,  
When the air by stern thunder and lightning is riven:  
In storm and in calm, in the day, in the night,  
The Heavens' own Spirit of Love shineth bright!

But sweeter by far than in skies, woods, or sea,  
Gentle woman, the Spirit of Love lives in thee!  
What star in the clear glitt'ring evening sky,  
Can vie with the soft light that beams in thine eye?  
The bright world would grow dim, and nought would be fair,  
If thy love-presence, woman, were wanting there!  
For the Spirit of Love, in all things that be  
Only reacheth perfection, enthroned in thee!

S.

# METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JUNE, 1861.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

| 1861. | Barometer<br>corrected at<br>32° Fahr. | THERMOMETERS. |       |      |      | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air,<br>Sat. = 100. | BAROMETER,<br>minus<br>Tension. | WIND.               |            | RAIN.           | Cloudy Sky, in<br>tenths. |
|-------|----------------------------------------|---------------|-------|------|------|------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
|       |                                        | Dry           | Wet.  | Max. | Min. |            |                             |                                 | Hourly<br>Velocity. | Direction. |                 |                           |
| June  | inches.                                | °             | °     | °    | °    | °          |                             | Inches.                         | miles.              |            | inch.           |                           |
| 1     | 30·081                                 | 58·52         | 56·40 | 62·0 | 54·7 | 54·50      | 86·8                        | 29·654                          | 5·9                 | WbS        | ·210            | 8·2                       |
| 2     | 30·289                                 | 54·34         | 49·70 | 60·6 | 49·1 | 45·20      | 71·4                        | 29·987                          | 12·8                | S          | ·083            | 1·7                       |
| 3     | 29·001                                 | 58·22         | 51·02 | 66·0 | 48·0 | 44·58      | 62·0                        | 29·699                          | 7·8                 | WbS        |                 | 3·3                       |
| 4     | 26·899                                 | 58·46         | 54·72 | 62·3 | 55·0 | 51·34      | 77·4                        | 29·517                          | 18·5                | WNW        | ·263            | 8·3                       |
| 5     | 30·285                                 | 56·62         | 52·78 | 60·9 | 52·9 | 49·18      | 76·8                        | 29·932                          | 6·5                 | WbN        |                 | 3·8                       |
| 6     | 30·277                                 | 52·02         | 48·82 | 61·4 | 43·0 | 45·74      | 80·0                        | 29·967                          | 3·5                 | SW         |                 | 2·0                       |
| 7     | 30·100                                 | 55·40         | 50·48 | 68·0 | 46·0 | 46·02      | 72·6                        | 29·768                          | 2·8                 | SWbW       |                 | 5·4                       |
| 8     | 30·096                                 | 55·42         | 52·12 | 66·4 | 48·8 | 49·22      | 82·0                        | 29·744                          | 5·0                 | NW         | ·150            | 2·6                       |
| 9     | 30·129                                 | 55·26         | 52·94 | 59·1 | 51·0 | 50·76      | 85·0                        | 29·757                          | 10·2                | NW         |                 | 6·1                       |
| 10    | 30·002                                 | 55·30         | 52·70 | 58·3 | 52·5 | 50·26      | 83·4                        | 29·638                          | 12·9                | NNW        |                 | 8·1                       |
| 11    | 29·840                                 | 57·94         | 55·58 | 60·0 | 55·4 | 53·48      | 85·6                        | 29·430                          | 16·6                | NWbN       | 1·420           | 9·8                       |
| 12    | 30·054                                 | 54·66         | 51·98 | 58·0 | 49·7 | 49·42      | 82·8                        | 29·699                          | 2·8                 | WbN        | ·125            | 7·0                       |
| 13    | 30·061                                 | 52·92         | 50·12 | 59·0 | 48·6 | 47·38      | 82·0                        | 29·732                          | 5·3                 | NW         |                 | 2·8                       |
| 14    | 29·852                                 | 57·76         | 52·80 | 60·2 | 53·4 | 48·32      | 71·6                        | 29·513                          | 16·0                | NW         | 1·610           | 9·1                       |
| 15    | 30·064                                 | 55·24         | 50·90 | 59·5 | 49·8 | 46·82      | 74·0                        | 29·743                          | 9·4                 | NWbW       | 1·33            | 6·7                       |
| 16    | 30·005                                 | 55·70         | 52·10 | 59·0 | 52·8 | 48·68      | 78·0                        | 29·658                          | 17·7                | WNW        | 1·463           | 9·0                       |
| 17    | 30·317                                 | 53·80         | 49·94 | 58·9 | 50·0 | 46·32      | 77·2                        | 30·000                          | 5·3                 | W          | ·085            | 9·0                       |
| 18    | 30·251                                 | 50·34         | 47·80 | 58·4 | 42·5 | 45·20      | 83·2                        | 29·949                          | 3·3                 | WbS        |                 | 2·3                       |
| 19    | 30·171                                 | 55·96         | 52·72 | 60·0 | 51·0 | 49·72      | 80·4                        | 29·813                          | 6·0                 | SWbW       |                 | 2·6                       |
| 20    | 29·941                                 | 56·20         | 53·24 | 62·2 | 51·5 | 50·44      | 81·6                        | 29·574                          | 7·3                 | W          | 1·220           | 6·8                       |
| 21    | 30·164                                 | 55·52         | 52·64 | 61·7 | 52·8 | 49·96      | 82·4                        | 29·803                          | 4·8                 | W          |                 | 8·6                       |
| 22    | 30·158                                 | 54·00         | 51·72 | 60·4 | 44·4 | 49·60      | 85·8                        | 29·801                          | 5·0                 | W          |                 | 3·8                       |
| 23    | 29·937                                 | 57·12         | 52·38 | 63·8 | 48·5 | 48·06      | 72·4                        | 29·601                          | 4·9                 | WbN        |                 | 0·2                       |
| 24    | 29·947                                 | 57·42         | 54·72 | 63·2 | 52·3 | 52·34      | 84·2                        | 29·553                          | 8·8                 | NWbW       |                 | 5·9                       |
| 25    | 30·039                                 | 57·12         | 55·40 | 59·8 | 53·3 | 53·84      | 89·0                        | 29·624                          | 2·4                 | WNW        | ·130            | 9·4                       |
| 26    | 30·139                                 | 55·88         | 54·94 | 58·4 | 53·0 | 54·06      | 93·6                        | 29·719                          | 5·3                 | WNW        | 0·583           | 10·0                      |
| 27    | 30·265                                 | 55·74         | 54·94 | 59·2 | 51·5 | 54·18      | 94·4                        | 29·843                          | 4·2                 | NNW        | 0·123           | 8·2                       |
| 28    | 30·218                                 | 56·64         | 54·66 | 60·7 | 50·0 | 52·84      | 87·4                        | 29·817                          | 4·7                 | W          |                 | 1·8                       |
| 29    | 30·177                                 | 56·44         | 54·96 | 63·0 | 49·6 | 53·64      | 90·8                        | 29·764                          | 5·1                 | S          |                 | 3·4                       |
| 30    | 30·083                                 | 58·56         | 52·62 | 64·8 | 50·0 | 49·00      | 73·6                        | 29·729                          | 5·6                 | SW         |                 | 3·4                       |
| Means | 30·095                                 | 55·82         | 55·82 | 61·2 | 50·4 | 49·67      | 80·9                        | 29·735                          | 7·5                 | W          | Sum in<br>7·608 | 5·6                       |

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

|                                | A. M.<br>5h. | A. M.<br>9h. | P. M.<br>1h. | P. M.<br>5h. | P. M.<br>9h. | Highest. | Lowest. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------|---------|
| Barometer—Cor. at 32° Fahr.    | 30·086       | 30·123       | 30·085       | 30·079       | 30·101       | 30·419   | 29·729  |
| Press. of Dry Air              | 29·751       | 29·767       | 29·712       | 29·704       | 29·740       | 30·077   | 29·374  |
| Thermometer—Dry ...            | 52·99        | 55·15        | 60·21        | 56·76        | 54·12        | 66·5     | 43·2    |
| Wet ...                        | 50·30        | 52·22        | 55·11        | 53·67        | 51·93        | 59·1     | 41·4    |
| Humidity of the Air, per cent. | 83·6         | 82·0         | 72·0         | 81·1         | 85·6         | 97·      | 48·     |
| Dew Point ...                  | 47·7         | 49·5         | 50·7         | 50·8         | 49·8         | 56·6     | 39·2    |





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## THE WORD "GENTLEMAN."

WE purpose in this paper to investigate the origin and to trace the history of the word "gentleman."

It is now acknowledged by all that there is a deeper import in words than the mere utterance of a thought which passes for a moment through the mind of man. This truth the Latin poet recognized when he wrote "*nescit vox missa reverti*," and the Greek philosopher asserted by making "*logos*" a word equivalent to the highest faculty of man—his reason. More than ordinary interest attaches to the word "gentleman," for it expresses the relation of the individual to society, the qualities which he ought to possess that he may perform his duties aright. If we can trace its history, we shall be enabled to understand the reasons of the difference in this relation from time to time—perhaps to find out why its value has fallen and whether it may not be possible to raise it again.

When the word came into our language cannot be precisely ascertained; probably the Normans brought over the parent, "*gentilhomme*." The races of the north who poured down upon Europe had received the impress of the Roman mind. Fierce men who delighted in the hunt and the battle—whose belief had been in gods, once heroic men. They were educated by the Roman. He taught them humanity—the ties that ought to bind man to man in one family; civilization—the gathering of men into cities and uniting them by the farther bond of citizenship. Britain had received this education before, but the Saxon rule and the absence of Roman soldiers made her forget much of what she had learned. The Norman came to revive the Roman ideas; but although a conqueror, he was influenced by the nation whom he conquered.

William and the chiefs were "*gentilhommes*" (*noblemen*), and were proud of their name. When he became king, they were still by it his peers.

Then we may suppose the Saxon moulding the word, to suit his voice and thoughts, into "gentleman."

In this form it serves to show us what we owe to the Saxon, what to the Norman and Roman: to the former that we are men, to the latter that we are gentle. The one begat us, the other bred us. But the haughty Norman noble disdained to use the word when altered by the Saxon serf; and so, thus early in its history, it came to mean one who, though not a noble, was yet well-born or well-bred.

That the former was not the only qualification Chaucer has put beyond doubt, for he writes in his "Romaunt of the Rose:"

" But who so vertuous,  
And in his part not outrageous,  
When such one thou seest he beform,  
Though he be not gentill borne,  
Thou maiest well serve (this is in sothe)  
That he is gentill because he dothe  
As longeth to a gentillman ;"

—a sentiment which gave rise to the proverb " Handsome is who handsome does."

That it did not accompany riches, the " Miller's Tale " further shows us :

" For some folk will be women for richesse,  
And some for strokes, and some with gentilnesse."

And more distinct and noble still is the definition in the " Tale of Melibœus :"

" And certes he should be called a gentilman what after God and good conscience, all things left, he doth his diligence and besness to kepen his good name."

Yet although we find Chaucer here and there declaring the duties of a gentleman, his place in society has not yet become determined, for, to use the words of Professor Brewer, " Chaucer lived in the age of chivalry ; was himself shield-bearer to the king, and the characters of his time were the knight and monk."

Chivalry was the complement of feudalism. Both had their foundation in the divine idea of order. Feudalism, resting on the belief of the dependence of man on man, of all men on God, strove to realize a perfect form by requiring a perfect obedience from each inferior to each superior. Chivalry, too, had its orders and ranks within these orders; valour rather than obedience the means of its quest. In the scheme of feudalism it was clear that the gentleman could have no place; for, as we have seen, the very nature of the name implies a power in man, if he have the will, to become gentle, and the feudal system would allow of no man moving beyond his sphere. His course in society is as fixed as the

course of the planets in the heavens; and although chivalry permitted promotion from the ranks, it was seldom carried out, and the power was vested in the king, not in the man himself.

But as time passed, feudalism, step by step, lost its ground; the balance of power between king, nobles, and church was disturbed; the wars of the Roses and the policy of Henry VII destroyed the power of the nobility; the Spanish marriage and the temper of Henry VIII brought about the rupture with Rome; and Elizabeth succeeded to a throne strengthened by her father's and grandfather's deeds.

Feudalism had been found wanting. It may have been that men began to reflect on their own ignorance, to doubt whether they were right in subjecting others to themselves. It certainly was the case that all began more rightly to understand their place in society, to have their thoughts about, and perform more righteous deeds towards, their fellow-men.

We have seen the close relation between feudalism and chivalry; will they fall as they have stood together?

If there be any truth in chivalry, a kernel of which it is the husk, that cannot fall. If love and valour, the two principles on which it depends, be true, they will remain. And they did remain; but to understand how, and in whom, we must briefly glance at the condition of England at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign. A virgin is on the throne, and attacked. Here, in the days of chivalry, is enough to raise a thousand knights to do their devoir; but she is Protestant, and of the old chivalry all that remains is devoted to the Church of Rome. Is it not possible to raise up a purer chivalry? If love and valour be against England in the fight, how can she stand? Then arose in brave hearts the belief that it was possible—from English voices the cry that there were those who were willing to become the Queen's gentlemen. So came the word to its noblest meaning. It was an echo and a reflection of the ancient chivalry.

But our guide is waiting. If we go further without him we shall miss the way. Spenser, in his "*Faerie Queen*," has written the epic of the gentleman, as Milton, in his "*Paradise Lost*," has written the epic of the man. The latter sings of "man's first disobedience," of the departure from God's order, and death as a consequence brought into the world; the former, taking things as they are, seeing evil in the world as well as good—man placed in the world that he may choose between the two—teaches him how to choose, warns him of his danger, and points out his safeguards.

But let the poet speak for himself. "My purpose is"—he writes to Sir Walter Raleigh—"to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." But how are we to know what is a gentleman? What is there to distinguish him from other men? "Manners makyth man" was the motto of William of Wykeham. More truly might it have run, although it would have spoiled the alliteration, *manners makyth gentle*. Yet is our difficulty only removed a step. What are manners? Surely if there be any nobleness in them they must be something more than that which is taught at a dancing-school. Yet does this, the correct idea of them at the present day, carry with it some truth. They are external signs, but good only so far as they are witnesses of virtues which reside in the heart. Such, then, is the gentleman—one who by his manners bears witness of his virtues. Herein lay Spenser's task. He, seeing around him men exercising virtues, abounding in valour and temperance, courtesy and friendship—each virtue of theirs brought out more and more by their intercourse with other men, by fulfilling their duties to society, yet ever near themselves, and however threatening were the errors and sins men fall into—which all men have fallen into—could he show them how to guard against present evil, how to exercise their virtues so as to gain more virtue, how great would be the benefit. This was his aim. To effect it he gave as example knights, each possessing a particular virtue, each placed in circumstances tending to draw that virtue out, yet each requiring the assistance of an ideal Arthur—a man possessing all virtue. Let all strive to imitate him, to undergo like men the discipline afforded to them, and from clowns they will become gentle. It is not within our power to trace more minutely the process of transformation. He who would must read for himself the "Faerie Queen." But it is necessary to mark the place which the "gentleman" held in the politics of the day.

Elizabeth had three enemies to cope with. Philip, aiming at wider bounds of empire and the extinction of heresy; the Pope, seeking throughout Europe for his lost children; Mary of Scotland, her rival alike in title and in beauty. These three were united by common faith and common interest. Against them rallied all the true-hearted round Elizabeth. It was the commons who besought the head of the Queen of Scots, however agreeable the prayer may have been to Elizabeth. It was the common speech that taunted Spain in proverbs: "Let my death come from Spain, for then it will be long of coming."

Thus all classes were linked together by the danger that threatened all, and by love for their Queen, Country, and Faith. And thus, in politics as in ethics, the man had many enemies to encounter—whetstones for his virtues; so was an education provided by which he might become gentle. Nor was it possibility only—Sir Philip Sydney is, perhaps, the most perfect example of the gentleman that our history affords us.

Now the Elizabethan heroes are more present than they have been in any age since their own. The Elizabethan is held to be the golden age; Shakspeare the teacher to man of man; Bacon was not the founder of a new, but the interpreter of the true philosophy; Spenser, if little read, is often referred to; and Hooker's idea of polity is reduced to our own meagre conceptions of government. Probably we err in our estimate and omit much that was evil. The darkness which followed has served to make this period intensely bright.

But already the sign was taking the place of the substance. In the latter years of the reign outward observance stood for faith, flattery for loyalty. The false idea of policy supplanted the idea of a polity; the distinction between right and wrong escaped notice in subtle controversies as to the expedient. No longer was the gentleman sincere; prosperity had bred corruption. But to see this change clearly we must look to the reign of James.

The pedant king brought to the surface the evil which, in Elizabeth's reign, had been overruled for good. There was now no attack from without; a greater danger came from within. The king favoured his countrymen to the detriment of Englishmen—misruled, through his favourites, each part of his dominions. The character of the Stuart race, destitute of firmness, was led to evil by the lawless will of a Somerset or a Villiers; in the nation, a period of words succeeded a period of deeds.

But what was the gentleman of the times? We have two pictures ready at hand, drawn by a consummate artist, whose writings being little read, long quotations may be excused.

Fuller has placed in the "holy state" a true gentleman; in the "profane state" a degenerate one. "If his birth be not," he writes of the former, "at least his qualities are, generous. What if he cannot, with the Heveninghams of Suffolk, count five and twenty knights of his family; or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk; or, with the Nauntons, show where his forefathers had seven

hundred pounds a year before or at the Conquest. Yet he hath endeavoured by his own deserts to ennoble himself."

Here have we Spenser's teaching endorsed by the Divine. Yet evidence there is in Fuller's words that men had claimed because of their ancestry to be counted gentlemen, while he tells them that the true test of a gentleman is that his qualities be generous. His behaviour is further noted: "He is courteous and affable to his neighbours." "The slow pace of his judgment is recompensed by the swift following of his affections when his judgment is once soundly informed."

And then we have the counterpart, severely just as one of Hogarth's pictures—the degenerate gentleman. "Some will challenge this title of incongruity—for sure, where the gentleman is the root, degenerate cannot be the fruit." A title incongruous it may be, but true, for many who claimed the name of gentleman, who received it in common parlance, were "degenerate." The name has begun to keep bad company.

"He is kept under the devil's Nazarite; no razor of correction must come upon his head in his father's family. At school he goes to learn in jest and play in earnest. The butler makes him free (having first paid the fees accustomed) of his own father's cellar, and guesseth the profoundness of his young master's capacity by the number of whole ones he pitcheth off. Coming to the university, his chief study is to study nothing. At the inns of court, under pretence to learn law, he learns to be lawless; becomes acquainted with the roaming boys, those, as David saith, 'clothe themselves with curses as with a garment,' and therefore desire to be in the latest fashion both in their clothes and curses. Drinking is one of the principal liberal sciences he professeth; gaming another art he studieth much. He is obliged to sell the outworks of his estate, and becomes to his kinsmen as welcome as a storm; having undone himself, he sets up the trade to undo others. Perhaps he behaves himself so badly that he is degraded." Fuller concludes with the moral, "How weak a thing is gentry, that which, if it wants virtue, brittle glass is the more lasting monument!" Observe carefully the fall of the word: birth or land makes a man gentle; he is only, *perhaps*, degraded if he behave basely; without virtue his gentry is no lasting monument, but not, as Chaucer sung, does he require to be "vertuous" that he may be a gentleman.

Fuller's book, from which we have quoted, was published in 1642. He was born in 1608 and died in 1661. His observations apply alike to the reigns of James and of

Charles. Happy would it have been for the latter had he possessed on his side more of the true and fewer of the "degenerous" gentlemen. But Gorings were more abundant than Falklands. With the causes of the revolution we have only to deal so far as they concern our subject. The leading thought of the Puritan, which he applied to everything around him, was this, that all were striving to break through God's law, that he was the chosen instrument to set them right. To him the whole framework of society was corrupt; respect to rank was paying honour to man which ought only to be paid to God; love of amusement was the result of the desperately wicked nature of man; the courtesies of life were conventional lies, and as lies ought to be put down. It was no wonder that the hypocrisy and double-dealing of the courtier should bring men to detest the court and the gentleman. So the battle was fought and won, and Puritanism was established. Was it a visible God's kingdom on earth? Were all the corrupt desires of man banished along with the dance and the play? Or did there not arise a more terrible hypocrisy, a more veritable taking of God's name in vain, to which was added a stern formalism which strove to drive from men all love? Then the "gentleman" became almost an extinct species; the Cavaliers who might rightly claim the name were in exile; the Presbyterians and Independents held it as profane.

Thus truly Selden said: "What a gentleman is 'tis hard with us to define. In Westminster Hall, he is one that is reputed one; in the court of honour, he that hath arms." The name has fallen another step, is but a legal phrase, or depends only upon the herald's books.

The Restoration followed upon the Protectorate. One of the last strokes of Cromwell's policy had been the attempt to raise, at his bidding, a new house of peers, honourables, and right honourables, and my lords. These it was easy to create, but the attempt was a failure, the Puritan stock would not bear a graft from the Cavalier; and not till Charles II returned was society restored. What a restoration! may be said. True, it was after the manner of so-called church restorations—brick and mortar, instead of stone. The kingship was restored in the person of a good-for-nothing king (for stronger adjectives *vide* "Rochester's Poems"): society was restored by licentious courtiers. One of the most pernicious effects of the reaction had been to set Charles up not only as a king to be obeyed, but as a man to be imitated. All the insults, all the wrongs which have been heaped upon the father were to be made up for to the son.

The king was the gentleman; to be a gentleman was to conform to the royal vices. To mark the character of the gentleman of the reign it is only necessary to cast a glance into a play of the period. The king and his courtiers had come back foreigners; French manners and fashions predominated; the very tone of French society was to be transferred to England; pleasure was the one thing sought after. This picture has been handed down to us by the dramatists; whether written for good or evil, or well or ill-written, most instructive it must ever be to the student of history. Now we find "gentleman" associating with adjectives—the "fine gentleman." The simple, honest word is not enough to tell its meaning; gentle manners will not suffice; there must be something fine about him. Of a piece with this is the phrase which became common—"a gentleman of the town." The court is the central light round which all the moths, bright-winged it may be, but still moths, flutter till they are consumed. London is rising in importance, soon to become the Paris, and more than the Paris, of England. That the ring is false, serves to prove the truth of the proverb, "All is not gold that glitters;" and there arises in consequence, as there had arisen before, a form of Puritanism. Then it was the Presbyterian and Independent; now it is the Quaker. To him no less than to them is society a lie, titles of honour to be condemned. But the reaction was too strong to allow a wide circulation to the opinions of Barclay and of Penn. A word has come across us here and there which is henceforth to be intimately connected with the gentleman which was affected by the mode of thoughts of this day. We mean "honour," no longer held in its first and highest meaning.

Chivalry had held aright the idea of honour. It is a word, we feel, in its inmost nature connected with the brave man and the fair woman. But chivalry, as we have already noted, had ceased to be; and while we recognize the truths it left us, we must not overlook some corruptions which sprang from it. The duel was one of these. So long as there was in it the assertion that the knight must prove the truth of his word and the righteousness of his deeds—so long as there remained the chivalric form of society, there might, there did spring good from it. But now the form of society is different; the knight is a dream of the past, the tournament is only a revival. Then arose the "laws of honour," destined to drag the gentleman to the ground, and for two centuries to disgrace the name; not in themselves necessarily evil, rather in the use men made of them, parading these

laws of honour, when there was no true honour—making life and death matter of the most scholastic hair-splitting.

Paley was not far wrong when he declared them to be "conventions of society to facilitate men's intercourse with one another, and for no other purpose." But of what society? Certainly of no true society, but the very falsest. Society not bound by the eternal law of love, but founded on mutual selfishness. Yet let it not be supposed that in Charles' reign there was no true gentleman, any more than that in Elizabeth's there was no false gentleman.

Here we are somewhat at a standstill. The reign of James II adds little that is new to the "gentleman" of Charles, except it be in the religious aspect. The reigns of William and of Anne bring us to a new era in its history, demanding, as we shall presently see, a full investigation.

We have attempted to follow the word from its birth in England, of Norman and Saxon parentage, upwards to its sunny days in the reign of Elizabeth, downwards—by the hollowness of James' reign, by the ferment of the civil war, by the distinctiveness of the Puritan—to its final degradation at the court of Charles. Before proceeding further, we would venture to assert that its history ought to teach us that the good of society consists in the power neither of the well-born or the rich, nor of the low-born or the poor, but in the performance by each in his station of his duty to his fellow-man—a performance which, the more perfect it is, the more *gentle* will the man become. Further, if less important, yet more apt to be overlooked, that the courtesies of life, abused and formalized however they may be, ought to be regarded as witnesses of the law of love acknowledged by humanity.

Macaulay tells us that "Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home; and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet-street or in Chancery-lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow."

Here, then, was the result of the manners of Charles and his court. Home and family were no longer dear to the Englishman; talking about his neighbours' business was preferred to taking care of his own; the place of women in society was lost sight of; selfishness and clubs became the order of the day. Hence, too, by retributive justice, was to come the downfall of the court. Royal vices and royal crimes, even if done in a corner, were proclaimed in the

market-place. Tyranny and popery were dismissed from the high places, and the Revolution placed the Dutch Prince on the English throne. We have nothing to do with the political question, except so far as it concerns the social. There was surely room enough for work in reforming society, if only to throw some sparks of life and love upon the cold, hard form it now assumed. But William was himself a cold man. It may be that his heart warmed towards his home in Holland; at any rate, England got but a small share of it. Not only was he unfriendly to others: if report spoke true, his wife had as little love from him as his kingdom. So, instead of a truer society, the old selfish society was frozen by contact with the man and manners of Holland. After all, the vices of the former reigns had been English vices; it was better that they should be corrected by Englishmen.

We pass gladly to the reign of Anne; here we shall find a new epoch in the history of our word. The upholder of a salic law would do well to ponder the reigns of the three queens of England—Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria; the two former considered by all men the greatest in English history, the latter not yet fairly judged, but likely to rank side by side with them. It has been the absence of women from their proper place that has caused the falling off in the gentleman; half the virtues that we have seen to be his have no opportunity of exercising themselves. The presence of a queen must in itself be a partial remedy for this great evil—but only partial. Unless all women be educated, so as to understand what their place is, even a queen can do little.

The plays of Wycherley and Congreve, so far as they teach at all, tend to retard, and not to advance, this education. The play and the theatre will be long impure, will never probably instruct men as they did in Shakspeare's time. Where, then, is the education to come from? The pulpit teaches politics, as the trial of Sacheverell shows; the newspaper will teach morality. Men who frequent the coffee-house themselves will show what is good and what is evil in the present system; how men and women alike have neglected and are neglecting their duty; how they ought to perform it; will, above all, restore the gentleman to his former high position by showing what the true gentleman is. We dare not venture to describe Sir Roger de Coverley, and departure from the *Spectator's* account would be an error; but certain marks of the changed position of the gentleman our duty forbids us to pass over. First and last, let it be observed that he is a country gentleman; that Sir

Roger came once a year to town is very true, but this seems to us not to contradict, but rather to strengthen, our opinion—for it shows that while he was a country gentleman, he yet desired to be sociable. The court and the town have driven true gentility into the woods and the fields. Yet it is not as the hermit, to avoid his fellow-men, that the gentleman has fled to the country; nor as the monk, to become a member of a small society instead of a large one, which shall deny by the very name of "brotherhood" that all men are brethren. His endeavour is to foster society, to perform his duty to his fellow-men. The gentleman of the town is still, as he was in Charles' reign, the *fine* gentleman. It may be, as the *Spectator* asserts, "that to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man." But much more current was the lady's gentleman, whom the *Spectator* condemns in these words—"that he is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, and obsequious by turns, just as little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment."

Further, it is of note that Sir Roger is a bachelor; that before he was crossed in love he had been one of these fine gentlemen; "had often supped with my Lord Rochester, fought a duel on his first coming to town, and kicked Billy Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him a youngster." His country life, then, was in a manner to educate him; as a landlord and a magistrate, he was to give up the follies of his youth. It is also very important to remark that, now the name of gentleman is becoming confined more especially to those that have land; the possibility of a man's gaining it for himself is diminished. So, too, in turn, the characteristic of the age is marked. He will quote the Latin authors if he speaks in the House of Commons; two thirds of his library will consist of classical books.

To us there will always be something stiff and un-English in the gentlemen of Anne's reign. We think of them as pictures rather than as men—wearing wigs and dancing minuets, rather than as having brains beneath their wigs, and strong active bodies above their buckled shoes. If we allow the time the title of *Augustan*, it is with a sneer that seems to say "Augustan in the prostitution of literature to patronage, in flattery, and in polish—wanting altogether strength, and truth, and honesty." Yet Johnson and Goldsmith, Sterne and Swift, are not men whom we can afford to look down upon. The definition that Johnson gives of the word shows better than anything else which way the wind was now setting: "*Gentleman, i.e., homo gentiles*, a man of ancestry; all other derivations seem whimsical." He allows

as a secondary meaning "a man raised above the vulgar by his character or post;" but the instances he adduces of this use of it are remote and uncertain. To this period belonged the "Gentleman's Magazine."

We have included in these observations the reign of George I. There is no distinction of moment between it and the preceding reign, so far as the gentleman is concerned. But, as yet, we have only marked the restoration of the word, and have seen from a distance the signs of its degradation. With its fall and the principal author of it we have now to deal.

The age of Louis XIV is over, but the influence remains. England has not yet received its full share of the contamination.

One year before the death of Louis an English nobleman visited Paris. He had been educated at Cambridge, where he went further than most men, even in that age, in his admiration of the classics. "When I talked my best," he says, "I talked Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I made up my mind to be a *fine gentleman*, I talked Ovid."

At Paris he informs us he received his final polish. On the accession of George I (1715) he became Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales—a gentleman not naturally, but by Royal Letters Patent. As a member of Parliament he gained distinction for oratory. About his first speech, he tells us, he thought for a month. Taking the Prince's side in the quarrel with the King, he lost court favour; but held, after the death of George I, the post of Ambassador at the Hague, Viceroy in Ireland, and Secretary of State. He died in 1774. Such was the man who influenced the manners of the gentlemen belonging to the reigns of the Georges, and this was his idea as to how a gentleman would be manufactured—Ovid plus French polish; or, as it was translated into the life of Lord Chesterfield, "the gentleman was the heathen and the libertine combined." The connection with France is shown most clearly in the words then introduced into our language, many of which have remained to the present day. *Beau* and *belle*, *ton*,\* *vis-a-vis*, *tête-a-tête*, *bagatelle*, are examples which must occur to everyone. In French, too, were written the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, enjoining him, as it has been said, to copy the manners of a dancing master. The rules

\* The reader of Spenser will remember that his use of this word is totally different from that current now, which we believe to have been introduced in the eighteenth century.

of etiquette which he laid down became now a science more subtle and infinitely more absurd than heraldry had been.

Viewing the Chesterfield gentleman in the most favourable light, he was one who could and would make himself agreeable, ready for the sake of a compliment to tell a lie, holding flattery to be not venial only, but praiseworthy. Against this false standard some were sure to enter the lists. The attack of one we purpose now to set forth, as it will serve to show more clearly what the colours on both sides were.

The papers of Knox, although often in company with the *Spectator* and the *Citizen of the World*, are almost forgotten now; whether it is because they present less facility for Latin prose we know not. The subject of one of them is an imaginary conversation between Cicero and Lord Chesterfield.

Cicero, after asserting that he would not have the arts of embellishment advanced to extreme refinement, says: "In acquiring the gentleman, I would not lose the spirit of the man." To which Chesterfield makes rejoinder: "You and I lived in a state of manners as different as the periods in which we lived were distant. You Romans—pardon me, my dear—you Romans had a little of the brute in you. Why, Beau Nash would have handed your Catos and Brutuses out of the drawing-room if they had shown their unmannerly heads in it; and my Lord Modish, animated with the conscious merit of the largest or smartest buckles in the room, according to the temporary ton, would have laughed Pompey the Great out of countenance." Cicero replies, telling Chesterfield that it is from France that he has learnt all his monkey tricks, and proceeds thus: "*Cic.* I will not spend arguments in proving that gold is more valuable than tinsel; but I must censure you for recommending vice as graceful in your memorable letters." "*Chest.* That the great Cicero should know so little of the world really surprises me. A little libertinism, my dear, that's all. How can one be a gentleman without a little libertinism?" "*Cic.* I ever thought that, to be a gentleman, it was necessary to be a moral man."

The dialogue concludes with a comparison drawn by Cicero between his treatise "*De Officiis*" and Chesterfield's letters, very much after the manner of a sermon, by which Chesterfield professes to be converted, and confesses his sins in the following words: "French courtiers and French philosophers have been my models, and amid the dissipation

of pleasure and the luxury of affected vivacity I never considered the gracefulness of virtue and the beauty of an open, sincere, and manly character." The motto attached to the paper is from Sallust, "*Esse quam videri*;" the title, "On the superior value of solid accomplishments." These show distinctly the point and the mode of attack. If all that Chesterfield taught be but seeming good; if—and Englishmen, surely, would be the last men in the world to deny this hypothesis—that which is solid and real is superior to that which is superficial,—there are the manners prescribed by Chesterfield, there is the gentleman modelled after them, false, and therefore worthless. The essays of Knox were published in 1777. His opinion of the falseness of this idea of the gentleman may serve as a specimen of the protest that honest men throughout the reigns of the Georges made in public or in their own hearts. But the protest, it cannot be denied, was and is ineffectual. We retain to this day one half of the Chesterfield idea when we write (the phrase is stereotyped for newspaper reporters attached to police courts), "such a man, judging from first sight, is of gentlemanly appearance." The law that rules over words has worked a remedy more severely and more justly; has declared that "gentleman," having forsaken his high calling, must be degraded. So now the word is used by men as they like; it requires only respectable dress to receive it—not *that* even, if the speaker be a showman or would-be member of Parliament. We have all become in strict sense "respecters of persons" of the marks and outward forms of men—titles, and wealth, and appearance. What right have we to complain if rogues profit by it and honest men are cast down. "But so it has been always!" Poorest of poor excuses—sure sign that so it will always be as far as those who utter it are concerned; yet in our day not without protests more noble than those of the last century.

Witness this which we are glad to enrich our page with, "A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman; a gentleman in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the world, is the devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything—at least in everything which depends on himself—in carriage, temper, conversation, aims, and desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate, not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive,—for these things are contrary to gentleness."

"Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated."

Thus far the author of "Guesses at Truth." Most of us remember the beautiful stanzas on the subject by Tennyson, in which he sums up the character of his immaculate friend:

"And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use."

So, too, there is a protest in our every-day talk when we speak of the *real* gentleman and the *thorough* gentleman, terms which further serve to prove the existence of many shams and counterfeits. But now, to gather from the past a lesson for the present, is it desirable that the word should receive again its high meaning? If it be desirable, is it possible? About the first question, we conceive there can be no doubt, it is always desirable that men should do their duty to their neighbours. As many as do their duty deserve a name of like import to this, and there can be no better than this. The second is more difficult to answer; yet this much we may say, with surety, that never has there been a time more fitted for the restoration of the word. We have a Queen reigning over us; whom we will allow to yield to none in history for womanly virtues. Not very long since we had War to bring sorrow home to us, and rouse us from our selfishness and self-conceit. We have heard, and some of us have seen, our countrywomen claiming their right to work, and doing their work no less zealously and bravely than the soldiers who fought for us. And now, if there be the prospect of peace in Europe (whatever the disturbance in the new world), there are not wanting lowering signs in our own social state, both here and in England, of battles to be fought before long with enemies of truth and freedom; of an exertion that will be required from each one of us, more likely to tend to our well-being than repose that might be deceitful, that must be enervating.

It being then a good season, are we ready to assist in the restoration? Certainly we are *not*, nor are we likely to be, if we say that it is all nonsense, and hesitate to give the name to any one, and strive to escape it ourselves. Certainly we are not, nor ever shall be, so long as we endeavour to maintain the false and vicious ideas of it, and on that ground to obtain it.

From the lives of those who have held the name rightly we must gather what must be done by us, and when there are enough men rightly holding and using it, then may we hope to see the name restored to its pristine dignity.

## E V E L E E N .

## 1.

My own girl at home  
 Weep no longer for me,  
 The ship steps through the ocean foam,  
 That bears me back to thee.  
 Full sail and bending mast,  
 We cleave the waters green,  
 I'm hasting home to you, at last,  
 My own Eveleen.

## 2.

I have o'ercome the fate,  
 That parted us so long,  
 I have o'erpast the treacherous hate,  
 Forgot the rankling wrong.  
 I am speeding o'er the sea,  
 They swore should roll between  
 The one who loves thee well, and thee,  
 My own Eveleen !

## 3.

Of you, how many a night  
 I've dreamed the long watch through !  
 From noon's brain-searing shafts of light,  
 My thoughts have flown to you.  
 To you, in your own home-bowers,  
 Where the light falls cool and green,  
 My saint of saints ! my flower of flowers !  
 My own Eveleen !

## 4.

But now no longer pine,  
 No longer wait and weep,  
 Our pennant floats far o'er the brine.  
 We march along the deep.  
 With store of royal gold,  
 With silks of sunny sheen,  
 And bridal raiment, meet to fold  
 My own Eveleen.

## 5.

An hour ! and he shall trace,  
 The old home seen once more,  
 But to have seen his true love's face  
 White as the shroud she wore !  
 Oh ! fading human love !  
 Oh ! light in darkness seen !  
 Oh ! voiceless as the stone above,  
 Thy grave, Eveleen.

C. P. M.

## AGRICULTURAL THEORIES AND AGRICULTURAL PRACTICE.

AGRICULTURAL theories of one sort or another have been propounded without stint on various occasions for the edification of the Cape farmers, and the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society has been censured more or less for not encouraging their development. Amongst such theories may be quoted cotton-growing, the cultivation of the silkworm, irrigation, and the establishment of a model farm.

The object of this paper is to explain the position of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society with regard to such suggestions, and to relieve the committee of that institution from the imputation of indifference to the public interests and neglect of duty. It is one thing to stimulate enterprise of a nature which local experience can see its way through and reason can endorse, and another to seduce our fellow-colonists into costly experiments which can result only in failure and disappointment. It is one thing to dole out our scanty funds to some practical end, and another to plunge into theoretical contingencies regardless of the cost. We cannot afford to experimentalize to any great extent, nor would the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society be justified giving prizes for utopian projects, or in fostering a spirit of wild speculation amongst the farmers of South Africa.

Occasionally, our agricultural societies are taken to task by writers in the public papers for not promoting the growth of cotton, or the production of silk; but these suggestions would come with a better grace if accompanied by some statistics or some reliable data, whereby we could ascertain how or where cotton can be grown in this colony to any extent or advantage, and how the cultivation of that commodity or of silk would be remunerated. If people would only look into these things a little more closely before tendering their advice, they would probably find that the cultivation of cotton in South Africa as a field crop, in the present social condition of the colony, is just one of those sagacious schemes which will not bear a moment's investigation. It does not follow that because a little cotton can be grown in a garden, or a little silk exhibited by some amateur, that such things can be made to pay on a large scale, or that they can be produced under the ordinary conditions of our soil and climate. Cotton requires an immense amount of hand labour in all its stages of growth; plenty of water, regular seasons, and a rich deep soil. Without such adjuncts heavy crops and fibre of good quality are not to be expected. In the west of India some of the best cotton

districts rejoice in a liberal allowance of what is familiarly called by the Deccan sportsmen, "wife and family ground." It is a pretty stiff loam opening into deep cracks during the hot season, and so greasy after rain as not to be the safest galloping country in the world for hog-hunters, and there is a standing joke that married men ride too gingerly over it. It is quite possible that tracts equally good for cotton may be found in some parts of South Africa, but supposing (and the concession is so extravagant as almost to be absurd) that the soil and climate of the Cape are both propitious, the expense of our colonial labour and the difficulties of our internal communications are such that any remunerative competition with America or India is simply ridiculous. Whether these difficulties can be removed hereafter is another question, but under existing circumstances the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society would certainly not be warranted in advising the farmers of the colony to attempt cotton-growing, on account of a transient crisis in the European markets, and a corresponding panic amongst those who delight in causing a sensation at somebody else's expense. As for silk, that in a thinly populated country is necessarily a woman's pursuit. Our men and boys have plenty else to do, and their wives and daughters and sisters have abundant occupation also in their household and domestic concerns, without indulging a taste for the breeding, feeding, and rearing of worms, if indeed any food existed for these insects, or could be supplied within ten years. The coloured women of the country districts, more particularly those who are connected with the missionary institutions, such as will go out to work at all, will only do so by fits and starts, and just when it suits their own convenience; and it is hopeless to expect that they will adopt the methodical habits and exercise the nice attention which silk culture demands. We may, therefore, exclude for the present that fruit of human industry from our catalogue of products.

South Africa abounds in *fibres* capable of use, but too expensive in their collection for any practical result. Some of them have been tested in England and found to be of excellent quality; but it seems to be generally understood that they are not available in sufficient quantities, and at a sufficiently cheap rate to be of any value in a commercial point of view. Theoretical propositions, when reduced to practical analysis, are very liable to such unsatisfactory results, and the Cape farmer has already quite enough to contend with in the uncertainty of his crops and the diseases of his live-stock without seeking for any extraneous difficulties. When we can grow wheat and grain enough for our own consumption,

and supply the necessities of life at something less than famine prices, we may proceed perhaps with some propriety to fresh fields and pastures new; and when the irrigation bill, so long promised, can be brought into operation, we may begin to think of cotton-growing, and another start in agricultural speculation.

Irrigation is, of course, the aspiration of all our agricultural societies, but it is utterly beyond their control; and it is unreasonable to expect that a scheme so large in its proportions, so diversified in its bearing, so complicated in its details, and involving such heavy disbursements and such serious responsibilities can be undertaken by any committee or commission otherwise than one nominated by the Government under parliamentary advice. The question is extremely important, and we have heard much talk about its feasibility, but as yet no working scheme has been propounded for the consideration of the agricultural community. The rural mind has been perplexed with a variety of essays and lectures, and speeches and suggestions on this subject, from the East and from the West, and hydraulic amateurs, like Homer's.

"Clanging cranes on the banks of the gloomy Cay-ister," will still probably continue the war of words along the whitening spoor or palmiet-blocked channels of our dried-up rivers. We must be prepared for this. We may expect an infinity of talk and much profitless discussion. Some people think that a subject is cleared and refreshed by such a "ventilating" process; and so it may be, if the operation is kept within due bounds. But there is a limit to all things, and Mrs. Malaprop's "hydrostatic" blunders, though amusing, become wearisome if too often repeated,\* and it is to be hoped that our South African farmers may be spared such off-hand advisers on hydraulic matters as some of their Transatlantic brethren are said to have encountered in that brilliant agricultural genius, Governor Wright, of Indiana †

Coming to the financial view of the question, we have a

\* *Captain Absolute*.—"It must be very distressing, indeed, Madam."  
*Mrs. Malaprop*.—"Oh! It gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree."  
*Rivals*.—ACT III.

† Governor Wright, of Indiana, says an American paper, makes pretensions to great agricultural science, deep skill in all the mysteries of grain, roots, manures, &c., but really knows nothing about the subject. A certain farmer, one of the Governor's constituents, who had a profound admiration for his talents, and practical knowledge, wrote to him for advice as to the best method of improving his stock of sheep. The Governor's answer was instant, brief, sententious, sincere. "Get a Hydraulic ram—better than the Southdown for mutton, equal to the Merino for wool!"

right to expect that the advocates for irrigation on a large scale should inform us on what principle they propose to benefit certain parties and certain places at the public expense, and through what agency such pecuniary aid is to be effected. If it is intended to grant large sums annually from the colonial revenues for the construction of dams, reservoirs, and water-courses, without any provision for the repayment of such sums from the localities so benefited, and to confer the privilege of choosing such localities on the divisional councils, it needs no great effort of prophecy to foretell that such ideas will be repudiated by public opinion. There is a general impression abroad that the colony pays too much already for the convenience and service of a vast number of persons (not farmers only), who are perfectly able to secure their own private advantages out of their own pockets; and much as the colony itself would gain by a comparative immunity from drought, yet such also is the case in India, and *there* the cultivators of the soil, who derive their chief profits from the Government canals and irrigation system, are obliged to pay an additional rent, or, in other words, a substantial water-rate, for the privileges they enjoy. But where every village and every field is surveyed and mapped, as in India, and the diagrams duly registered in the Collector's office, this procedure is not difficult, whereas in South Africa, without such documents, and without the requisite machinery, it is impossible. Perhaps something might be done on the principle of the Government loans in England for the improvement of landed property. These loans were granted chiefly for draining purposes. They were to be paid off by instalments at a remote period, say within twenty years, and in the meantime carried interest at no extravagant rate. Securities, of course, were taken, and Government inspectors were appointed to see that the money lent was devoted to the purposes for which it was borrowed, and that the works were sound in principle and efficiently executed. Some arrangements of this kind would probably be found necessary in this colony, as the divisional councils have already a good many irons in the fire, and are open to other grave objections which need not be quoted. It would scarcely be advisable either to leave the sites of such dams, or reservoirs, or water-courses to the recommendation of the civil commissioners; for some of these functionaries are, unfortunately, connected with local banks and loan societies, and having a direct personal interest in the pecuniary *status*, solvency, and well-doing of many parties within their own jurisdiction, they would be liable to imputations of an

unpleasant nature. Applications for Government loans for the construction of dams, &c., might be made *through* the civil commissioners, and a jury or commission of competent persons, free from all suspicion of local influence, might be selected for the inspection of such circles as they could conveniently visit. Roving commissions of this kind, composed of the right materials, and assisted by professional advisers, would seem to be the most trustworthy and efficient medium for local inquiries, and they might visit every district in their respective beats, both in the dry and rainy seasons, and might bring in their reports for the parliamentary session of 1863. It will then remain for the country gentlemen who represent the agricultural interest in the House of Assembly and the enlightened advocates of progress in the Legislative Council to devise some plan for carrying out the new "Farmers' Relief Bill." The measure is one which will require nice attention and delicate handling, and it will test the foresight and sagacity of our brightest agricultural intellects and the analytical faculties of our most acute lawyers. The difficulties in the way of legalizing irrigation from the rivers and streams of many districts are almost insuperable. Our rain supplies are so precarious, and our rivers so dependent on them, that water which may run carelessly to waste in one season may be of untold value in the next. It will never do, therefore, to allow the residents on farms lying along the upper part of such rivers or streams to divert the water from its usual channel for the irrigation of their land, when those living on the lower extremity are in danger of losing their supply altogether. Look at what used to be a common occurrence on the Eerste River. The owners of gardens and vineyards at the head of the stream were in the habit of damming off the whole for their own convenience, regardless of the necessities of those lower down, who depended upon it for ordinary domestic purposes. This led to club law on most occasions, for those who had lost their water used to start off their slaves or servants by night and break down all the dams found in the river bed, and so before morning the stream was again flowing to the sea. Now, although such steps may answer on a river like the Eerste River, which has so short a run, they could not be adopted on such streams as the Breede River, River Zonder End, Gouritz River, Zoetmelk River, and others which usually permeate through a long tract of country, but nevertheless cease to flow sometimes, as they have done this last summer. And supposing that the narrow thread of water continues to run, and is cut off by some selfish individual

fifty or sixty miles up the river, the farmer deprived of his supply cannot be everlastingly tramping along the banks to discover where and by whom this mischief has been done, nor would he be much benefited by any legal remedy for such annoyance and damage. Besides, provision must be made for a larger population in future years, and for the division of farms possessing the enviable distinction of a river frontage, or a servitude long established on the water ways, and for villages and towns which may hereafter arise on such localities. All such matters, and many others collaterally affected by them, will have to be carefully considered, and the most simple way to avoid such difficulties would seem to be the encouragement, at first, only of dam-making by Government loans, on the condition that such dams shall depend entirely for their contents on the rain supply, or upon springs and streams the sole property of the individual seeking such assistance. The details concerning the completion of such dams, and their approval by competent engineers appointed by the Government, and the repayment of loans, &c., &c., may be adjusted afterwards. These are crude ideas, and may be taken for what they are worth. They are thrown out merely for discussion, and if they can do no good they are not likely to do any harm.

But of all theories that of a "*Model Farm*" under the management of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society is about the most delusive. Commending itself to the imagination of all enthusiastic agriculturists, and to all the outsiders who believe, apparently, that a model farm can be handled as easily as a model churn, no wonder if such a subject, once mooted, should have been seriously entertained. The question was brought before the committee of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society some months ago, and a select committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration. When discussed by practical men, and submitted to the ordeal of facts, figures, and finance, it was soon discovered that a model farm was a far more complicated and expensive establishment than had been previously imagined, and that it was utterly beyond the scope of the Agricultural Society, even if the Parliament should be inclined to provide funds for the same. The sum of £20,000 would be required to start it. This seems a bold and reckless assertion; but when the subject is viewed in all its bearings, the amount just quoted will be found probably rather under than over the mark. For what is a model farm? By it we understand:

1stly. A large tract of land exhibiting great arable capa-

bilities, and a variety of soils, and a constant supply of running water available for irrigation.

2ndly. A farm suitable for grazing purposes, having *zuur veld* as well as sweet veld and plenty of meadow land for laying down with grass seeds and green crops of various kinds; otherwise the different breeds of cattle and sheep cannot be tried to any purpose.

3rdly. A place where agricultural implements and machinery of all kinds can be exhibited, both in doors and out, to the public; and it is therefore evident that a "Model Farm," to be of any use as a model farm, must be in a populous district and of easy access.

When the price of a place sufficiently large, sufficiently good, and sufficiently accessible is duly considered;—when the large outlay indispensable for the accommodation of steam engines and thrashing machines, &c., &c.,—and for the building of cattle feeding sheds, stabling, and offices for the European overseers, engineers, and labourers who will be required for such an establishment, is fairly estimated,—when the wages expected by such first-class men, and the prime cost of the live-stock, implements, and plant are all taken into account, certainly not less than £20,000 will have to be expended before any return can be expected. Surely there is no necessity for entering into details, but as the question may be asked, why will so much money be required, a brief answer should be ready to meet it.

There is no Government ground fit for the purpose, nor would it be possible to purchase a farm or farms of the requisite extent and quality within a reasonable distance of Cape Town for £10,000. There must be stiff soils and light soil, upland and lowland, sweet grass and *zuur veld*, water for irrigation, and water to be drained off (for excess of sub-soil moisture is almost as fatal to our crops as the want of rain), or the "Model Farm" will be only a delusion and a snare to the visitor seeking for information. Buildings must be erected, and machinery and implements procured from Europe. The live-stock must be imported to a large extent, and must be undoubtedly of the very best quality. Thoroughbred horses, and half-bred horses of the Yorkshire *Cleveland* breed, or Norfolk trotters, and the active "*Suffolk Punch*," will all be required to test the effect of crossing for purely agricultural purposes in the climate of the Cape. Horned cattle, for the dairy, and draught, and slaughter purposes, say: *Ayrshires*, *Devons*, *Shorthorns*, *Alderneys*, and *Herefords*, must all have a fair trial. In sheep, different varieties of *Merinos*, and the English *Southdowns*, *Leicesters*,

*Cotswolds*, *Cheviots*, and other long-woolled breeds must all be collected, and all be tested on sweet veld and sour veld, both on the natural grasses of the colony and on artificial food, before any satisfactory conclusions, or indeed any conclusions at all can be drawn as to their wool-bearing or meat-producing qualities, and their adaptation to our colonial peculiarities and requirements. Many years must elapse before these experiments in live-stock can produce any definite results, and in the meantime the expenses of the model farm will be heavy, and the returns very trifling. But if the estimate herein given is considered too high, cut it down to half: and who is prepared to assert that the Parliament will vote it? Even if voted, there must be a board of agriculture or some new department created to assume the responsibility of conducting such an establishment and ensuring its efficiency. No agricultural society would or could undertake such a duty, and it is difficult to imagine that any joint-stock company would obtain capital for such a purpose.

These difficulties may be partially removed, and the question at all events reduced to more convenient, moderate, and rational dimensions, if instead of a "Model Farm," we could be content with one or two experimental farms on a small scale. Given the funds, there would be no great obstacle to the trial of a stall-feeding establishment within a few miles of Cape Town, and a dairy farm might be managed also. But when we come to the breeding of horses and sheep, and to ploughing and sowing and draining, and to the application of reaping machines, thrashing machines, and the drill, &c., &c., a tremendous lion stands in our path. We have scarcely ammunition enough to attack this lion, and we had better content ourselves with smaller game. There is plenty of work before us to be accomplished in a quiet way, and the agricultural societies generally throughout the colony will thrive more rapidly if they will confine their attention to what can be done well.

No agricultural society, however constituted, can do every thing at once. An excess of mental capacity is not required for the recognition of this truism, but it has been singularly ignored on many critical occasions. The difficulty lies in moderating the laudable ambition of the district committees, but all practical men see now that this must be done, and that a lengthy prize list is not always conducive to the success of the great annual exhibitions. The special requirements and the special products of the localities where such gatherings are to be held should be the main objects of our search, and encouragement.

Take, for instance, the "Champion Cup" given at George last February, which has done more to resuscitate the horse-breeders of that district than any number of prizes for horses in the usual way could possibly have done, and the reaction has been confirmed not a little by the subsequent successful performances of the George champion in Cape Town. But it does not follow that a champion cup would be equally useful at the Paarl Agricultural Show, in 1863. Laying aside the possibility of our excommunication for the bare mention of such profanity,\* a race meeting at the Paarl would have no local application to the agricultural conditions of the district. Prizes, indeed, for horses, mares, and colts, or for merino sheep bred therein would produce but little competition, as scarcely any horse-breeders or sheep-farmers are to be found in the Paarl circle. But additional prizes may be given for riding horses, carriage horses, and farmers' spans, all of which are or ought to be at hand in considerable numbers. The prizes for wines and spirits of all kinds, and for fruit and garden produce, will all demand particular attention.

Perhaps ploughs and agricultural implements for field work can be omitted from the prize list, whilst those for vineyard operations may be brought more prominently forward. On the other hand, at Swellendam, where the great agricultural meeting of 1864 is likely to be held, we may revert to suitable prizes for horses, cattle, and sheep; and the Swellendam people, taking counsel from George, have already raised a subscription for a "Champion Cup" and purse, value £300, to be run for there during the show week. This is a liberal and judicious prize, for no districts in the colony have suffered more from horse mortality than those of Swellendam and Riversdale, owing to the droughts of the last three seasons, and the breeders will require a

\* Ecce signum!

"In progressu Boreali  
Ut processi ab Australi.  
Veni *Banbury*, O profanum!  
Ubi vidi Puritanum,  
Felem facientem furem,  
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem."

*Barnabæ Itinerarum.*—A.D., 1720.

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TRANSLATION.

In my progress travelling northward,  
Taking fare well of the southward,  
To *Banbury* came I, O profane one!  
Where I saw a Puritane one,  
Hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

very strong stimulant before this branch of our agricultural economy will be again admitted into their calculations. Without travelling through these districts and others where horses used to be bred in great numbers and of good quality, no one would believe how they have disappeared from the face of the earth during the last few years. The scarcity of large, well-bred, and powerful horses is already a notorious fact, and the decline of this agricultural pursuit in so many parts of the colony simultaneously, unless speedily counteracted, will seriously affect the whole community at no distant period.

Reverting to the issue of the great agricultural meetings at Caledon, Worcester, and George, it must be admitted that the exhibitions of machinery and implements have not proved so successful as we all hoped for, and the experience of three years ought not to be thrown away. There is no department of agriculture in which so much may be done for the enlightenment and assistance of the colonial farmer; but the schooling and the encouragement must be administered through some new channel. Mr. John Eaton, of Drooge Vley, has lately informed us through the columns of the *Argus*, that he can thresh out, and clean, and store away fifty muids of wheat per diem with his new threshing machine; and if we can only show our country friends how easily this may be done, with common care and no great mechanical knowledge, surely the tramp-floor and the barbarous system now in force will eventually fall into disuse.

As for the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, if funds admitted, it might exhibit the best reaping and threshing machines in remote districts where they are yet comparatively unknown, and in a manner far more satisfactory than has hitherto been adopted; and by distributing imported seeds, cereals, &c., to careful cultivators, in various parts of the colony, much interesting information and much permanent advantage may ultimately be secured. The annual agricultural gatherings, such as those of Caledon, Worcester, and George, have undoubtedly awakened the rural mind not a little, and every year's experience of their results will enable the agricultural societies of the colony to perfect their future arrangements, and to extend their action and their influence with accumulating chances of success.

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## THE LEGEND OF THE FAIRY DELL.

FAR, far away, in the land that lies beneath the rising sun, is a scene which the stranger's foot has rarely visited. It is a misty land,—a land of sunshine and shadows,—where nature revels in untamed luxuriance of rich pastures and giant

forests. The grand old trees spread their huge gnarled limbs over the dark stream as it eddies along in never-ending ripples, and little whirlpools that circle under the over-hanging banks, and lose themselves among the shrubs and creepers that wave and toss among the rushing waters. Dank weeds and impenetrable brushwood choke the paths that lead to the deep recesses of the wood. Every fern that springs beneath our southern sky, from the fairylike parasite to the great tree fern, adorns the edges of each scented glade. The clematis curtains the brakes, and the avondbloem sheds its odours on the evening air. The Spitzkop rears its cone-like head against the morning sky to catch the golden tints that paint its rugged head in rainbow hues, and the northern hills stand forth against the purple in broken lines, displaying every graceful curve and every abrupt angle that the lover of mountain grandeur can long for. The eye is never weary of the wild variety of that scene, for grass clothes the topmost summits, save where here and there a "thunder-splitten peak" stands forth in naked majesty, or a great robe of forest clothes the slant sides, or seems to fall like drapery over the wall of mountains, or runs far up some sombre kloof to meet the silver foaming of the cascade, whose white spray gleams in the far distance against the sun, or whose hidden waters roar through the bowering shade. Between the water-courses, each of which is marked by a dark line of trees, lie great open glades and broad stretches of long waving grass, broken every here and there toward the woodland edges by placid mere, on whose blue breast the still bluer lotus floats swan-like and serene. Here the water-fowl play by thousands, and the herds of buffalo lie wallowing the long summer day.

In such a scene, fast by the rushing eddying river, was a small cot. Behind it rose the bold bluff banks, before it lay the broad hoarse stream, on each side the dark deep woods, while from the hills and through the woodland came the sound of ever-falling water. Unnumbered lories and sugar-birds flitted among the branches, and the tall blue cranes stalked majestically along the shore. The sea-birds added their wild cries as they came homeward in the gloaming to the sounds that filled the evening air, as it moved softly through the garden, heavy with the mingled perfume of oranges and citrons, and all the wild flowers of the forest; and the briny breath of the ocean just stirred the long curtains of moss hanging from the outstretched yellowwood boughs, and bore with it the sweet breath of kine and odour of new-mown grass. And here dwelt an old

couple strange to the ways of the world. It was years since their feet had passed out of the green and silent valley, years since strange footsteps had passed that rushing river which shut them and all they held dear and sacred, from the great western plain and the mysterious world beyond it. Thirty years ago the old man—he was then grey-headed—had made his last trip across the eddying water, and committed to his son the task of guiding their little skiff to the farther bank. He had been and gone again and again, he had brought a young wife homeward from the land of the setting sun, and the old dame had shown to her wondering eyes all the mysteries of their hermit life, had deeply planted in her young heart all the sacred love of the old brass-bound tome, written in a dialect and printed in a type long ago strange in the land whence it came before her grandsire's grandsire's birth. And the young bride's blue eyes lighted up as she learned what deep fountains of wisdom the old crone had learned from the sacred pages that she had been wont to look on with a strange awe that was made more of fear than of love. But day by day, as the elder grew weaker and her sight dimmer, she loved more and more to sit at her feet and hear her read or repeat the lessons of heavenly wisdom till she too learned some of their tenderness and beauty, and in her turn had so far mastered the antique type as to read to the aged woman. So years rolled by, mostly, but not always, without incident, and first one and then another grandchild learned to climb upon the grandfather's knee, and to repeat from his lips the old songs that his grandsires sung in their half-forgotten fatherland. What that fatherland was like he little knew, but he fancied it must be something strangely grand, and more beautiful than his own sweet cottage. Thus time sped; but ever and anon some strange weird sounds would float down the river in the misty light of the young moon, when all was wrapped in a silvery dimness by the shroud-like mist; now it seemed like distant moanings, now like the sweet but most mournful singing of tuneful voices, but no words could ever be caught, and the children listened and trembled, and the mother with a boding heart pressed them closer to her, for like all who dwelt near the rushing river, she deemed them sounds from an unseen world, and dreaded lest they might bode some ill. But the old folks shook their heads and smiled. They, too, believed that no human voices nor no earthly music could make such melody, but they had grown to love it. It was to them a part of their being, and they watched and waited for it as a message from the good fairies who dwelt—so they said—in

the caverns down by the bluff head-land amid the overhanging forest above the blue waves of the sea. And when the sound came as they sat by the evening blaze, or under the shading orange trees, the old man would gather his grandchildren round his knees and tell them how when he was still a stripling, and had gone for many days towards the rising sun, far into that rugged broken country of forests, and kloofs, and wild streams, and haunted moorlands, when he shot the huge elephant whose tusk still hung above the hearth—how, as he came homeward with his brothers, they came to a broad river, and had made a raft to float the ivory over, when a storm burst on the mountains, the red lightning played round them, and dazzled them with its splendour, and the torrent swept down and carried them headlong toward the sea; how he heard the songs of the fairies, and the raft sunk while they rang in his ears, and all was darkness and death; and how he opened his swimming eyes, to find himself in this self-same cottage, and saw the great tusk hanging where it now hangs. But he was alone,—his brothers he never saw nor heard of more; only he knows that in his dreams, as he slept after the long night's storm, and the drenching rain, and the buffeting of the raging water, the song of the fairies was ever in his ears, and they seemed to say,

Sleep, and thy sleep be blest,  
Sleep, from all danger free,  
Till the sun in the west  
Purples the southern sea!

Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep.

And then he lost the sounds of the voices; but when he woke, he knew that the fairies had borne him from the sinking raft, and had sought out this cot for him to dwell in, and so he had dwelt there for ever after, and their hands had hung the great tusk above the mantel-shelf, and none had ever touched it since, and it was their voice that sang so strangely and so sweetly at evening along the river. And oftentimes in the watches of the night, they came to put holy dreams and hallowed visions into his mind, and they had led him to find the wife who had grown old beside him in the "Fairy Dell,"—for so the cot was named—and had filled it with all the brightness and beauty of her lovely and unpolluted soul.

Such was the old man's tale, and such his belief,—a belief not all a vain superstition, for he had indeed found the "truth severe, in fairy fiction dressed," and his childlike faith drew the most hallowed influences from the wild traditions with which he had peopled his glen. Some would have smiled in scorn at this specimen of dotage; others—the

wise sort—would have bowed before a wisdom which had reached to things in the spirit land beyond their grasp. And now that the time drew near when the old folk should be going home, the voices grew more frequent, and the songs more plaintive and sad. At last, the hour came; and in the still gloaming, death came softly to the woman's side, and beckoned her away. While the message fell from her daughter's lips, she heard the voices from the river sing tunefully and low, and as the last sunbeam left the mountain top to return skywards, her sunny soul quitted its earthly frame. She had passed without a sigh or groan, to her long rest. As she lay there in the silent cottage, so calm, and so strange a light dwelt upon her face, that the children's grief was awed into silence. But the old man bent over her silently and musingly, and only said "I am coming too;" and he bade them all rest, for he alone would watch; and as he sat in the lone room, and they wept in silence in the little inner chamber, they heard a deep chorus of voices that sang:

Come to your rest, come to your rest:  
We sprites from o'er the salten foam,  
With songs have come to call ye home:  
Come to your rest, come to your rest.

Your bones shall sleep in Earth's green breast,  
Your names shall dwell like sacred spell  
By the moss-grown well in the Fairy Dell:  
Come to your rest, come to your rest.

Come to your rest, come to your rest:  
Your lives shall live in good men's hearts,  
Like the lingering light when the sun departs:  
Come to your rest, come to your rest.

The children paused from their weeping to listen; and while the echoes of the last words still lingered among the trees, their mother stole silently to the outer room, for it was midnight, and she would relieve the aged watcher. She drew near to his chair, but he moved not; she came closer, and whispered low, but he answered not; no breath passed his lips—he, too, was gone. The song of the spirits that had welcomed one to this earthly home, had been tuned once more to welcome two to the long rest of the blessed. There they lay, beautiful in the moonlight, for the stamp of guileless lives and heavenly hope rested on their pallid faces, even in death; and even the throbbings of grief were stilled in the mourners' hearts, for they knew that they were in peace. Then they laid them in one grave, fast by the river side, where the oranges and the myrtles should shed their fragrance

and drop their snowy petals above the turf, and on it they planted all flowers that are loved for the sweetness of their perfume or the beauty of their meaning.

There were now left, the younger couple and their three children. Of two, the history is short and brief, for ere another spring came round, these, the youngest, slept beside the flower-decked grave of their ancestors, and the parents' hearts ached long ere comfort came to them. But the eldest boy grew stalwart and strong,—the pride and stay of their advancing years. Still the three that lived were wont to sit by the graves of the three that died, and muse of the past, indulging in that gentle melancholy, in which more of pleasure than of pain is found.

At last the time drew near when another was to be added to the names of the departed. It was one misty morning that the father mounted for the hunt. He had long skirted the thickets, and tracked the antelope's favourite haunts, till weary with the fruitless search, he was about to return homeward, when a gigantic buck was seen browsing among the fern. His horns were tall and straight; his hide was jetty black with age, and his dark eye shone with more than common fierceness. Attracted by his great size, the hunter spurred his horse to cut him off from the forest, but contrary to the usual manner of such animals, he boldly dashed into the plain, where he led the panting courser at a tearing pace for many a long mile. The hunter wondered much, for such a feat in a boschbok was unknown, but still he held on, especially as the path he was following led homeward. When at a sudden turn, the quarry's flank was exposed, and although dazzled by the setting sun, he aimed right at the heart and fired. Whether the shot told or not he never knew; all he could say was, that a voice cried "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," and he saw the chase leap high into the air and vanish. He pressed onward to the spot, but when he reached it, no track could be found; so he went home filled with wonder and heaviness.

That night he told his tale, and said that it boded ill. The young man paid small heed, for he was grown so familiar with the voices on the river and in the moorland that he deemed them as no more ominous than the song of the birds; and his mother feigned to fall in with his creed, though she thought far otherwise. Yet, the father would not be persuaded to believe it would all be well. Nothing, however, happened that day or the next, though the wife noted, not without secret fear and pain, how

carefully he set all things in order, as if he were about to leave them all. The third day he spent in giving his son many lessons that he had stored up, and instructing him, as far as his simple love went, in the duties and the trials that lay before him. When evening came, the three that lived wandered down and sat by the three that had died. The husband and wife sat upon the parents' grave, and the son lay beside them, leaning his head against his father's knee. At their feet were the graves of the children.

The father first broke the silence, by saying,—“There is room for another between father and the children; lay me here, and when I am gone you will go back to the western side of the river, and live in the world once more, for two are not enough to live here, lest sickness or death should come to one of you, and the other be left alone.”

The wife's eyes filled as she looked up in his face, and said in a trembling voice, “You are not going to leave me, are you?”

“Not for long, but they are calling me now. Hark!”

They listened, but could hear nothing, save the booming of the sea. At last they got up and went in, none speaking a word, for they felt in their hearts that awe and stillness which the shadow of coming grief sometimes makes in the stoutest. Then the evening lesson and the evening prayers came with a deep solemnity, and the father's blessing was pronounced for the last time, and his last words ere he slept, were “God bless thee, love, when I am gone!”

His slumber was light and sweet as an infant's; but neither wife nor son could sleep. Midnight found them watching, and as they watched they heard once more the passing song swell and die away along the echoing banks, growing sweeter and clearer as the voices drew nearer and nearer. Suddenly, there was a sound, as of innumerable footsteps and a change came over the sleeper's face. Whether it were a bright smile or the beams of silver light that flooded the room with glory they never knew. They could only tell that the light vanished, the voices and the rustling sound died away, and they three were left, a lifeless corpse, a widow, and an orphan.

In the grey of the third morning they laid him where he wished to be; they put green sods and fresh flowers above his head, and before the slant sun had crimsoned the dark waters, they stood on the farther bank, and gazed till tears drowned their aching sight; then left the “Fairy Dell”—never—never—to return.

## ON THE INFLUENCE OF RACE ON NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

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[CONCLUDED.]

THE facts already adduced in connection with this subject seem to clear the question, so far as its main propositions are concerned. They prove that differences may and do exist, whether caused by local or other circumstances, between various branches of the human race. That distinctive peculiarities, being handed down from generation to generation, become fixed and indelible characteristics, so marked as to justify the several families of men thus distinguished being regarded as different races. That the inevitable collision of these different races, though manifestly for the advantage of all and for the due development of mankind, has ever been and must ever be a painful process, and one fruitful of discord, strife, and misery. And, further, that the intermingling of races cannot be brought about, to any good effect, by the mere interpenetration, the flowing of one race into another. This is precisely what Mr. Motley has said was not and could not be accomplished at the meeting-point of the Teutonic and Celtic races in the Netherlands. The weight of influence on either hand of the common frontier line must always forbid any thorough amalgamation and settling down of the mixed people on the borders. Fresh elements of discord, in the opposing tastes, habits, and modes of thought of the two diverging races, will ever be added to keep alive whatever antagonism was excited on their first collision, and to prevent any permanent fusion taking place, and any upgrowth of a third power compounded of the two original elements.

Thus much we may regard as settled: and proceed to consider in what mode conflicting races of men must come together so that each may ultimately derive the utmost benefit and arrive at the highest degree of development from intermixture with the other. But, before doing so, it may be well to ask whether it is necessary to this development that such a collision, attended, as we have seen it must be, with serious, even painful, results in the first instance, should take place. As it seems ordered by God's Providence that there should be wide distinctions in the human family, why should not each detached branch of that family proceed on its own course of progress under those conditions in which its own distinctive characteristics have grown up; undisturbed by collisions from which has sprung a baneful growth of

strife and hatred, and from which has flowed an amount of human misery which demands ample proof of immense advantage on the other side to counterbalance it?

A very little consideration will suffice to show that the very circumstances which have brought about distinctions of race, bring about also the necessity for their constant flow and intermixture. It is a part of the grand system of compensation by which the whole universe is governed. One portion of mankind become dwellers in a mountain region where a scanty subsistence is obtained only in return for unremitting toil, but where an invigorating climate and a simple habit of life render them free, bold, and hardy. Another portion settles among all the choicest gifts of nature; where an even temperature leaves their comforts undisturbed, and a bounteous soil more than supplies every want. They become refined and cultivated, but effeminate and indolent. Here it is obvious that though much present suffering may attend the collision of two such races, yet the gain to posterity, and to mankind at large, infinitely counterbalances such disadvantages. The circumstances of the dwellers on the mountain or in the desert are such as to preclude their ever advancing beyond a state of simple, perhaps savage, ignorance. The tendency of the wealthy and refined community is to sink into ever lower depths of sensuality and effeminacy. The law of adjustment, by which all disparities in nature ever seek to be equalized, renders it necessary, inevitable, that these two should mutually impart to the other what that other needs. The transaction is not a pleasant one, especially to that party which has material advantages to lose. The adjustment is brought about by sharp means. But the world is the better for it in the end. When the Persian broke in upon the orgies of Babylon, when the Goth trampled down degenerate Rome, though the flood left desolation and ruin in its track, yet it had carried off a vast amount of moral refuse, and left behind it a soil from which should spring a rich harvest of gain to future generations. Since various characteristics do pre-eminently distinguish various races of men; and since the combination and the highest development of all these characteristics is necessary to the greater perfection of mankind; so it is wisely ordered that one motive or another should ever operate to produce the periodical movements and gradual intermingling of the various portions of the human race. The ebb and flow of the human ocean, and the ceaseless roll of its currents prevent stagnation and decay.

It has been said already that the most healthy mode in

which two races can come into contact with each other is that where their mutual relation is broadly and clearly defined. In other words, they should meet and amalgamate in some such relation as conquerors and conquered, rulers and ruled, the dominant and the subject classes. As a mere theory, this would probably meet with opposition; in practice it is certain that some such distinct mutual relation as this will be found to have afforded the most favourable results. In fact, it is not easy to conceive in what other way two races could come into contact, so that any really advantageous results should flow from their union. A meeting on equal terms, even if it were always or often possible, we have seen to be undesirable. And if they meet unequally, one must needs be the stronger, and the other must needs submit. As it is proposed to illustrate this subject by references to English history, the mode in which two races came into collision at the Norman Conquest, as it is described by eminent writers, will afford a good example of what is here meant to be expressed.

“He who would form a just idea of England conquered by William of Normandy,” says Thierry, “must figure to himself—not a mere change of political rule—not the triumph of one candidate over another candidate—of the man of one party over the man of another party; but the intrusion of one people into the bosom of another people—the violent placing of one society over another society which it came to destroy; and the scattered fragments of which it retained only as personal property, or (to use the words of an old Act) as the clothing of the soil. He must imagine two nations of which William is a member and a chief—two nations which (if the term must be used) were both *subject* to William, but as applied to which the word has quite different senses: meaning, in the one case, *subordinate*—in the other, *subjugated*.”

This is precisely the state of things that has occurred again and again in the progress of the development of the nations of Europe. In M. Thierry's own land, the Franks had once reduced the original Gallic population to a similar condition. The Saxon invasion of Britain was that, or worse. Unless the early British rule in India is much belied, it was of a very similar character. There is no sort of question about the present hardship, injustice, cruelty, of such a state of things. All that is maintained is that such an antagonism of races, so thorough a domination of one over the other—especially if the one dominated be a worthy and a valiant one—affords the surest guarantee of future greatness for that nation; when the more salient angles have been worn down by time and friction, and the originally discordant elements have found points of

union. We are not supposing a reconstruction of society according to our own idea, or speculating upon what might or what ought to have been. But, taking facts as they are, we are endeavouring to ascertain from the history of the past, what has been the result of the intermixture of races, in our own country in particular; and in what way such influences have tended to the development of the nation's greatness. We have seen what M. Thierry says on one side of this question of the Norman Conquest: let us now hear Professor Creasy on the other.

"It may sound paradoxical," he says, "but it is in reality no exaggeration to say, with Guizot, that England's liberties are owing to her having been conquered by the Normans. It is true that the Saxon institutions were the primitive cradle of English liberty, but by their own intrinsic force they could never have founded the enduring free English constitution. It was the Conquest that infused into them a new virtue, and the political liberties of England arose from the situation in which the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Norman population and laws found themselves placed relatively to each other in this island. The state of England under her last Anglo-Saxon kings closely resembled the state of France under the last Carlovingian and first Capetian princes. The Crown was feeble, the great nobles were strong and turbulent. And although there was more national unity in Saxon England than in France,—although the English local free institutions had more reality and energy than was the case with anything analogous to them on the Continent in the eleventh century; still the probability is, that the Saxon system of polity, if left to itself, would have fallen into utter confusion; out of which would have arisen: first, an aristocratic hierarchy, like that which arose in France; next, an absolute monarchy; and finally, a series of anarchical revolutions"—to issue once more, it may be added, as it has done in our own day, in absolute monarchy.

It will be observed that these writers, while differing as to the nature of the results of the Norman Conquest, are fully agreed as to the thoroughness of the conquest itself. Indeed, the view of that event which had gained favour among some writers in the last century—that the battle of Hastings led to little more than the substitution of one royal family for another on the throne of England, and to a modification of some of the ancient laws—is now completely exploded. Nobody at all acquainted with the recent investigations which this subject has received, can any longer entertain doubts as to the nature of the Norman Conquest,

though writers will differ, according to their several tempers of mind and modes of thought, as to the nature of its results on the welfare of England. Before we proceed to notice the direct effects which this last and most conspicuous influence of race has produced on the national development, it will be well to determine the main principle involved in such a mingling of races as we have already referred to—the domination of one over another.

The *rationale* of this may be thus expressed. A branch of the human family, rendered fierce by hardship, energetic by difficulty of subsistence, bold by unrestrained liberty, and strong of spirit and of limb by perpetual exposure to toil and danger, swarm off from their sterile abodes in quest of new homes. They light upon a country which promises them all that they can desire; and in a contest with its occupants the probability is that the new comers display such powers and energies as lead to their ultimate success. In some mode or other they possess themselves of the best of the soil, reduce the previous occupants to a subordinate condition, and establish themselves as the dominant class. Various modified, according to varying circumstances, this is the general history of aristocracies. They are the evidence, in societies, of one race having prevailed over another. The existence of a dominant or privileged class is a proof that the first representatives of that class possessed and exhibited qualities which enabled them to assume such a position relatively to others less distinguished; and that their descendants, or, in other words, their *race*, have inherited those qualities in a sufficient degree to enable them to retain that position. Such an aristocracy as this, it is obvious, can never be the result of a mere arbitrary creation by the chief ruler of any nation. Nothing short of superior natural qualities distinguishing a particular race, can make a dominant class which will stand the trial of time and the shock of political storms. And wherever such a class exists, it will be found, universally it is believed, to be of foreign origin. The invasion of the more powerful race may be of such remote antiquity as to have baffled the investigations of the historian. But the existence of the wide-spread and general tradition among ancient peoples of the ruling dynasty or class having had an origin distinct from that of the people ruled, seems to indicate its foreign source; while within the period of legitimate history such an account of the existence of aristocracies becomes a simple matter of fact.

The first result, then, of such a collision of races as we have seen to be essential to the development of mankind, is

the creation of a privileged, dominant class, or aristocracy. This would be the natural and immediate consequence of the first struggle for mastery. The strongest hand would hold the sway.

But it is one thing to seize and another to retain such a mastery. A dominant class can only remain such by the constant possession, cultivation, and exercise of those same qualities which have availed to secure for it that dominant position. Not only those more vigorous qualities which are indispensable in a conquering race, not only the resolute will, the prompt and decided action, the strong heart and hand are needed for the maintenance of an aristocracy—in fact and not only in name; but those also which indicate such a real greatness of character as will always win for their possessor a place in the foremost ranks of men. Anything approaching to meanness or sordidness of character, did it ever become general in an aristocracy, would be fatal to the position of the most highly endowed race that ever gained an ascendancy over their fellow-men. The individual members of the whole class must understand, in its highest and widest acceptation, and act up to, in its fullest extent, the aristocratic maxim "*noblesse oblige!*"

The aims, the objects, the modes of thought and of action, the principles, the ideas that may suffice for ordinary men are not for them. They hold their dominant position under a strict tenure, that of ever discarding all that is petty and ignoble, and adopting, at whatever sacrifice, that which is most honourable and exalted.

This principle is one of fact rather than of theory. In the earlier representatives of a foreign aristocracy such qualities and tendencies will be no more than the spontaneous exercise of the virtues natural to a free, bold, simple people. With them, wealth is only valuable for what it can procure that is of value in their eyes,—arms, or horses, or war-ships. Social position is regarded and valued as the outward manifestation of the capability of its possessor to secure and maintain it. Rank and title are the decorations, so to speak, of the most valiant in battle, the most wise in council. Mere money and ease, for their own sakes, have no charms in the eyes of a simple and warlike people; and a people who can regard these things with contempt will ever assert the mastery over others to whom they have become the accustomed and necessary rule of life. Thus the greater vigour, singleness of purpose, and indifference to the more ignoble object of desire, which are, in fact, no more than the habits possessed unconsciously by a free and simple race, as they are precisely

the qualities which win for them a dominant position among a more feeble, or effeminate, or luxurious people, so they must be cultivated, if that position is to be perpetuated. Everything must be sacrificed, if occasion require it, for the sake of personal honour, or of the higher demands which the public welfare makes upon individuals.

These principles, in the course of a few generations, become traditional rules of conduct with the class which professes them. They stamp themselves upon the common thought, as it is exemplified in the common speech; as, for instance, when we talk of "*noble* self-devotion," or "*lordly* generosity," or "*gentlemanlike* conduct;" or, on the other hand, when we use the term "*vulgar*," which after all means only "*common*," to signify what is coarse or unmannerly. By such ordinary expressions as these, we give utterance to the truth which is tacitly felt and admitted, though it may never find shape in words, that something more is looked for, and, it may be added, is usually found, in a dominant race,—that is, in an aristocracy, than is expected in the subjected people. Where such superior qualities are found to distinguish any class or race, they will, by their own inherent force, place their possessors in a position of eminence. And where the cultivation of such qualities is neglected, where public virtue and individual devotion decay, where the love of money, and ease, and indolent luxury become the distinguishing characteristics of the privileged class, it may be looked upon as doomed. The powers of intellect and of body which made it what it is, have died out; the rotten fabric is awaiting only the shock of the first storm, to fall crashing into a heap of ruins which no power can rebuild. The last generation witnessed such a downfall of the aristocracy of France. Like all real aristocracies, it had been formed of a foreign race—Franks, of Teutonic origin—who had proved and had maintained their superiority over the original Celtic population of Gaul. For centuries, they continued to exhibit the same qualities which had placed them in their proud position, though not unsullied by many vices. As these vices gradually gained the predominance in their character, that character became deteriorated. The plebeian element—to borrow a term which expresses the distinction of classes less offensively, perhaps, than any other—was growing in power and knowledge as the aristocratic decayed. When the crash came, the privileged classes had nothing left to them but the outward trappings, the proper distinctions of qualities whose substance had long died out. As a class, they fell in utter ruin; and all the power and prestige of the great Napo-

leon failed to rebuild that or a similar institution from out of the wreck.

Never was there a race better fitted to assume and to maintain that pre-eminence of class which constitutes aristocracy than that which forms the foundation of the aristocracy of England. "The latest conquerors of this island," says Professor Creasy, "were also the bravest and the best. I do not except even the Romans. And, in spite of our sympathies with Harold and Hereward, and our abhorrence of the founder of the New Forest and the desolator of Yorkshire, we must confess the superiority of the Normans to the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Danes whom they met here in 1066, as well as to the degenerate Frank *noblesse*, and the crushed and servile Romanesque provincials from whom in 912 they had wrested the district in the north of Gaul which still bears the name of Normandy."

"It was not merely by extreme valour and ready subordination to military discipline that the Normans were pre-eminent among all the conquering races of the Gothic stock, but also by an instinctive faculty of appreciating and adopting the superior civilization which they encountered. Thus Duke Rollo and his Scandinavian warriors readily embraced the creed, the language, the laws, and the arts which France, in those troubled and evil times with which the Capetian dynasty commenced, still inherited from Imperial Rome and Imperial Charlemagne." It is true that "their brilliant qualities were sullied by many darker traits of pride, of merciless cruelty, and of brutal contempt for the industry, the rights, and the feelings of all whom they considered the lower classes of mankind." The character of the times and the nature of the work they had to do, were not such as were suited to delicate instruments. And this sterner and more forbidding side of their temper was, no doubt, called into more marked prominence by the hardness and ruggedness of the material which they had to impress. Norman rule among the soft Apulians was a very different thing from Norman rule among the stubborn Danes and Saxons. Such faults as those which disfigured the character of the Normans in England are those which we should be prepared to expect in a fierce, warlike, victorious race, in a hard and rude age. But "their gradual blending with the Saxons softened these harsh and evil points of their national character, and in return they fired the duller Saxon mass with a new spirit of animation and power. As Campbell boldly expressed it, '*they high-mettled the blood of our veins.*' Small had been the figure which England made in the world before the coming over of the Normans; and without them she never

would have emerged from insignificance. The authority of Gibbon may be taken as decisive, when he pronounces that 'assuredly England was a gainer by the Conquest.' And we may proudly adopt the comment of the Frenchman, Rapin, who, writing of the battle of Hastings more than a century ago, speaks of the revolution effected by it as 'the first step by which England is arrived to that height of grandeur and glory which we behold it in at present.'"

The direct and immediate effects of this intermixture of race upon our English character and history are not difficult to trace. The Scandinavian blood imparted a fire, a chivalry, a *dash*, which was wanting in the more sluggish Saxon. It has made the English name feared and honoured abroad. At home it has moulded our institutions. Professor Creasy, in a passage already quoted, has pointed out the probable end of the Saxon polity had it been left to itself. It was the Norman nobility which, standing between the Crown and the people, tended to maintain the balance of the three estates, not by prescriptive right, not by mere legal enactment, but by the possession and the ready exercise of qualities which insured the respect of the other two. At Runnemede, no less than at Agincourt, the Norman barons fought the battle of England.

Norman polish has refined the coarseness of the Anglo-Saxon character. The tendency of the whole Saxon population before the Conquest was to gross and swinish excess. Gorging food and swilling ale and mead, all the lower and coarser forms of sensuality, made up the Saxon's idea of enjoyment. The common Odinism of the Teutons and Scandinavians would have supplied to both the same idea of a Valhalla of alternate fighting and drinking; but the greater poverty of the Norsemen restrained them, while at home, from rehearsing this blissful state here on earth; and their greater susceptibility of refinement enabled them to adopt more polished habits abroad. The Anglo-Saxons came into collision with no race sufficiently civilized and sufficiently powerful to affect their character in this its most marked feature; and the contrast, in this respect, which the conquering race exhibited to the English thanes was one of the most observable minor differences during the Norman dynasty. The Saxons, as a people, took kindly to neither art nor learning. It was Norman love of refinement and cultivation that introduced scholars and artists. If the genius of a race may be discerned in its great buildings, to the Normans, in France and in England, belongs the credit of having founded a style of architecture unsurpassed, if it be even equalled, in Europe.

The essential features of difference between the dominant

Scandinavian or Norman race and the subject Teutonic or Saxon race are clear and unmistakable throughout the Norman dynasty. Under the Plantagenets, something of an amalgamation has taken place; though the distinctions of gentle and simple, nobles and commons, is still very marked and decided. But the subject races, emerging gradually by their force of character from the terrible thralldom in which the Conquest had placed them, begin to evince some of their marked peculiarities. And it is during the long period between Magna Charta and the Great Rebellion that we see the Saxon sub-strata step by step asserting itself, and gradually effecting something like a balance between the conflicting races. It is hardly necessary to dwell at any length upon the peculiar characteristics of the ordinary English people. Somewhat inert and "unready," and too much disposed to regard material comfort and ease as the one thing to be sought after beyond all others, they had been beaten down by the fiery Norman, as they had been by the furious Dane. But the endurance of the Saxon character was invincible,—its dogged tenacity of purpose proof against any force of oppression which could be laid upon it. If the Norman element "high-mettled" the Saxon, and gave life and fire to its normal inertness, the solidity of the Saxon character was well fitted to be the foundation upon which a structure of future greatness might be reared.

The collision of the two rival races was of the nature best fitted to draw out the valuable qualities of each. In Ireland the Scandinavian race failed to find in the subject Celtic population a whetstone for their nobler qualities. The material which they had to impress was too malleable. From mere lack of opposition they sank, generation after generation, more hopelessly into the condition of the people whom it should have been theirs to animate with new life. The Danish Geraldins, the Norman De Burghs lost, each generation, more and more of their native qualities, and became assimilated more and more to the people around them; until we find them "*Hibernis Hiberniores*," exhibiting the characteristic traits of the natives more strikingly than the very natives themselves. The very weakness and yielding of a mercurial, unsteadfast race proved fatal to the sterner, more masculine qualities of the stronger. The foundation of a noble and lasting structure must be broad, and deep, and massive. If it be not, the very soaring grandeur of its own lofty towers will more surely hasten the ruin of the whole. And unless the sub-strata of society, unless the subject race possess a solidity of character which can bear up against pressure, and assert

with dauntless and irrepressible constancy its own importance in the social system, that nation will occupy no splendid page in the book of history.

And the possession of these qualities, both in one and the other stratum of society, is a property of *race*. Systems and institutions may do much to develope, or even to impart, to some extent, the essential qualities. But it must never be forgotten that *institutions are made for and by men, not men by institutions*. The systems under which nations live, in order to be healthy, must be the natural result of their own characters, and habits of mind and action. They are, for the most part, the slow growth of centuries of trial; and they cannot be fitted, like a suit of clothes, to any people who may be captivated by their valuable properties, and take a fancy to adopt them. The year 1849 bore witness, in more than one country of Europe, to the fallacy of attempting to fit upon one race of men systems under which another had attained to solid prosperity at home, and to unparalleled growth and greatness abroad. The sound vitality and the healthy freedom of action of the English constitution, the display of the utmost energy, both in the individual and in the community, combined with a settled solidity at the base which is proof against every shock, is the result, under Providence, of a healthy collision of two diverse races, each fitted to supply what the other lacks, each developed to the utmost in a real and active antagonism; which, like the counter-attractions of the solar system, serves to keep the balance of the whole perfect, and its movements regular and orderly. To say that this happy result is due to the action of laws, is only throwing the question one step further back. For what are the laws of a people but the mode in which that people expresses, and systematizes, and perpetuates those moral and social instincts which are among the grand distinguishing features of race?

The struggles, the oscillations, the alternate successes of the conflicting races in England make up English history. During the Norman and Plantagenet dynasties there can be no doubt as to the Scandinavian ascendancy. The Wars of the Roses, which arrayed the North of England against the South, revived, to a great extent, the old animosities of race which had smouldered, but had not been quenched. An old monkish rhyme says :

“ Chronica si penses  
Quum pugnant Oxonienses  
Post aliquot menses  
Volat ira per Anglinenses.”

And the perpetual feuds which existed at Oxford between North and South, and which resulted in frequent collisions of large bodies of armed students, attended by loss of life in the fray, and subsequent executions of ringleaders, afford a convincing proof that there were the elements of discord ready laid, and requiring only the torch of civil strife to be applied to burst out into flame.

But the Wars of the Roses, and the attendant beheadings and attainders, nearly extinguished the old nobility who represented the Norman race. It was well for the country that it was so. But for that, the monasteries might never have been suppressed; and so long as they existed, exempt from episcopal control, and owing ecclesiastical obedience only to the Pope, the Reformation was, humanly speaking, impossible. The Tudors raised a new nobility; but the great and rapid rise of the Saxon commonalty was not to be curbed by this fresh element, to which the power and prestige of the dominant race was almost wholly wanting, and in the Great Rebellion the balance was at last overthrown.

It is worthy of remark how accurately the nation was divided by this great crisis of English history into its original constituents. The civil war was one of opinions and principles; in other words, a war of the prejudices and traditions of race. The Saxon commonalty rose against the Crown and the aristocracy, the representatives of the dominant Norman race. One has but to run over a list of great names on either side, to see how distinctly the two races were arrayed against each other. It was *Saxon* England which was the strength of the Parliamentary cause. Naseby and Marston Moor and Worcester avenged Hastings. The broad divisions of race may be traced still in the side which was taken by various parts of the country. The counties forming the kingdoms of the Saxon people, Essex, Wessex, Middlesex, Sussex, sided with the Parliament; the Anglian North and East took part with the King, while Celtic Wales and the semi-Celtic counties south of the estuary of the Severn, unshaken in their monarchical attachment, supported the Sovereign with the same devotion that the Gaelic Highlanders displayed to the cause of his grandson.

Not only in the broader divisions of the country was this antagonism of race apparent. In most counties, the Saxon burgesses of the towns were opposed to the Norman owners of the soil; the higher classes sided with the King, the middle with the Parliament. It needed no slight effort, and no shortlived exertion to throw off a prestige of power and authority to which the country had been accustomed for more

than five centuries. Before the reign of the Tudors, such a revolution would have been impossible. But the diminution, almost extinction, of the great Norman families during the wars of the Roses, had paved the way for such a change. The new nobility of Henry VIII and Elizabeth were sprung, for the most part, from what had been for so long, at best, the race of secondary consequence in the land. The Saxon elements, no longer overawed by the Norman force of character, had come to feel its own importance; and by its representatives in the Long Parliament, and in the person of the Protector and his government, reversed the old order of things.

The Restoration was an attempt, and a very feeble and unsuccessful one, to restore the ancient bias of the dominant class. The Rebellion had finished what the wars of the Roses and the religious and political troubles of the Saxons had begun. The cavaliers, who had ruined themselves, or had been ruined, in behalf of Charles I, met with but scanty requital at the hands of his needy spendthrift son; and but few estates could be recovered for the representatives of those who had gained their title to them at the Conquest. The Revolution of 1688 determined the constitution of England, and the relative bearing of classes and races, in the settled form in which we now enjoy them: but it introduced, at the same time, new principles, in which we may see the old antagonism still at work. According as men's hereditary traditions or bias of mind inclined them, they became Whigs or Tories. And in the political creeds of these parties were expressed, on the one hand, a leaning towards feudalism, privileged aristocracy, and domination of class, that is, of race—in short, a tendency, more or less, to the state of things which had characterized the Norman ascendancy; or, on the other hand, a disposition to regard the people as the sole source of laws and authority, and an impatience of anything savouring of the yoke which pressed so long and so heavily, and which was only thrown off, at last, by an effort which, for a time, left the constitution in ruins.

The Saxon element has triumphed finally, and for ever, over the Norman. An aristocracy exists in England, not by the weight of superior force, but as a convenient check in the machine of Government. Every trace of feudalism has been swept away; and the game laws, the last remnant of Norman rule, maintain only a lingering and oft-threatened existence. And yet it is curious to mark how thoroughly and how deeply the results of the Norman ascendancy have affected the popular mind of England. The silly respect for a mere title, the frivolous desire for its possession—apart from

any substantial advantages which it may be supposed to bring with it—the eagerness to become landed proprietors, all of which are recognized traits of the ordinary Englishman, all seem to indicate reaction in the habits of mind of a people accustomed, for many ages, to regard these things as the special appanage of a peculiar class.

But the Norman character has exercised a more useful and more powerful influence on the English people than this. It is the adventurous spirit of the Norman, which loved to encounter danger for danger's sake, which supplies commanders for our ships and officers for our army, and has won for England her mighty empire, and her reputation in every quarter of the globe.

It is not easy or safe to draw too bold a line of division through the general mass of the English population, and to account for their characteristic traits by their difference of race; but it may be remarked that there is a very noticeable contrast between two of the great branches of the English population, in the display or in the want of enterprise. The manufacturing energy of the country is wholly confined to those portions of England which were colonized by Angles. With the exception of the woollen manufactories in Gloucestershire, which were founded by Flemings, and may be even now carried on by their remote descendants, there are no similar works of any consequence carried on in that part of England which formed the Saxon settlements. The huge centres of this kind of industry are north of the Humber, and the constructive ability of the country flows southwards, usually, from the same source. It is true that London is within the bounds of Saxon England. But London, like ancient Rome, was ever a "*colluvies gentium*," and certainly cannot claim a Saxon population. Its basis was undoubtedly Roman-British, and it has absorbed more of foreign elements than, perhaps, all the rest of England together. While Bristol, the only other great southern emporium of trade, has been, almost within our own time, totally distanced by her gigantic young rival, Liverpool. The statistics of trade, agriculture, and manufacturing industry seem to claim for the north a more energetic spirit of enterprise than is displayed by the south, with the exception of London, which, as we have seen, can lay no claim to an exclusively Saxon origin.

Speaking broadly, the characteristics of the various races which make up English society, as we find it at the present day, may be classed somewhat thus. The Celtic peoples of Wales, Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland are impulsive,

excitable, red-hot, both in love and hate, but fickle; highly imaginative, which in some cases takes the form of poetic genius, in general that of superstition, to which the race is remarkably prone, and to mysticism in matters of religious belief. Generally, they are wanting in constructive ability; and the few who have succeeded in accumulating fortunes serve rather, by their exceptional instances, to prove the rule of their not commonly succeeding in this mode of advancement in life. The ordinary characteristics of the Scottish Lowlander, of Danish or Norse extraction, are too broad and well-defined, and have in the present day been made the subject of too much literary discussion, to need more than merely calling to mind. Keen, hard, grasping, cold, though with a good heart *when you get to it*, his very excess of caution renders him narrow rather than politic, and penurious rather than thrifty. Argumentative, and fond of intellectual subtleties, he is the victim of *overdefining*; and thus, though with a singularly sceptical turn of mind, he is content with the system of Calvin, which squares with so many of his peculiar characteristics. The northern Englishman—the Anglian, as he may be properly called—is the type of the Englishman of the nineteenth century. This is peculiarly his era; with its prodigious enterprise, gigantic undertakings, enormous new sources of wealth. Steam, with all its attendant advances in machinery and locomotion, may be proudly claimed as his own by the Englishman of the northern counties. If his genius has blossomed late, and his day has been long deferred, it has come at last; and no race of men ever more clearly saw their opportunity, or more promptly availed themselves of it. Rough, genial, keen-witted, caring not much for refinements, and preferring practical shrewdness to barren acquirements, they remind us much of what the Englishman is represented to have been in the days of the Tudors. The peculiarities of the Saxon pure and of the Saxon strongly imbued with the Norman element have been already too fully discussed to need further notice. It is in the mutual collision, rather than in the blending of these various qualities, that the national character is developed. It is by affording to each its full sway, and drawing it out by attrition against others, that each and all attain to their full height of growth and power.

But all history assures us that the proper and distinguishing characteristics of various races brought into mutual collision may be ultimately so blended, may fade so imperceptibly one into the other, and lose themselves so completely

in one another, as to end at last in a total evaporation of what had once been their proudest distinction.

“The individual withers, and the world is more and more.”

The tendency is ever to a flat and dull uniformity, out of which but few prominent points emerge to break the level monotony. The very activity of the antagonism insures the more speedy neutralization of all that is distinctive. Happily for England, the storehouses from which the new elements of her society are drawn are, as yet, too remote and distinct from each other, and contain too ample supplies of fresh material to give rise to any apprehension of a decay of English spirit or power. But can the same be said of the fast-growing nations which are the offspring of England's greatness? Their population flows to them already thoroughly mingled and filtered. In the infant nations there can be scarcely any perceptible distinction of race, no mutual collision and mutual development.

It is too early to speak of the colonies, whose history has scarcely yet begun; it will be enough to point, for illustration of what is meant, to the United States. The Northern States of America may be said fairly to represent the *Anglo-Saxon* race, as the Southern, through their Cavalier ancestors, may be held to represent the *Anglo-Norman*. The old struggle has broken out again between them; for the present war, nominally about the question of slavery, is, in truth, the old feud of Roundhead and Royalist, Saxon and Norman, which has long smouldered, and at last has blazed out.

But, regarding, as we must do, the northern portion of the great Transatlantic Republic as most truly representing the genius of its society and institutions, we must regard it also as the results of the *Anglo-Saxon* mind and temper. Its population is sprung, almost exclusively, from the lower and middle classes of England,—in other words, from the Saxon element of the population. The main principle of the State is a protest against aristocracies,—in other words, against the dominations of race. The American Republic, or the northern portion of it, represents the ultimate issue of the Saxon reaction. Whether the recoil has not carried it beyond the plain bounds of reason and common sense, it is no part of our present purpose to inquire. The question is, how do the properties of race affect the great loose society; and what results may we reasonably expect to see follow from so total an annihilation of all ethnical distinctions as we see to have been there effected. It is obvious that, where there are no antagonistic forces, keeping each other in check,

and growing, each by healthy collision with the other, that there can be but one grand stream of public opinion, of prejudice, of passion. There can be no resisting the will of the many. There will be too great a uniformity of temper and will to admit of the existence of any efficient checks. The natural result will be a weak government, and a self-willed population, difficult of control. These results have already begun to manifest themselves. The best men, the real intellect of the country, shrink from participating in the duties of government. The quinquennial elections of the President are an ever fresh source of corruption and demoralization. No government could ever long resist the force of popular, that is, of mob will. Lawless filibustering expeditions, which the government is powerless to check, attest its weakness. The licence of the press asserts the want of any high standard of public opinion in society. These things may be said to be the result of free institutions carried to excess; but the institutions themselves, as we have already seen, are the expression of the mind of the people; and if things are as we see them in America, it is because the American people will to have them so. The future of the United States none can foresee, though there be many and various hopes and fears, and doubts and wishes as to the career that is before it. But, from the testimony of history we may gather enough to say that the great Republic bears within it the seeds of decay, from the causes to which attention has now been drawn. The ruin of Athens is attributed by high authority to too complete an amalgamation of the Hellenic and Pelasgic races, whose antagonism had developed so marvellously that wonderful little state. The wreck of Rome began as the Roman elements—whether Latin or Etruscan—became absorbed by the mingled mass which overpowered and swamped the original population. And a too great homogeneity, the want of such checks and balances as can arise only from differences of race, may prove fatal to the promised greatness of the Saxon stock beyond the Atlantic.

We may think ourselves happy, and regard it as an augury of future advancement for ourselves, that we have, in this colony, the diverse elements, out of which a great nation has already sprung, brought together in such proportions and in such a manner as may best insure their healthy combination. We have not, indeed, a dominant race, and it is in the highest degree improbable that we ever shall have one; but we may reasonably hope that the mutual collision of such elements of race as we possess may serve to create a healthy rivalry between them, and that such rivalry may tend to the development and advance of the country.

## LOOKING BACK.

My darling Lucy, let me think  
 Of that sweet day when first I felt  
 That with thy life thy love would link  
 The fond heart that in homage knelt.  
 My dearest wife—my own for aye—  
 E'en Love himself could scarce have guessed  
 How soon you turned the night to day—  
 How soon you warmed my icy breast.

Ah me! the glad sight comes again  
 Which met my eyes that April morn,  
 When weary, and with 'wildered brain  
 I mourned the hour that I was born.  
 I turned aside from trodden ways—  
 I sought the tangled thicket, lest  
 Some memory of my wasted days  
 Should wake new tortures in my breast.

With careless step and aching heart  
 I wandered—where I knew not, then;  
 I felt that I must be apart  
 From the rough jar of other men.  
 I had no purpose, but I walked  
 Like one who might not hope for rest;  
 And wildly to the woods I talked  
 The thoughts that stirred within my breast.

"What care I for the crowd of fools—  
 The world that I have left behind—  
 The hollow logic of the schools—  
 The barren subtleties of mind;  
 The jargon of mere empty sound  
 The words of wind to all addressed  
 Shall never find—have never found—  
 An echo here within my breast.

"It is, I know, a deadly curse  
 To feel this ulcer—doubt, within;  
 It comes of bad and leads to worse—  
 It is the cunning child of sin.  
 Though young I have all faith outworn—  
 I mock at what men love the best;  
 And yet, and yet, this bitter scorn  
 Is like a devil in my breast.

"Look where I may I cannot see  
 The sterling truth for which I sigh;  
 Religion is a mystery,  
 And Politics are all a lie.  
 Our statesmen only seek to know  
 What arts will gull the nation best.  
 And how, how can I overthrow  
 The fury throned within my breast?"

And so with words as wild as these  
 I went my strange and wilful way;  
 The wind was sighing to the trees—  
 The birds were singing to the day!

The primrose kept its modest state  
With bluebell, violet, and the rest ;  
And while all nature was at ease  
These piercing tortures racked my breast.

I looked above—the sky was blue—  
I looked around—the scene was fair—  
The sun was drinking up the dew  
And kissing into warmth the air ;  
Glad insect life began to move—  
All things a holy faith confessed  
In that dear Father who is love,  
Save my fierce thoughts and atheist breast.

And e'en on me the cheerful scene  
A brighter, better influence wrought :  
I was not quite what I had been  
In bitterness of moody thought.  
The thousand varied tints of light  
That sparkled up, from east to west,  
In glowing scenes unto my sight—  
Rebuked the demon in my breast.

Thus had I wandered ten long miles ;  
And from my mind the gloom away  
Had half been driven by the smiles  
That decked the glowing face of day,  
When on a sudden all my care  
Vanished ; I felt my lot was blest,  
And thy dear image, bright and fair,  
Was fixed for ever in my breast.

The flutter of a morning dress—  
A form arrayed in dainty white—  
Is it a fairy ?—is it—yes,  
It is an angel meets my sight !  
Into the hawthorn hedge she peeps  
The fledgelings stir within the nest—  
And ah ! dark doubt no longer keeps  
Its weary vigil in my breast.

My Lucy ! dear one ! well you know  
What next your husband has to say ;  
How first with timid step and slow  
He walked beside you on your way ;  
How, grown more bold, he dared to speak  
To her who gave his life new zest—  
Oh ! human words are all too weak  
To tell the hope that thrilled his breast.

Can'st thou, my Lucy, guess the chance  
That thenceforth led me to that spot ?  
The magic of the sunny glance  
That could not, would not be forgot—  
The golden dream of joy that kept  
My spirit in a sweet unrest—  
The fond, bright hope that never slept  
To fold thee, dear one, to my breast.

And thus I waited for my bride  
 Till spring had passed to summer-time,  
 And e'en till winter, far and wide,  
 Began to touch the fields with rime.  
 I waited till my hope was crowned  
 By the fond thoughts which you confessed ;  
 And now, dear Lucy, I have found  
 A home and refuge in thy breast.  
 With love no doubt can ever mate—  
 In essence they are far apart—  
 Doubt is the scowling bride of Hate—  
 Affection plucks it from the heart.  
 Your first fond look destroyed the foe ;  
 Since then it has not reared its crest,  
 There is no room for doubt to grow  
 Now you are dwelling in my breast.

J. S. L.

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### OMNIBUS CAPENSIS.

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#### [A SKETCH FROM THE ACTUAL.]

THE immortal *Punch*, in one of his world-known weekly numbers, issued in the age (fortunately a brief one) of the existence of Penny Omnibuses in London, wrote to this effect :

“ Had Dante been alive at the present day (and we sincerely regret he is not), he would certainly have placed his ‘*Inferno*’ inside a Penny Omnibus.”

It must at once be manifest to every inhabitant of Cape Town, blessed with a moderate share of medullary matter, that the estimable *Punch*, omniscient and ubiquitous as he professes to be, could never have beheld, much less travelled in, the miserable apologies for vehicles, drawn by indescribably painful caricatures of equinity, that daily crawl around the base of Table Mountain ; or he would never have dreamt of suggesting the above position for the *Inferno*, when the hateful interior of a Cape Omnibus entered into competition for the distinction in question.

I am strongly impressed with the conviction that, before the inevitable extinction of these instruments of tardy torture through the advent of railways, before the last rickety specimen of “*Omnibus Capensis*” is consigned to the custody of the Curator of the South African Museum, it is the duty of some one of the patient victims who have so long suffered through these hideous engines to relate to the world, impartially and conscientiously, the story of his woes. It is highly probable that this relation will not be credited by the next generation ; but, alas ! that is the fate allotted to nearly all historians.

If I belonged to a debating society (which, thank the benevolent Fates! I do not), I should, of course, proceed to say that, "in the absence of any more able and talented person;" or "after having in vain expectantly awaited the flood of light which, it was fondly anticipated, the colossal intellect of Mr. Fitz-Maunder Cribb would deign to throw upon this surpassingly interesting subject," I "venture to submit my own humble ideas to an indulgent and enlightened public." Instead of doing this, however, I uphold that I am perfectly competent to descant upon this matter, having recently had occasion to travel upwards of two thousand miles by these very omnibuses. It is a literal fact, Messieurs Editors. I might have been on the equator, or beyond, by this time, if those abominable conveyances had happened to be going that way instead of dodging backwards and forwards about the Cape Peninsula.

The first thing that strikes the unfortunate individual who enters the gloomy box which is palmed off upon an inexperienced public as a travelling conveyance suitable for human beings, is an odour of fustiness, mustiness, and dustiness that is utterly bewildering in its intensity of anti-olfactory power. The disgusted novice is naturally at a loss to account for so appalling and oppressive a smell: which, as is evident from his distorted features and repeated snortings, affects him in no slight degree. As he looks perturbedly and half-inquiringly at his neighbours—who, with the singular aptness of those who have been rendered callous by suffering, are rather gratified than otherwise at the novice's discomfort—a middle-aged prisoner on his right, interpreting the cause of his disgust, remarks, with a bitter smile:

"Bad, isn't it? But what can you expect when they *let niggers sleep in here every night!*"

The novice shudders at this, and after glaring incredulously at the middle-aged prisoner, in whose solemn countenance is written the truth of his assertion, turns abruptly and endeavours to let down the window on his left. It is in vain he struggles—not an inch will the stubborn frame move. When he is wroth and red-faced with his exertions, a commercial-traveller-looking man in a cap, sitting opposite him, condescends to state for his information,

"It's no use trying to let that down, sir; can't you see that the leather 's made thick on purpose to prevent its sliding down?"

At this demonstration of the last example of fiendish ingenuity practised by the inhuman proprietor of the 'buses, everybody actually *laughs!* (To such a depth of degradation

does suffering reduce human nature!) Half-desperate, the uninitiated suppresses an——exclamation, gasps for air, and finally sullenly settles himself in his seat, firmly resolved to write to every come-at-able paper on the subject of the “disreputable state—yes, sir!—disgraceful condition of the Biervley ’buses!” The old stagers, who have seen all this scores of times, and who have dim ideas that they once were foolish enough to have done something very like it themselves, fall to shouting disjointed seraps of conversation at each other—which occupation, though laudable in its object, is difficult of performance, inasmuch as the rattle of the omnibus renders it necessary to repeat everything you say about three times at the least, after which it is a hundred to one that you are entirely misunderstood. The result of this sort of conversation, as far as I have observed, is to make one hot, hoarse to a degree, and quite prepared at a moment’s notice to quarrel with one’s best friend.

Left to himself, the stranger is able to observe at leisure the horrors of the dungeon-like compartment in which he is so luckless as to be located. He marks the roof—a few deal boards, supported by slender cross-bars, which bend and quiver with the superincumbent weight of passengers and parcels, and depending therefrom a few tattered strips of oil-cloth attached by some rusty nails. Detached masses of what, when the omnibus was new, might perhaps have been padding, sway in fungus-like patches on the sides, while the thin pieces of wood composing the inner panelling gape in their joints and start and crackle curiously. In the floor are sundry rifts and chasms, which have often proved fatal to the happiness of such thoughtless passengers as have incautiously deposited their parcels beneath the seats; and through which a cheerful view of the road over which one is passing can be obtained: affording a rare opportunity to a person of geological tendencies for observing the character of the formation, and to the statistician and calculator for arriving at a correct estimate of the exact amount of time most annoying to the passengers in which an omnibus, drawn by four or six horses, can be made to traverse a given length of road.

Our friend is roused from such speculations, however, by the disagreeable consciousness that an iron bolt is endeavouring in the most affectionate manner to impress its image on a sensitive portion of his ribs. In moving an inch or two to evade the contiguity of the bolt, he becomes aware that he is sedentary upon the apex of a mountain-range in the mouldy combination of straw and fustian which is intended to convey

to the minds of travellers the false idea that the vehicle is provided with cushions. His temper having now regained much of its native serenity, he proceeds to remark mildly on his unhappy position to his middle-aged neighbour, when that person with some gruffness replies: "You may think yourself lucky in having any cushion at all. I am at present only provided with *half* my share!"

Receiving no consolation in that quarter, the complainer resigns himself to his fate. Not wishing, however, to have that fate further embittered by a treacherous wind which is whistling through his hair, freezing the vital fluid in his neck, and piercing his auricular organs, he proceeds, though with considerable misgivings, to try whether the window on his right will admit of being raised. Warned, as he imagines, by the immovable fixedness of the window he formerly endeavoured to lower, he pulls with considerable vigour at the leather of this frame. To his infinite surprise, it flies up with a bang and sticks there. But why do howls of derisive laughter (in which even the imp of darkness who abides on the door-step, and is misnamed a "guard," joins) greet his supposed success? *There is no glass in that frame!* Nor are two windows on the other side ornamented with any vitreous substance, as the commercial-traveller-looking man obligingly demonstrates by rapidly pushing up and down the vacant frames. It is impossible for our baffled friend to avenge his wrongs on the "insides," but he inwardly resolves that "that confoundedly cheeky young nigger of a conductor" shall not escape his righteous indignation.

By this time the crazy vehicle has reached Muffville, where it pulls up. Our friend the novice indulges in the fond hope that somebody out of the five and two children on the opposite side or the six and one child on his own is going to get out. Miserably is he disappointed. Lo! a huge Malay female, with two smaller animals of the same race, at the door, demanding admittance, and evidently determined on effecting an entrance, in spite of a few smothered ejaculations of "No room!" He gazes despairingly through the windows, with the idea of getting on the top; but alas! there is no break in the dense range of human legs that adorn the sides, and even depend gracefully over the door-window. He struggles to escape—he will walk! No such thing. The dusky woman and her dirty offspring have already been crushed in; the lying but all-powerful "Right!" has been shrieked; bump, jumble, rattle, and crash, the aged 'bus is once more in motion. The fat daughter of Islam has no intention of standing, and forthwith sits down upon the ill-

used novice and his elderly neighbour. They strive in vain to escape from her massive person, which exudes a powerful effluvium of cocoanut oil, till somebody forcibly ejects the one child from its place, when the mighty form, by the mere inert pressure of its own ponderous weight, wedges itself firmly between the novice and his neighbour, crushing their limbs to either side as an elephant might do in the ranks of a hostile force.

Despair of escape now completely possesses our hero; he sits squashed and helpless, with the gloomy prospect of four miles more of this treatment. His philosophic mind, however, finds some occupation and relief in the observation of the grove of legs, or rather of legs from the calf downward, that fringes the opposite side of the omnibus and renders yet more dusky the gloom of the interior. It is a singular and novel sensation, the contemplation of legs without the bodies to which they are usually attached; and it opens a vast field for blameless and ingenious speculation as to the aspect and peculiarities of the said bodies. For let no one think that legs (not excepting their integuments) are devoid of character. We are all too apt to neglect and overlook those useful organs of locomotion; in the case of others treating them with marked indifference (unless, indeed, they be *bandy* or *bow*), and in that of ourselves thinking that we have done as much as can be expected of us by simply thrusting them into some awkward coverings and leaving them to take care of themselves. Yet if a leg gets broken or otherwise hurt, if it is even disabled by a corn on the foot caused by the pressure of one of the awkward coverings alluded to, how ready we are to consider ourselves ill-used individuals. A pair of legs must be seen alone, apart from the distracting influence of their stuck-up allies the head, body, and arms, for their real value and services to be duly appreciated. It is then, and only then, that we feel for them that affectionate gratitude which is their just due. Superficial observers, on regarding the omnibus rows of legs, will slightly observe that they are all alike. Yes: as all faces are alike in general structure, in that they possess two eyes, a nose, and a mouth. But when you come carefully to compare faces or legs, how wondrously they differ in their special characters! Resting on that foot-board, one may distinguish conceited legs, bold legs, timid legs, scientific legs, disputations legs, avaricious legs, &c., not to mention the aberrant varieties of Mozambique, Kafir, and Malay legs. It is startling at times to behold a *solitary leg*,—it has a lonely and friendless aspect deprived of its

natural ally, and would lead one prone to jump to conclusions to believe that its owner had been compelled to part with the other, whereas it is ten to one that he has merely crossed the latter over the knee of the visible leg. Then the boots which adorn the feet appertaining to these legs. What can be more strange than their infinite variety of shape, condition, and material? They vary as much as the hats sported at the other extremity of the human frame; and everybody knows at the Cape that *their* name is legion, and that a full description thereof would occupy a moderate life-time. As for the "bags" that hide from view the natural hue and proportions of these human tibiæ, they are of every conceivable hue, cut, pattern, and texture, from the emaciated, almost pantaloön-shaped, aged integuments of former days to the full-blown "peg-tops" of the present epoch.

Reflections such as these occupy the brain of the squashed one as the vehicle of torture slowly passes through Roode-slusch and Corkdale. At the former station no less than two people get down from the roof. Our hero sees a loophole of escape; he makes a frantic struggle, is half extricated from the living press—but alas! during his exertions two new passengers have availed themselves of the vacancies, and his chance is lost. At Corkdale seven insides leave the vehicle, affording him opportunity of stretching his cramped and flattened limbs and attending to the removal from his mouth and nostrils of extensive and suffocating layers of red, gritty dust—a needful operation physically impossible in his former position.

A new and unexpected variety of affliction now compels his notice. As long as the 'bus was crammed with people, the pressure, evenly distributed throughout, did not allow of any excess of eccentric motion in that machine. Now, however, so materially lightened of its load, the poor crazy vehicle indulges in frantic plungings, jerks, and leaps, making its seams start, sending the pinched apologies for cushions to the floor, and causing our friend to come into such violent contact with its sides that he is forced to hold on for his life. These unpleasant motions are aggravated by the increased activity of the emaciated quadrupeds which draw the machine. Relieved by the lessened weight, and encouraged by the knowledge that they are nearly at their journey's end, they progress at a pace which, compared to their previous performances, is positively break-neck. The process of turning sharp off at right angles, when a conveyance is proceeding at a good round pace, requires some skill, steady horses, and a compact, well-balanced vehicle; and

even then is not the safest action in the world. But the reckless manner in which the driver of a Biervley 'bus accomplishes it, making the top-heavy affair describe a semi-circle on the pivot of about four square inches of the tire of one of the hind wheels, is nothing less than appalling, especially if (as is almost invariably the case) there are several big stones or a hole of formidable dimensions in the road. Having, much to his astonishment, escaped with life and sound limbs through a daring feat of this nature, the bruised, stifled, and cramped individual whose experiences we have detailed finds himself in a few minutes more at Biervley. Here he is graciously allowed to alight in a remarkably odoriferous slough of considerable extent, situated in the immediate vicinity of a long tumble-down building, where rest the skeleton forms of several superannuated 'busses rapidly mouldering away, as well as some dingy specimens of those still in daily use. At this juncture the juvenile demon on the door-step positively demands a "dollar!"

There is a point in every nature, however gentle, beyond which it is not safe to provoke. The long pent-up wrath of our ill-used friend now breaks forth. He is luckily provided with an elastic cane, and therewith inflicts two or three sharp strokes on a portion of the imp's structure which beings of his spiritual organization are usually represented not to possess. The salutary effects of this little demonstration are most apparent in both parties concerned—the dusky fiend petitioning for his one shilling and sixpence in very different tones, and the *now*-initiated smilingly leaving the brink of the swamp and paying the sum requested. Having partially removed the clinging traces of the slough's attachment to his boots, he proceeds to his destined halting-place, inwardly resolving that, come what may, the light of his countenance shall never more illumine the interior of a Cape omnibus; but that, whenever a stern necessity may compel him to avail himself of one of those conveyances, the exterior shall be graced with his presence.

PEREGRINUS.

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### T. B. BAYLEY, ESQ.

WITH this month's issue, the *Cape Monthly Magazine* ceases to exist, and feeling as we do, that our Portrait Gallery would be incomplete without at least one representative of the agricultural interest, we have at last succeeded in obtaining the likeness of a gentleman to whom this serial is indebted for many valuable contributions on agricultural subjects, and

to whom the whole colony undoubtedly owes a deep debt of gratitude for efforts in support of its agricultural progress, which, commenced with singleness of purpose and continued under difficulties and discouragements, through good report and evil report, for nearly twenty years, have had their fruit in contributing largely to raise the rude colonial husbandry to the importance of a profession, and the dignity of a science, and have rendered the name of Thomas Butterworth Bayley a household word in the mouths of our most enlightened agriculturists and land-owners.

We have only obtained Mr. Bayley's likeness on the express condition that we "say as little as possible about him," and it is therefore to his career in this colony that our memoir must be confined. Forced by ill health to relinquish the Bengal Civil Service, in which he had passed the best part of his youth, and finding the climate of England as little suited to his constitution as that of Hindostan, Mr. Bayley selected the Cape as a happy medium in this respect, and finally settled here as a practical farmer in 1844.

The locality which he selected for his new home was the River Zonder End, in the district of Caledon, and in one of the loveliest spots of this neighbourhood he purchased an extensive property. The place had many recommendations. Roads in 1844 were not what they are now, and to be within a couple of days' journey of Cape Town, was in itself *something*. The fruitful soil, the varying and never-failing pasture, the abundance of water, all commended themselves to the notice of the practical farmer, whilst last, but we fancy not least, the scenery, with its accessories of mountain and river, wooded kloof and silent pool, must have had its share in determining the choice, and must have suggested the thought that here, where nature had done so much, and so much remained for man to do, a new home might be formed, in which, surrounded by such appliances of civilized life as ample means and a cultivated taste can command, a life might be passed, not only in the enjoyment of the health which was denied elsewhere, but in the performance of a great and useful work in developing the resources of the country, and aiding in the amelioration of the condition of its inhabitants.

Probably it is some such feeling as that which we have sketched which in a greater or less degree influences all men of position and education who voluntarily exchange the comforts of civilized society for the trials and privations inseparable from colonial life. There is something romantic, something almost heroic, in thus setting forth to establish a new home upon a new earth, spreading around us the influences of a

more refined education and a more perfect civilization, and endeavouring to promote the common interests of humanity by developing the resources and improving the social condition of the people amongst whom our lot is cast. That such a feeling actuated the subject of this memoir, and that it produced more direct and tangible and beneficial results than in most cases, there is abundant evidence. How much good seed has fallen by the wayside and been choked by the thorns of colonial life we need not stop to inquire; here, at least, it fell on good ground, and the fruit which it has brought forth has indeed been a hundred-fold.

The property, purchased by Mr. Bayley received the name of "The Oaks," and here from 1844 till 1856 he resided, labouring incessantly in the cause of colonial agriculture in every branch, and studying to render his new home a centre of usefulness to his fellow-colonists and a model of such modest comfort, and even elegance, as might easily be attained by every landowner. The estate has now passed into other hands, but "The Oaks" with its regular quadrangles of buildings, its paddocks and enclosures, its gardens and plantations, will long serve to show to newly-arrived colonists how lovely a home may be created in the solitudes of South Africa, whilst the benefits which the cause of agriculture has gained—benefits substantial, real, and tangible—in the shape of thoroughbred stock and improved implements, finer wool and better grain, valuable trees and useful plants, delicious fruits and lovely flowers, obtained at a cost sometimes excessive, but never grudged, and distributed liberally without one idea of individual profit or selfish aggrandizement, are in themselves at once the memorial of his achievements and the reward of his labours, and will, we trust, serve to stimulate many colonists whose means are sufficient for the purpose to endeavour to do as much good in their generation for the land of their birth as Mr. Bayley has done for the land of his adoption.

The branch of farming to which Mr. Bayley's tastes more particularly inclined him was horse-breeding, and with such sires as *Rococo*, *Tally-ho*, *Evenus*, and *Mr. Martin*, the horses bred at "The Oaks" soon obtained celebrity. For the powers of endurance necessary in such a country as this nothing can compete with the thoroughbred; and with the conviction that the thoroughbred horse is the animal best adapted to the wants of this country, and that the test of the thoroughbred is the race-course, Mr. Bayley has always been a staunch supporter of the turf, and the stables at "The Oaks" sent in rapid succession the first-class racers *Orlando*,

*Young Evenus, Royal Oak, Sylvanus*, and others to the Green Point course. In later years these have been followed by *Old Joe, Young Rapid, Planet, Elis, Marmion, Emigrant*, &c., and the same blood in the hands of Mr. Michael van Breda, to whom the estate and the stud have passed, still maintains its reputation. But it was not to the Turf alone that his attention was directed; and in addition to some forty thoroughbred horses and a number of mares which he has imported for himself and others, Mr. Bayley also introduced splendid Cleveland carriage horses and the powerful Yorkshire half-bred for draught purposes. The cattle imported by him have been Ayrshire, Devon, Short-horn, Galloway, and Kerry, whilst in sheep we are indebted to him for carefully selected specimens of the Dorrien, Sturgeon, and French merino breeds, together with Leicesters and Cotswolds;—easy to enumerate and making no great show on paper, but the cost and the trouble and vexation incidental to these operations can only be judged of and appreciated by those who, though perhaps on a smaller scale, have embarked in similar undertakings.

As regards the benefit conferred by Mr. Bayley in introducing agricultural implements and machinery, we may here observe that he was the first man who ever imported Howard's iron plough. We wonder how many thousands of these simple and beautiful implements are now preparing the land for the seed in every direction! That wonderful machine, the old wooden Cape plough, has nearly disappeared from the face of the earth. Peace be to its *manes*, and let a place be kept for it in the Museum! Now-a-days, on every farm in the grain districts may be seen four, six, eight, and ten double and single-furrow Howards and Ransomes, each with its train of well-conditioned horses or mules, doing their work in a way that would astonish the rude forefathers of the hamlet, if indeed those worthies were capable of any such emotion, and which we trust will be the means of delivering at the railway stations wheat in such quantities and at such prices as not only to supply ourselves at something below famine price, but also to render it a considerable article of export.

The gardens and plantations at "The Oaks" would amply repay the traveller for a passing visit, independently of the courteous and ready hospitality of Mr. Michael van Breda, the present proprietor of the estate. The forest trees, especially *conifers*, are unequalled by those in any private grounds in the colony, and the collection of fruit-trees of every variety which money could procure or skill acclimatize

must be considered unique. Both have been most liberally distributed by seeds and grafts to all parts of the Western Province.

In 1856, Mr. Bayley retired from active farming pursuits, but he has continued to devote himself with unabated energy to the cause of agriculture, and in his capacity as a member of the committee of the Agricultural Society and of the South African Turf Club he has done good service, and indeed may be regarded as the main stay of both those institutions. From public life, Mr. Bayley has retired as much as possible, but he has not shrunk from his duties in this respect when he conceived that he was called upon to act. Under the Government of Sir Peregrine Maitland, he was a member of the Legislative Council, and he occupied a seat at the Central Road Board until the unofficial members of that body resigned, in 1853, under circumstances well known to the public. Upon the introduction of representative institutions, in 1853, Mr. Bayley was requested by influential requisitions, both from Cape Town and the country, to allow himself to be returned for the Legislative Council, but he at that time contemplated quitting the colony, and the proffered honour was declined. We cannot close this imperfect sketch of Mr. T. B. Bayley better than by giving, to show in what spirit he patronizes the turf himself, and advocates the claims of the South African Turf Club, an extract from a speech made by him at a dinner given in 1859 to Colonel Apperley, when, in returning thanks for the toast of his own health, which had been proposed in glowing terms by the Hon. W. Porter, the Attorney-General, and speaking on the subject of horses and horse-breeding, Mr. Bayley observed "that he thought the public might do, and should do something more than it had hitherto done towards the encouragement of the breeders, and he ventured to assert that the South African Turf Club was the channel by which this assistance could best be rendered (cheers). Without the Turf Club, the races could never have been continued up to the present time; without the races, the breeders can never obtain sufficiently remunerating prices for their valuable blood stock, and without spirited and enterprising breeders, ready to pay handsomely for English sires and mares of the best quality, our colonial breed must soon degenerate, and become both unfit for exportation and useless to ourselves. It was this conviction, he felt sure, which had induced their worthy chairman—than whom, as a cavalry officer and a forward rider to hounds, no one in the colony was better able to appreciate the value of blood and bone—to remain for the last sixteen or eighteen

years a member of the South African Turf Club (hear, hear). They were proud of his support, and they had a right to be proud of it, for was it not clear that the Attorney-General—though he did not allude to him in his official capacity, but as a private gentleman, distinguished above all other things by his utter scorn and hatred of all that was base, tricky, or dishonourable—would never have allowed his name to remain so long on the Turf Club roll had he found that their proceedings had any pernicious taint about them, or that they had any tendency whatever to lower the standard of morals in this most immaculate city? (hear, hear). No doubt the sports of the turf might be turned to bad account by men devoid of principle; and doubtless, also, in our limited community, as in every other, there were some unhappy individuals, afflicted with a judgment so perverse, an imagination so distempered, and a vision so jaundiced as to regard with suspicion and distrust every movement of their neighbours in which they themselves did not participate (applause). He was tempted to say something more on this subject, but perhaps he had better not, and he would, therefore, simply throw out, for the consideration of all such charitable individuals as those to whom he had just referred, that if people had a turn for gambling, or, in other words, for speculation, they can indulge their taste without being members of the Turf Club or even coming to the races. At all events, he would maintain that the South African Turf Club, constituted as it then was, did everything in its power to restrict its operations within their legitimate bounds, and that it deserved more support than it had hitherto met with, not only because it provided a very harmless amusement for those who had scarcely any other, but because it protected the fair sportsman and the public from the intrusion and possible mal-practices of low and disreputable characters, who, if left to follow their own devices, might not scruple to set at defiance the laws of racing as well as the laws of honour (applause)."

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### THE KAFIR BOY.

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THE following affecting incident was related some years ago in the frontier papers, and may be, perhaps, remembered by readers of the *Cape Magazine*:

Fast drove the thin sleet raw and cold:—

A Kafir boy of five years old

Stood wistfully with child's concern,

To watch his father's home return.

Plump were the limbs, of glossy black,  
A small kaross hung on his back;  
For, was he not his father's joy,  
That sprightly and well-shapen boy?

The voice comes not he craves to greet,  
The form his arms stretch out to meet,  
The lustrous eyes so keen and bright,  
Distinguish nothing through the night.

Out in the damp—out in the wild,  
Unheeded went the eager child,  
The long interminable veld,—  
Sight, even a heathen's heart to melt.

The impatient feet, they patter fast,  
Onward and onward through the blast,  
And ever, amid driving rain,  
"Father—my father!" sounds in vain.

'Tis darkness all,—no light to guide  
The footsteps wandering far and wide;  
No voice gives welcome echo back  
On that confused and circling track.

Hour after hour, the while on high,  
Waned the dim crescent from the sky;  
Through darkness, bush, and bruising stone  
He went on weepingly alone.

Man's skilled insight explores each throe  
Of man's fierce agony—gaunt woe;  
But a young child's despairing heart  
Sinks with unfathom'd hopeless smart.

So never, never may be known,  
Save by the angels near God's throne,  
Amid what suffering, sobbing, fright,  
Slowly went on that wintry night.

But known it is—that when the flush  
Of morning reddened brake and bush,  
And the distracted father hied  
With grieving quest on every side—

Where sharp mimosas fenced the kraal,  
Unsheltered by that spiky wall  
From cold that froze its life away,  
Stark dead the little Kafir lay.

Dead, if you will, the poor torn feet,  
Tripping, a father's smile to meet ;  
The heart, the hand, the lustrous eye,  
The voice that with such piteous cry

Its earthly father sought in vain :  
But free from death and free from pain,  
The quickened soul hath found above  
Our Father's everlasting love.

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[CONTINUATION.]

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As further specimens of Hottentot literature, we give here a translation of three Nama fables :

### 2. LEGEND OF THE FLYING LION.

The lion, it is said, used once to fly, and at that time nothing could live before him. As he was unwilling that the bones of what he caught should be broken into pieces, he made a pair of white crows watch the bones, leaving them behind at the kraal whilst he went a-hunting. But one day there came the great frog, broke the bones into pieces, and said : "Why can men and animals live no longer ?" And he added these words : "When he comes, tell him that I live at yonder pool ; if he wishes to see me he must come there."

The lion, lying in wait (for game), wanted to fly up, but could not fly. Then he got angry, thinking that at the kraal something was wrong, and returned home. When he arrived, he asked : "What have you done that I cannot fly ?" Then they answered and said : "There came a man here, broke the bones into pieces, and said—'If he wants me he may look for me at yonder pool.' " The lion went and arrived while the frog was sitting on the beard (margin) of the water, and he tried to creep stealthily upon him. And when he was about to get hold of him, the frog said : "Ho!" and diving, went and sat on the beard of the other side. The lion pursued him, but as he could not catch him, he returned home.

From that day, it is said, the lion walked on his feet, and also began to creep upon (his game) ; and the white crows

became entirely dumb, since the day that they said: "Nothing can be said of that matter."

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Mr. Krönlein accompanies this legend with the following notes:

"The enormous leaps of the lion, when he springs upon his game, and which he seems to be able to measure so exactly, are still derived from his former art of flying. The white crow, a carrion bird which is indeed very rarely heard to utter a sound, appears in this fable fittingly as bone-keeper to the king of animals. As Samson's strength lay in his hair, so the art of flying seems for the lion to have been dependent upon the unbroken condition of the bones. That the thick-bodied frog (which, besides the usual padak, is found in some waters in this country) delivers men and animals from the arrogance of the lion which was favoured by the art of flying, and fools him by his own little-esteemed art,—all this is characteristic of the damage which despised animals can do to others which are more highly esteemed." (G. Krönlein.)

The idea that some supernatural power is bound up in a certain talisman (as here, in the unbroken bones), the destruction of which removes the spell, is frequent in Oriental tales,—as, for example, in those of the Arabian Nights,—and also in our own household legends.

### 3. THE GIRAFFE AND THE TORTOISE.

The giraffe and the tortoise, it is said, met one day. There said the giraffe to the tortoise: "At once I could trample you to death." The tortoise being afraid, remained silent. Then the giraffe said: "At once I could swallow you." The tortoise said (in answer to this): "Well, I just belong to the family of those whom it has always been customary to swallow." Then the giraffe swallowed the tortoise, and when the latter was being gulped down, it stuck in the throat of the giraffe, and as the giraffe could not get it down his throat, he was choked to death.

When the giraffe was dead, the tortoise crawled out, and went to the crab (which is considered as the mother of the tortoise) and told to her what had happened. Then she said:

"The little crab! I could sprinkle it under its arm (with boochoo),  
The crooked-legged little one, I could sprinkle under its arm."

The tortoise answered its mother, and said:

"Have you not always sprinkled me,  
That you want to sprinkle me now?"

Then they went and fed the whole year on him (the dead giraffe).

! ! ! ! ! !

We add Mr. Krönlein's notes on this fable:

"The giraffe, distinguished as he is by his tall stature, did not for very pride, know how he could best damage the despised tortoise. He was well able to trample it to death, but not to swallow it without danger of choking. Of this he did not think, but the tortoise was immediately aware of it, and advised, therefore, its being swallowed. The crab which has her feet on one side (?) lives in almost all waters hereabout. Why the crab is considered as the mother of the tortoise, is not clear to me. The intention of sprinkling boochoo under the arm expresses commendation of the pluckiness of the child. The change of address implies tenderness, and the child's answer pride in its own strength." (G. Krönlein.)

I need not draw attention to the parallelism in the verse of praise addressed by the crab to the tortoise, and in which parallelism the nature of Hottentot poetry seems to consist, in a similar way as it is the main element of Semitic poetry. It is, of course, well known that the Psalms of David, and all the other poetical portions of the Old Testament, exhibit the same kind of law of composition.

#### 4. THE JACKAL.

The jackal, it is said, married a she-wolf, and lifted a cow belonging to the ants to slaughter her for the wedding; and when he had slaughtered her, he put the cow skin over his bride; and when he had fixed a pole (on which to hang the flesh) he placed on the top of the pole (which was forked) the hearth for cooking, in order to cook upon it all sorts of delicious food. There came also the lion to the spot, and wished to go up. The jackal asked, therefore, his little daughter for a thong with which he could pull the lion up, and he began to pull him up; and when his face came near to the cooking pot he cut the thong in two, and the lion tumbled down. Then the jackal upbraided his little daughter with these words: "Why do you give me such an old thong?" And he added: "Give me a fresh thong." She gave him a new thong, and he pulled him up again, and when his face came near the pot which stood on the fire, he said: "Open your mouth!" Then he put into his mouth a hot piece of quartz which had been boiled together with the fat, and the stone went down, burning his throat, into his belly, and out again. Thus died the lion.

There came also the ants running after the cow, and when

the jackal saw them he fled. Then they beat the wolf bride in her brookaross dress. The wolf, believing that it was the jackal, said :

"You tawny rogue ! have you not played at beating long enough ?  
Have you no more loving game than this ?"

But when she had bitten a hole through the cowskin, she saw that they were other people ; and she fled, falling here and there ; yet she made her escape.

! ! ! ! ! !

On this fable Mr. Krönlein remarks : " Another specimen of the cunning of the fox, which is also here proverbial, and a trait of his well-known thievish character. The site of the kitchen at some height betrays his slyness, which is also evidenced in the deceitful breaking of the thong, and the first fall of the lion. Instead of a piece of fat he gives him a stone, in order to rid himself of the troublesome guest.

" The rest of the fable shows the general fear of the ants, and the wantonness and stupidity of the wolf." (G. Krönlein.)

For comparison's sake we give another version of this fable, as furnished by Mr. Knudsen, at the end of one of the two manuscripts contributed by him to this Library. His authority was an old Hottentot, called *Tibot*.

#### THE LION AND THE FOX.

The lion and the fox went together a-hunting. They shot with arrows. The lion shot first, but his arrow fell short of its aim, but the fox hit the game, and joyfully cried out, "It has hit!" The lion looked at him with his two large eyes ; the fox, however, did not lose his countenance, but said, "No, uncle, I mean to say that you have hit." Then they followed the game, and the fox passed the arrow of the lion without drawing the latter's attention to it. When they arrived at a crossway, the fox said, "Dear uncle, you are old and tired ; stay here." The fox went then on a wrong track, beat his nose, and in returning let the blood drop from it like as the traces of game "I could not find anything," he said, "but I met with traces of blood. You better go yourself to look for it. In the meantime I shall go this other way." The fox soon found the killed animal, crept inside of it, and devoured the best portion ; but his tail remained outside, and when the lion arrived, he got hold of it, pulled the fox out, and threw him on the ground, with these words, "You rascal!" The fox rose quickly again, complained of the rough handling, and asked, "What have I then

now done, dear uncle? I was busy cutting out the best part." "Now let us go and fetch our wives," said the lion; but the fox entreated his dear uncle to remain at the place, because he was old. The fox went then away, taking with him two portions of the flesh, one for his own wife, but the best part for the wife of the lion. When the fox arrived with the flesh, the children of the lion saw him, began to jump, and clapping their hands, sang out, "There comes uncle with flesh!" The fox threw grumbling the worst portion to them, and said, "There, you brood of the big-eyed one!" Then he went to his own house, and told his wife immediately to break up the house, and to go where the killed game was. The lioness wished to do the same, but he forbade her, and said that the lion would come himself to fetch her.

When the fox, with his wife and children had arrived in the neighbourhood of the killed animal, he ran into a thorn-bush, scratched his face bloody, and made so his appearance before the lion, to whom he said, "Ah! what a wife you have got! Look here how she scratched my face, when I told her that she should come with us. You must fetch her yourself; I cannot bring her." The lion went home very angry. "Quick!" said then the fox; "let us build a tower." They heaped stone upon stone, stone upon stone, stone upon stone; and when it was high enough, everything was carried on the top of it. When then the fox saw the lion approaching with his wife and children, he cried out to him, "Uncle, whilst you were away, we have built a tower, in order to be better able to see the game." "All right," said the lion, "but let me come up to you!" "Certainly, dear uncle; but how will you manage to come up? We must let down a thong for you." The lion ties himself to the thong, and is drawn up; but when he was nearly at the top, the thong was cut by the fox, who then exclaimed, as if frightened, "Oh, how heavy you are, uncle. Go, wife, fetch me a new thong!" ("An old one," he said aside to her.) The lion is again drawn up, but comes, of course, down in the same manner. "No," says the fox, "that will never do; you must, however, manage to come up high enough at least, so that you can get a mouthful." Then aloud, he orders his wife to prepare a good piece, but aside he tells her to make a stone hot, and to cover it with fat. Then he draws the lion once more up, and complaining that he is very heavy to hold, he told him to open his mouth, whereupon he throws the hot stone down his throat. When the lion has devoured it, he entreats and requests him to run as quick as possible to the water.

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR MAY, 1861.

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

| 1861. | Barometer<br>corrected at<br>32° Fahr. | THERMOMETERS. |       |      |      | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air,<br>Sat. = 100. | BAROMETER,<br>minus<br>tension. | WIND.               |            | RAIN.           | Cloudy Sky, in<br>tenths. |
|-------|----------------------------------------|---------------|-------|------|------|------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
|       |                                        | Dry           | Wet.  | Max. | Min. |            |                             |                                 | Hourly<br>Velocity. | Direction. |                 |                           |
| May   | inches.                                | °             | °     | °    | °    | °          |                             | inches.                         | miles.              |            | inch.           |                           |
| 1     | 29.814                                 | 60.48         | 57.96 | 64.8 | 57.3 | 55.80      | 84.6                        | 29.368                          | 12.1                | NW         |                 | 7.3                       |
| 2     | 29.879                                 | 56.32         | 52.16 | 63.5 | 52.0 | 48.30      | 75.4                        | 29.537                          | 15.1                | NWbW       | 1.082           | 8.3                       |
| 3     | 30.084                                 | 58.74         | 56.50 | 61.7 | 54.5 | 54.50      | 85.8                        | 29.658                          | 8.1                 | NNW        |                 | 8.2                       |
| 4     | 30.052                                 | 57.60         | 53.88 | 65.3 | 47.4 | 50.64      | 79.2                        | 29.682                          | 4.5                 | WNW        |                 | 3.2                       |
| 5     | 30.205                                 | 60.70         | 56.48 | 65.8 | 55.8 | 52.80      | 75.4                        | 29.802                          | 10.3                | SSW        |                 | 2.2                       |
| 6     | 30.166                                 | 60.48         | 56.28 | 66.7 | 54.4 | 52.68      | 76.4                        | 29.767                          | 9.9                 | S          |                 | 1.5                       |
| 7     | 30.159                                 | 61.82         | 56.04 | 67.0 | 57.6 | 51.10      | 68.4                        | 29.783                          | 18.1                | S          |                 | 2.0                       |
| 8     | 30.073                                 | 61.70         | 54.70 | 71.7 | 50.0 | 48.94      | 65.2                        | 29.725                          | 7.0                 | S          |                 | 0.2                       |
| 9     | 29.827                                 | 68.42         | 56.48 | 79.6 | 52.3 | 47.24      | 47.6                        | 29.500                          | 6.4                 | W          |                 | 0.4                       |
| 10    | 29.760                                 | 59.96         | 57.08 | 68.0 | 57.0 | 54.58      | 83.0                        | 29.333                          | 12.5                | NWbN       |                 | 7.5                       |
| 11    | 29.705                                 | 57.98         | 56.04 | 62.2 | 54.2 | 54.30      | 87.6                        | 29.282                          | 10.4                | WNW        | .623            | 9.8                       |
| 12    | 29.978                                 | 56.58         | 53.42 | 58.5 | 54.4 | 50.52      | 80.6                        | 29.609                          | 6.0                 | WNW        | .293            | 9.0                       |
| 13    | 30.176                                 | 56.86         | 52.12 | 60.7 | 53.3 | 47.78      | 72.2                        | 29.843                          | 3.4                 | WNW        |                 | 4.7                       |
| 14    | 30.023                                 | 55.04         | 50.84 | 63.0 | 46.0 | 47.02      | 75.8                        | 29.6.9                          | 3.4                 | WbN        |                 | 1.8                       |
| 15    | 29.866                                 | 57.44         | 54.50 | 61.0 | 54.8 | 51.84      | 82.0                        | 29.480                          | 11.8                | NNW        |                 | 9.4                       |
| 16    | 30.012                                 | 52.08         | 50.22 | 57.3 | 44.3 | 48.30      | 87.2                        | 29.670                          | 6.3                 | SWbS       | .673            | 5.2                       |
| 17    | 30.136                                 | 56.60         | 50.08 | 60.5 | 52.0 | 44.04      | 63.2                        | 29.846                          | 13.5                | S          |                 | 0.8                       |
| 18    | 30.072                                 | 57.52         | 52.02 | 64.0 | 51.5 | 47.10      | 69.0                        | 29.749                          | 14.4                | S          |                 | 0.1                       |
| 19    | 29.967                                 | 58.28         | 54.28 | 64.4 | 50.5 | 50.76      | 76.8                        | 29.596                          | 6.9                 | SWbS       |                 | 7.2                       |
| 20    | 29.923                                 | 60.24         | 58.56 | 64.4 | 56.8 | 57.10      | 89.6                        | 29.456                          | 9.9                 | NW         | .103            | 9.2                       |
| 21    | 30.091                                 | 57.34         | 56.32 | 63.6 | 51.3 | 55.42      | 93.6                        | 29.650                          | 6.0                 | NW         | .117            | 8.0                       |
| 22    | 29.924                                 | 57.66         | 55.42 | 65.7 | 50.0 | 53.46      | 86.4                        | 29.512                          | 4.5                 | SW         |                 | 5.6                       |
| 23    | 29.847                                 | 58.43         | 55.78 | 61.7 | 53.2 | 53.36      | 83.6                        | 29.437                          | 9.5                 | NW         | .490            | 9.8                       |
| 24    | 30.142                                 | 50.26         | 48.60 | 60.3 | 43.6 | 46.92      | 88.6                        | 29.819                          | 4.2                 | SSE        | .243            | 7.2                       |
| 25    | 30.225                                 | 51.22         | 46.74 | 58.3 | 41.2 | 42.30      | 72.4                        | 29.955                          | 4.2                 | SWbW       |                 | 1.6                       |
| 26    | 30.040                                 | 59.28         | 54.14 | 62.7 | 51.2 | 49.62      | 71.6                        | 29.682                          | 14.2                | NW         | .083            | 8.6                       |
| 27    | 30.068                                 | 58.22         | 55.86 | 63.0 | 55.2 | 53.78      | 85.6                        | 29.653                          | 10.7                | NWbN       |                 | 7.0                       |
| 28    | 30.089                                 | 56.38         | 55.24 | 59.0 | 52.2 | 54.18      | 92.4                        | 29.666                          | 5.4                 | WNW        | .335            | 7.4                       |
| 29    | 30.047                                 | 58.24         | 56.50 | 61.4 | 54.0 | 54.94      | 89.2                        | 29.614                          | 8.3                 | NW         |                 | 7.6                       |
| 30    | 30.096                                 | 57.14         | 56.40 | 61.6 | 52.2 | 55.72      | 95.0                        | 29.651                          | 4.4                 | NW         | .273            | 8.8                       |
| 31    | 30.001                                 | 57.08         | 54.82 | 67.2 | 50.5 | 52.82      | 86.6                        | 29.599                          | 4.5                 | NW         |                 | 4.2                       |
| Means | 30.014                                 | 57.94         | 54.37 | 63.7 | 52.0 | 51.22      | 79.7                        | 29.633                          | 8.6                 | W          | Sum in<br>4.315 | 5.6                       |

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

|                                | A. M.<br>5h. | A. M.<br>9h. | P. M.<br>1h. | P. M.<br>5h. | P. M.<br>9h. | Highest. | Lowest. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------|---------|
| Barometer - Cor. at 32° Fahr.  | 30.000       | 30.034       | 29.999       | 30.005       | 30.034       | 30.044   | 29.678  |
| Press. of Dry Air              | 29.636       | 29.652       | 29.607       | 29.616       | 29.655       | 30.024   | 29.227  |
| Thermometer—Dry ...            | 54.44        | 58.14        | 62.35        | 58.95        | 55.82        | 77.1     | 43.0    |
| Wet ...                        | 52.16        | 54.52        | 56.63        | 55.14        | 53.39        | 60.5     | 42.0    |
| Humidity of the Air, per cent. | 85.8         | 79.1         | 70.3         | 78.4         | 84.8         | 99.      | 35.     |
| Dew Point ...                  | 50.0         | 51.3         | 51.9         | 51.8         | 51.1         | 58.4     | 40.7    |

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## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR SEPTEMBER, 1861

(Deduced from five observations daily.)

Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 87 feet.

| 1861. | Barometer<br>corrected at<br>32° Faht. | THERMOMETERS. |       |      |      | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air,<br>Sat=100. | BAROMETER,<br>reduced to<br>Tension. | WIND.               |            | RAIN.           | Cloudy Sky, in<br>tenths. |
|-------|----------------------------------------|---------------|-------|------|------|------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------|------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
|       |                                        | Dry.          | Wet.  | Max. | Min. |            |                          |                                      | Hourly<br>Velocity. | Direction. |                 |                           |
| Sept. | inches.                                | °             | °     | °    | °    | °          |                          | inches.                              | miles.              |            | inch.           |                           |
| 1     | 30·039                                 | 56·84         | 52·90 | 64·4 | 48·5 | 49·34      | 76·8                     | 29·686                               | 11·2                | S          |                 | 0·7                       |
| 2     | 30·072                                 | 57·88         | 54·98 | 65·0 | 49·4 | 52·48      | 83·2                     | 29·676                               | 6·0                 | SbW        |                 | 2·2                       |
| 3     | 30·017                                 | 61·26         | 56·92 | 69·9 | 55·1 | 53·34      | 76·8                     | 29·609                               | 8·2                 | WNW        | ·183            | 7·2                       |
| 4     | 30·269                                 | 56·56         | 52·06 | 62·2 | 48·1 | 47·94      | 73·6                     | 29·935                               | 5·0                 | W          |                 | 5·4                       |
| 5     | 30·150                                 | 56·04         | 51·68 | 61·5 | 45·9 | 47·74      | 74·8                     | 29·817                               | 7·6                 | SbE        |                 | 0·5                       |
| 6     | 30·078                                 | 56·82         | 53·74 | 62·2 | 51·9 | 50·96      | 81·0                     | 29·704                               | 10·9                | SbE        |                 | 0·9                       |
| 7     | 30·013                                 | 58·12         | 55·95 | 64·3 | 51·8 | 54·08      | 87·0                     | 29·593                               | 6·0                 | SbW        |                 | 4·2                       |
| 8     | 30·077                                 | 59·22         | 55·86 | 63·5 | 54·5 | 52·86      | 80·0                     | 29·674                               | 9·6                 | SW         |                 | 6·4                       |
| 9     | 29·985                                 | 60·26         | 55·00 | 64·0 | 57·0 | 50·42      | 70·4                     | 29·617                               | 25·9                | SbW        |                 | 4·5                       |
| 10    | 29·939                                 | 60·78         | 55·30 | 65·2 | 57·5 | 50·56      | 69·4                     | 29·571                               | 24·6                | S          |                 | 8·8                       |
| 11    | 29·837                                 | 60·16         | 56·52 | 67·3 | 56·0 | 53·40      | 79·2                     | 29·428                               | 13·5                | WbS        | ·101            | 9·5                       |
| 12    | 29·969                                 | 58·56         | 56·54 | 62·3 | 56·0 | 54·76      | 87·2                     | 29·540                               | 10·9                | NNW        | ·083            | 9·1                       |
| 13    | 30·036                                 | 58·70         | 56·22 | 65·6 | 54·0 | 54·08      | 85·4                     | 29·617                               | 8·4                 | WSW        |                 | 6·9                       |
| 14    | 30·135                                 | 60·06         | 56·68 | 64·5 | 52·2 | 53·74      | 80·0                     | 29·720                               | 7·7                 | SW         |                 | 4·4                       |
| 15    | 30·205                                 | 60·35         | 55·10 | 64·7 | 55·7 | 50·53      | 70·3                     | 29·837                               | 17·9                | S          |                 | 1·3                       |
| 16    | 30·086                                 | 57·44         | 53·38 | 65·7 | 46·5 | 49·80      | 76·4                     | 29·726                               | 6·3                 | S          |                 | 2·2                       |
| 17    | 30·045                                 | 57·62         | 54·82 | 65·8 | 49·2 | 52·38      | 83·4                     | 29·650                               | 2·8                 | SW         |                 | 7·6                       |
| 18    | 30·042                                 | 58·46         | 56·76 | 63·5 | 54·7 | 55·44      | 90·2                     | 29·602                               | 9·1                 | NWbN       | ·051            | 5·0                       |
| 19    | 30·042                                 | 59·56         | 57·02 | 63·0 | 56·6 | 54·78      | 84·6                     | 29·611                               | 8·7                 | WNW        | ·143            | 7·9                       |
| 20    | 30·085                                 | 57·54         | 52·22 | 62·5 | 51·0 | 47·32      | 69·2                     | 29·756                               | 5·7                 | WSW        | ·066            | 8·8                       |
| 21    | 30·130                                 | 54·34         | 49·24 | 60·0 | 46·2 | 44·48      | 71·0                     | 29·836                               | 3·2                 | W          | ·071            | 5·4                       |
| 22    | 30·176                                 | 54·28         | 48·66 | 60·0 | 45·1 | 43·32      | 67·4                     | 29·895                               | 3·0                 | WbN        |                 | 4·2                       |
| 23    | 30·256                                 | 57·24         | 53·86 | 61·0 | 51·4 | 50·82      | 79·8                     | 29·884                               | 6·9                 | NWbN       | ·185            | 7·1                       |
| 24    | 30·152                                 | 55·48         | 50·74 | 62·3 | 47·0 | 46·32      | 72·4                     | 29·836                               | 6·8                 | SWbS       |                 | 4·0                       |
| 25    | 29·887                                 | 57·30         | 52·24 | 65·3 | 48·0 | 47·82      | 72·0                     | 29·553                               | 4·8                 | NWbN       |                 | 5·4                       |
| 26    | 29·752                                 | 57·68         | 54·28 | 61·9 | 54·2 | 51·22      | 79·8                     | 29·373                               | 17·1                | NW         | 1·118           | 9·3                       |
| 27    | 30·104                                 | 57·02         | 52·72 | 61·7 | 51·0 | 48·86      | 75·6                     | 29·757                               | 6·8                 | WbN        |                 | 5·2                       |
| 28    | 30·055                                 | 57·06         | 53·72 | 62·0 | 54·0 | 50·68      | 79·8                     | 29·685                               | 6·4                 | WbN        |                 | 9·2                       |
| 29    | 29·898                                 | 57·82         | 55·64 | 61·3 | 55·1 | 53·70      | 86·4                     | 29·484                               | 9·8                 | WNW        | ·543            | 9·6                       |
| 30    | 30·197                                 | 60·98         | 56·68 | 64·8 | 56·2 | 52·06      | 75·6                     | 29·793                               | 14·7                | S          |                 | 1·9                       |
| Means | 30·058                                 | 58·05         | 54·25 | 63·6 | 52·0 | 50·87      | 78·0                     | 29·682                               | 9·5                 | WSW        | Sum in<br>2·544 | 5·5                       |

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

|                                | A. M.<br>5h. | A. M.<br>9h. | P. M.<br>1h. | P. M.<br>5h. | P. M.<br>9h. | Highest. | Lowest. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------|---------|
| Barometer—Cor. at 32° Faht.    | 30·038       | 30·086       | 30·049       | 30·041       | 30·068       | 30·329   | 29·591  |
| Press. of Dry Air              | 29·675       | 29·698       | 29·672       | 29·666       | 29·694       | 30·000   | 29·157  |
| Thermometer—Dry ... ..         | 53·47        | 58·91        | 62·72        | 58·99        | 55·92        | 68·7     | 47·0    |
| Wet ... ..                     | 51·69        | 55·13        | 56·38        | 54·86        | 53·24        | 59·5     | 45·0    |
| Humidity of the Air, per cent. | 88·3         | 77·9         | 66·0         | 75·0         | 83·2         | 99·      | 51·     |
| Dew Point ... ..               | 50·0         | 51·8         | 51·0         | 50·9         | 50·8         | 57·4     | 41·9    |

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